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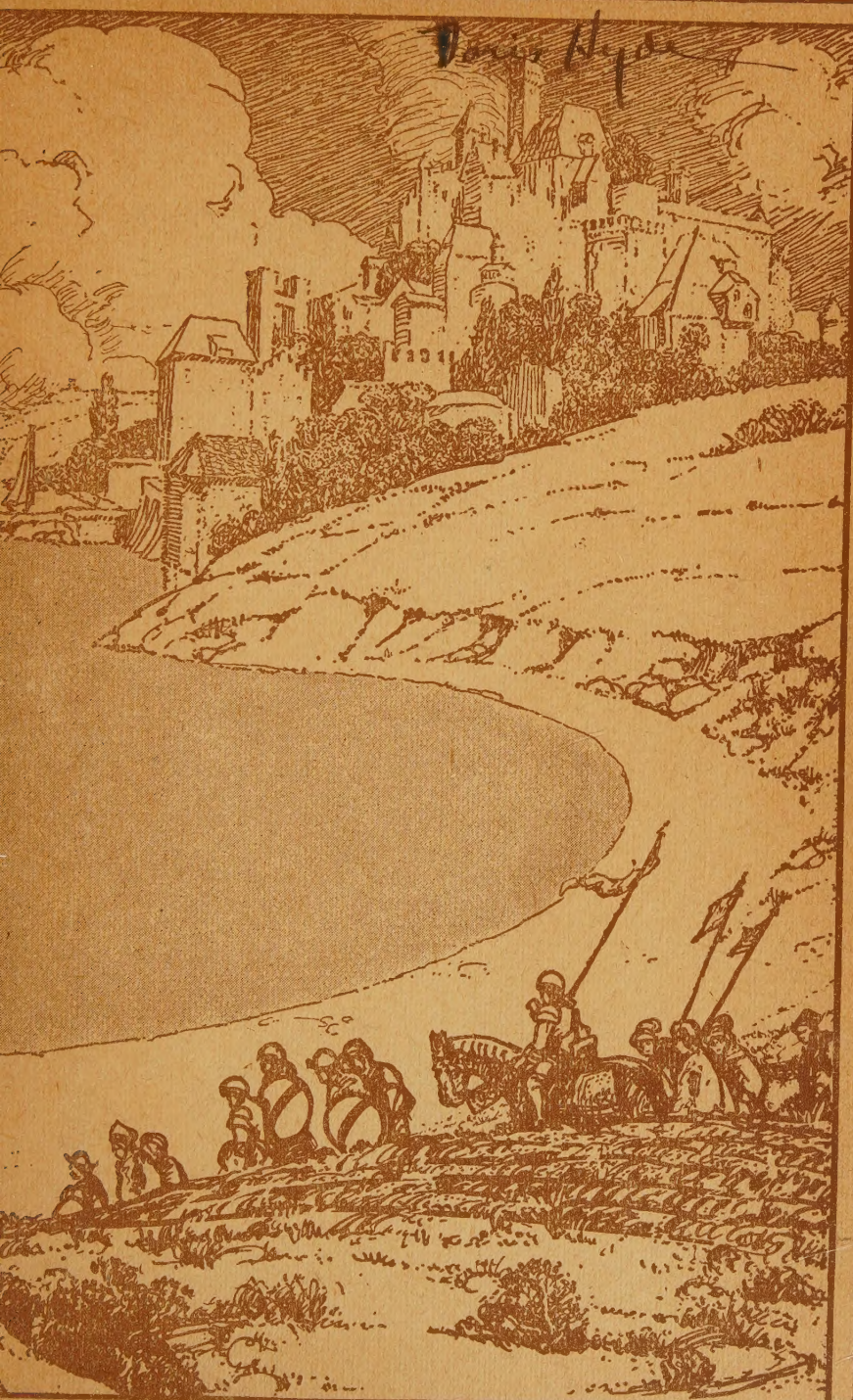

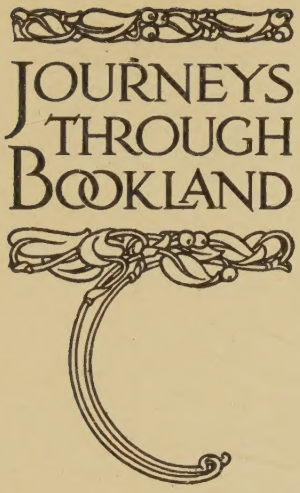
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The Tempest - Prospero and Ariel

Journeys Through Bookland

A New and Original Plan for Reading, Applied to the World's Best Literature for Children

BY

Charles H. Sylvester
AUTHOR OF *English and American Literature, Etc.*

VOLUME NINE

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AT THE PORTAGE

was about two thousand seven hundred paces across.[10] The guides aided them in transporting their canoes over the portage to the river, which ran towards the west, and then they left them and returned.

10. The Fox and Wisconsin river systems approach within a mile and a half of each other at Portage, Wisconsin. The land is low and swampy, and in flood times the current sometimes sets from one river into the other. The government constructed a canal across this narrow divide, which, you see, Marquette described and measured quite accurately.

The travellers quitted the waters, which flow towards Quebec, five or six hundred leagues from that place, and embarked on an unknown stream.[11] This river was called *Mescousin* (Wisconsin). It was very broad, but its bottom was sandy, and the navigation was rendered difficult by the shoals.[12] It was full of islands, overgrown with vines; and the fertile banks through which it flowed were interspersed with woods, prairies, and groves of nut, oak, and other trees. Numbers of bucks and buffaloes were seen, but no other animals. Within thirty leagues of their place of embarkation, they found iron mines, which appeared abundant and of a good quality. After continuing their route for forty leagues, they arrived at the mouth of the river, in forty-two degrees and a half of latitude;[13] and on the 17th of June, they entered with great joy the waters of the Mississippi.

This river derives its source from several lakes in the north. At the mouth of the Mescousin its channel was narrow, and it flowed onwards with a gentle current. On the right was seen a

11. Marquette writes: "Thus we left the Waters flowing to Quebec, four or five hundred leagues from here, to float on those that would thenceforth take us through strange lands. Before embarking thereon, we began all together a new devotion to the blessed Virgin Immaculate, which we practiced daily, addressing to her special prayers to place under her protection, both our persons and the success of our voyage; and, after mutually encouraging one another, we entered our Canoes."

12. Now, as then, the shifting sand bars make navigation of the Wisconsin difficult and impracticable, although the government has spent large sums of money in trying to improve it.

13. The latitude Marquette gives is about right. 43° is practically correct.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI

chain of high mountains,[14] and on the left fertile fields interrupted by islands in many places. They slowly followed the course of the stream to the south and southwest, until, in forty-two degrees of latitude,[15] they perceived a sensible change in the surrounding country. There were

14. "High mountains," as we now understand the phrase, is an exaggerated term to apply to the bold bluffs about three or four hundred feet high on the Iowa side of the Mississippi, south of McGregor.

15. This is a little south of Savanna, Ill., if Marquette's latitude is right.

but few hills and forests. The islands were covered with beautiful trees.[16]

From the time of leaving their guides, they descended the two rivers more than one hundred leagues, without discovering any other inhabitants of the forest, than birds and beasts. They were always on their guard, kindling a fire on the shore towards evening, to cook their food, and afterwards anchoring their canoes in the middle of the stream during the night. They proceeded thus for more than sixty leagues[17] from the place where they entered the Mississippi, when, on the 25th of June, they perceived on the bank of the river the footsteps of men, and a well-beaten path leading into a beautiful prairie. They landed, and, leaving the canoes under the guard of their boatmen, Father Marquette and M. Joliet set forth to make discoveries. After silently following the path for about two leagues, they perceived a village, situate on the margin of a river, and two others on a hill, within half a league of the first. As they approached nearer, they gave notice of their arrival by a loud call. Hearing the noise, the Indians came out of their cabins, and, having looked at the strangers for a

16. Sparks has not given us the whole of the famous journal. Among other interesting things in this connection Marquette writes: "When we cast our nets into the water we caught sturgeon, and a very extraordinary kind of fish. It resembles the trout, with this difference, that its mouth is larger. Near its nose—which is smaller, as are also the eyes—is a large bone, shaped like a woman's corset-bone, three fingers wide and a cubit long, at the end of which is a disk as wide as one's hand. This frequently causes it to fall backward when it leaps out of the water." This was the paddle fish, or spoonbill sturgeon.

17. This was in about 41° latitude.

while, they deputed four of their elders to talk with them, who slowly advanced. Two of them brought pipes ornamented with feathers, which, without speaking, they elevated towards the sun, as a token of friendship. Gaining assurance from this ceremony, Father Marquette addressed them, inquiring of what nation they were. They answered, that they were Illinois, and, offering their pipes, invited the strangers to enter the village; where they were received with every mark of attention, conducted to the cabin of the chief, and complimented on their arrival by the natives, who gathered round them, gazing in silence.

After they were seated, the calumet[18] was presented to them, and, while the old men were smoking for their entertainment, the chief of all the Illinois tribes sent them an invitation to attend a council at his village. They were treated by him with great kindness, and Father Marquette, having explained to him the motives of this voyage, enforcing each part of his speech with a present, the chief in reply expressed his approbation; but urged him, in the name of the whole nation, not to incur the risks of a further voyage, and rewarded his presents by the gift of a calumet.

The council was followed by a feast, consisting of four courses, from each of which they were fed with much ceremony; and afterwards

18. The *calumet* was a pipe that usually consisted of a bowl of red stone and a long reed stem. In this the Indians smoked tobacco, passing the pipe from one to another in token of peace and friendship. To hold up the calumet was a signal of peace.

THE GIFT OF THE CALUMET

they were conducted in state through the village, receiving many presents of girdles and garters from the natives. The following day, they took leave of the chief, promising to return in four moons, and were accompanied to their canoes, with every demonstration of joy, by more than six hundred savages.

Before leaving this nation, Father Marquette

remarked some of their peculiarities. The name *Illinois*, in the native language, signifies *men*, as if implying thereby, that other tribes are brutes in comparison, which in some sense Father Marquette thought to be true, as they were more civilized than most of the tribes. Their language, on the borders of the river, was a dialect of the *Algonquin*, and was understood by Father Marquette. In the form of their bodies the Illinois were light and active. They were skilful in the use of arms, brave, but mild and tractable in disposition. They were entirely ignorant of the use of leather, and iron tools, their weapons being made of stone, and their clothing of the skins of wild beasts. The soil was rich and productive, and game abundant.

After this peaceful interview with the natives, the voyagers embarked again, and passed down the stream, looking out for the river *Pekitanoni* (Missouri), which empties into the Mississippi from the northwest. They observed high and steep rocks, on the face of which were the figures of two monsters, which appeared as if painted in green, red, and blue colors; frightful in appearance, but so well executed, as to leave Father Marquette in doubt, whether they could be the work of savages, they being also at so great a height on the rocks as to be inaccessible to a painter.[19]

19. These monsters Marquette further described thus: "They are as large as a Calf, they have Horns on their heads like those of deer, a horrible look, red eyes, a beard like a tiger's, a face somewhat like a man's, a body covered with scales, and so long a tail that it winds all around the body, passing above the head and going back between the

As they floated quietly down a clear and placid stream, conversing about the figures they had just passed, they were interrupted by the sound of rapids before them; and a mass of floating timber, trunks and branches of trees, was swept from the mouth of the Pekitanoni with such a degree of violence, as to render the passage dangerous. So great was the agitation, that the water was thereby made very muddy, and it did not again become clear.[20] The Pekitanoni is described as a large river flowing into the Mississippi from the northwest, with several villages on its banks.

At this place Father Marquette decided, that, unless the Mississippi altered its previous course, it must empty its waters into the Gulf of Mexico; and he conjectured from the accounts of the natives, that, by following the stream of the Pekitanoni, a river would be discovered, which flowed into the Gulf of California.[21]

About twenty leagues south of the Pekitanoni, and a little more to the southeast, they discovered the mouth of another river, called *Ouabouskigou* (Ohio), in the latitude of thirty-six

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legs, ending in a fish's tail." These figures were on the face of a bluff near Alton, Ill.

20. What Father Marquette did not understand was, that the Missouri brought the mud from far to the northwest and poured it into the clearer waters of the Mississippi. The character of the rivers has not changed in this respect.

21. To us this seems a curious supposition, and Father Marquette had little idea what it would mean to the hardy explorer who should go up the Missouri, cross the mountains and find the head waters of the Colorado. Trace such a route on a map of the United States, and read an account of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

degrees; a short distance above which, they came to a place formidable to the savages, who, believing it the residence of a demon, had warned Father Marquette of its dangers. It proved nothing more than a ledge of rocks, thirty feet high, against which the waves, being contracted by an island, ran with violence, and, being thrown back with a loud noise, flowed rapidly on through a narrow and unsafe channel.

The Ouabouskigou came from the eastward, where the country was thickly inhabited by the tribe of *Chuouanons*, a harmless and peaceful people, much annoyed by the Iroquois, who were said to capture them as slaves, and kill and torture them cruelly.

A little above the entrance of this river were steep banks, in which the boatmen discovered iron ore, several veins of which were visible, about a foot in thickness, portions of it adhering to the flint-stones; and also a species of rich earth, of three different colors, namely, purple, violet, and red, and a very heavy red sand, some of which, being laid on an oar, left a stain during fifteen days. They here first saw tall reeds, or canes, growing on the shores, and began to find the *maringouins* (mosquitoes) very troublesome; the attacks of which, with the heat of the weather, obliged the voyagers to construct an awning of the sails of their canoes.

Shortly afterwards they saw savages armed with muskets, waiting their approach on the bank of the river. While the boatmen prepared for a defence, Father Marquette presented his

calumet and addressed them in Huron, to which they gave no answer, but made signals to them to land, and accept some food. They consequently disembarked, and, entering their cabins, were presented with buffalo's meat, bear's oil, and fine plums. These savages had guns, hatchets, knives, hoes, and glass bottles for their gunpowder. They informed Father Marquette, that he was within ten days' journey of the sea; that they purchased their goods of Europeans, who came from the east; that these Europeans had images and beads, played on many instruments, and were dressed like himself; and that they had treated them with much kindness. As they had no knowledge of Christianity, the worthy Father gave them what instruction he could, and made them a present of some medals. Encouraged by the information received from these savages, the party proceeded with renewed ardor on their voyage, between banks covered with thick forests, that intercepted their view of the prairies; in which, however, they heard at no great distance the bellowing of buffaloes. They also saw quails upon the shores, and shot a small parrot.

They had nearly reached the thirty-third degree of latitude,[22] steering toward the south, when they discovered a village on the river's side, called *Metchigamea*. The natives, armed with bows and arrows, clubs, and tomahawks, prepared to attack them; some in canoes, trying to intercept their course, others remaining on shore. Father

22. This was near the mouth of the Saint Francis River, in Arkansas.

Marquette in vain presented his calumet of peace. They were ready to attack, when the elders, perceiving at last the calumet, commanded the young warriors to stop, and, throwing their arms at the feet of the strangers, as a sign of peace, entered their canoes, and constrained them to land, though not without some uneasiness.

As the savages were not acquainted with any of the six languages spoken by Father Marquette, he addressed them by signs, until an old man was found, who understood a little Illinois. Through this interpreter, he explained their intention of going to the borders of the sea, and gave the natives some religious instruction. In reply they answered, that whatever information he desired might be obtained at *Akamsca* (Arkansas), a village ten leagues lower down the river; and presented them with food. After passing a night of some anxiety, they embarked the following morning with their interpreter; a canoe with ten savages preceding them. About half a league from Akamsca, they were met by two canoes full of Indians, the chief of whom presented his calumet, and conducted them to the shore, where they were hospitably received and supplied with provisions. Here they found a young man well acquainted with the Illinois language, and through him Father Marquette addressed the natives, making them the usual presents, and requesting information from them respecting the sea. They answered, that it was within five days' journey of Akamsca, that they knew nothing of the inhabitants on its borders,

being prevented by their enemies from holding intercourse with these Europeans; that their knives and other weapons were purchased partly from the eastern nations, and partly from a tribe of Illinois, four days' journey to the westward; that the armed savages whom the travellers had met, were their enemies; that they were continually on the river between that place and the sea; and that, if the voyagers proceeded further, great danger might be apprehended from them. After this communication, food was offered, and the rest of the day was spent in feasting.

These people were friendly and hospitable, but poor, although their Indian corn produced three abundant crops in a year, which Father Marquette saw in its different stages of growth. It was prepared for food in pots, which, with plates and other utensils, were neatly made of baked earth by the Indians. Their language was so very difficult, that Father Marquette despaired of being able to pronounce a word of it. Their climate in winter was rainy, but they had no snow, and the soil was extremely fertile.

During the evening the old men held a secret council. Some of them proposed to murder the strangers, and seize their effects. The chief, however, overruled this advice, and, sending for Father Marquette and M. Joliet, invited them to attend a dance of the calumet, which he afterwards presented to them as a sign of peace.

The good Father and his companions began now to consider what further course they should pursue. As it was supposed that the Gulf of

Mexico extended as far north as thirty-one degrees and forty minutes, they believed themselves not to be more than two or three days' journey from it;[23] and it appeared to them certain, that the Mississippi must empty itself into that gulf, and not into the sea through Virginia, at the eastward, because the coast of Virginia was in the latitude of thirty-four degrees, at which they had already arrived; nor yet into the Gulf of California, at the southwest, because they had found the course of the river to be invariably south. Being thus persuaded that the main object of their expedition was attained; and considering, moreover, that they were unable to resist the armed savages, who infested the lower parts of the river, and that, should they fall into the hands of the Spaniards, the fruits of their voyage and discoveries would be lost, they resolved to proceed no further, and, having informed the natives of their determination and rested another day, they prepared for their return.

After a month's navigation on the Mississippi, having followed its course from the forty-second to the thirty-fourth degree of latitude, they left the village of Akamsca, on the 17th of July, to return up the river. They retraced their way, slowly ascending the stream, until, in about the thirty-eighth degree of latitude, they turned into another river (Illinois), which abridged their route and brought them directly to Lake *Illinois*

23. As a matter of fact, they were more than seven hundred miles from the gulf.

(Michigan). They were struck with the fertility of the country through which that river flowed, the beauty of the forests and prairies, the variety of the game, and the numerous small lakes and streams which they saw. The river was broad and deep, and navigable for sixty-five leagues, there being, in the season of spring and part of the summer, only half a league of portage between its waters and those flowing into Lake Illinois. On its banks they found a village, the inhabitants of which received them kindly, and, on their departure, extorted a promise from Father Marquette to return and instruct them.[24] One of the chiefs, accompanied by the young men, conducted them as far as the lake; whence they proceeded to the Bay of Pauns, where they arrived near the end of September, having been absent about four months.[25]

Such is the substance of Father Marquette's narrative; and the whole of it accords so remarkably with the descriptions of subsequent travellers, and with the actual features of the country through which he passed, as to remove every doubt of its genuineness. The melancholy fate of the author, which followed soon afterwards, was probably the reason why his expedition was

24. This village was called Kaskaskia, and was situated about seven miles below the present city of Ottawa. There was another Kaskaskia to the south and west that became more famous.

25. This journey must have been about twenty-five hundred miles long, and when we consider the smallness of the party, the frailty of their two boats and the savage wildness of both the country and its inhabitants, the accomplishment seems one of the greatest in the history of American exploration.

not in a more conspicuous manner brought before the public.[26]

In addition to this narrative, nothing is known of Marquette, except what is said of him by Charlevoix. After returning from this last expedition, he took up his residence, and pursued the vocation of a missionary, among the Miamis in the neighborhood of Chicago.[27] While passing by water along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan towards Michillimackinac, he entered a small river, on the 18th of May, 1675.[28] Having landed, he constructed an altar, performed mass, and then retired a short distance into the wood, requesting the two men, who had charge of his canoe, to leave him alone for half an hour. When the time had elapsed, the men went to seek for him and found him dead. They were greatly surprised, as they had not discovered any symptoms of illness; but they remembered, that, when he was entering the river, he expressed a

26. In this connection it is interesting to know that Joliet, who was really the explorer in charge of the expedition, spent the winter preparing a full report of his journey, which he illustrated with carefully drawn maps, and in the spring started for Quebec with them. In passing through La Chine Rapids his canoe was wrecked, and Joliet barely escaped with his life. His precious reports and maps were lost in the rushing waters. Father Marquette's comparatively brief journal and his map form the only original records of the expedition, and they are preserved at St. Mary's College, Montreal. The humble priest who sought only to carry his religion to the savages becomes the historian, while the ambitious explorer is hardly remembered in connection with the wonderful journey.

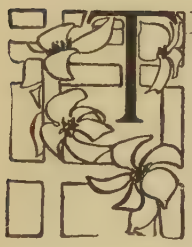
27. Always delicate, his health was grievously broken by his severe labors and privation, and his efforts to keep his promise to the Illinois were attended by terrible sufferings. The winter was passed in a bleak hut, and on his return journey he was not able to walk much of the time.

28. This river was the one on which the city of Ludington, Michigan, is now built.

presentiment that his voyage would end there. To this day the river retains the name of *Marquette.* The place of his grave, near its bank, is still pointed out to the traveller; but his remains were removed the year after his death to Michillimackinac.[29]

29. The final resting place of the bones of Marquette is the little village of Saint Agnace, in the mainland of the northern peninsula of Michigan, west of Mackinac Island. A simple monument in the midst of a little park marks his grave.

THE FALL OF THE ALAMO



EXAS began its struggle for independence from Mexico in September, 1835, driven to it by the fact that under the rule of the new republic their treatment was little better than it had been while Mexico herself was under the Spanish control. No sooner, however, had the Texans declared their independence than General Cos led a large detachment into the state and determined to drive out of it those Americans who had settled there. The Mexican general met with so fierce a resistance that he was compelled to take refuge behind the walls of the Alamo in San Antonio de Bexar.[1] He had seventeen hundred men, but in spite of this fact the two hundred and sixteen Texans under General Burlison stormed the place, captured the Mexican general and sent him under

1. At this time San Antonio had a population of about seven thousand Mexicans, a small proportion of whom were favorable to the Texan cause. The majority had no particular leaning toward either side, but were willing to make the best terms they could. The San Antonio River separated the town from the Alamo village and fort, or mission, as it was originally called. The Alamo proper was a stone structure built during the first settlement of that locality by the Spaniards, who intended it as a refuge for the colonists in case of attack by the hostile Indians. A wall two and a half feet thick and eight feet high surrounded the stone structure and enclosed an area of two or three acres. It was so large that it could not have been properly garrisoned by less than a thousand men, and the walls were not thick enough to make it a strong fortification.

parole to his brother-in-law, the famous Santa Ana.[2]

A garrison of about a hundred and sixty men under the joint command of Colonel Travis[3] and Colonel Bowie[4] was in the Alamo in February of 1836. About this time there came to the Alamo David Crockett[5] of Tennessee, a famous hunter, warrior and politician, who had already represented his district in Congress, where he distinguished himself by his rough and powerful oratory.

2. Santa Ana was one of the most famous of Mexican soldiers and politicians. He was prominent as a leader in the expulsion of the Spaniards, and finally became president of the republic. When Texas seceded, he advanced into that territory, but after his victory at the Alamo was decisively defeated and captured at San Jacinto by General Houston. After he had recognized the independence of Texas, he was released, and twice afterwards he served as president of Mexico.

During our war with that country, the Mexicans under his command were several times defeated, and Santa Ana resigned his commission. In 1853 he was for the last time made president, but before his term expired he was for a third time driven from his country in disgrace.

3. William B. Travis, after serving as a scout, had been appointed lieutenant-colonel and sent by the Texan governor to relieve Colonel Neill at the Alamo. The volunteers there were not willing to accept Travis as higher than second in command, but wished to elect their own colonel. In response to this feeling, Neill issued an order for the election of a lieutenant-colonel, and was about to make his departure, but the Texans seeing his purpose resented it and threatened Neill's life unless he yielded to their demands. Accordingly, under his direction James Bowie was elected full colonel, and when Travis reached the garrison he found Bowie in full command. Travis brought with him a company of regular recruits, but it was evident that trouble might soon arise between the rival commanders.

4. This Colonel Jas. Bowie had been a popular leader of the Texans, and had already defeated a large Mexican force. It is said that in one of his battles he broke his sword, but fought so desperately and successfully with the stump that afterwards he designed from the broken blade the terrible knife, which was known during the Mexican War and the Rebellion as the "Bowie knife."

5. Davy Crockett is so interesting a character that a longer account of him is given in Volume VIII.

On the afternoon of February 22nd, a large force of Mexicans under General Santa Ana arrived at San Antonio, and the next morning demanded an unconditional surrender of the fort and its garrison. Although the Texans were taken almost completely by surprise, Travis answered the demand with a cannon shot, and the Mexicans raised the red flag which signified "no quarter."

The next morning the following proclamation was issued by Colonel Travis:

"To the people of Texas and
all Americans of the world.

"Commandancy of the Alamo, Bexar,
"February 24, 1836.

"Fellow Citizens and Compatriots,—I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Ana. I have sustained a continued bombardment and cannonade for twenty-four hours and have not lost a man. The enemy have demanded a surrender at discretion; otherwise the garrison is to be put to the sword if the fort is taken. I have answered the summons with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. I shall never surrender or retreat. Then I call on you in the name of liberty, patriotism, and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all despatch. The enemy are receiving reënforcements daily, and will no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to

sustain myself as long as possible, and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honour and that of his country. Victory or death!

"(Signed), W. BARRETT TRAVIS,
"Lieut.-Col. Com't."

When the Mexicans were first seen in San Antonio the defenders of the Alamo were thrown into a panic, for no one dreamed that enemies were in the vicinity; yet no one of the hardy garrison thought of flight, and after the first surprise was over, order was quickly restored and everything put in readiness for a bitter contest. The possible conflict of authority between Colonel Bowie and Colonel Travis was prevented by the fact that the former had been stricken with pneumonia and was lying in the hospital, a very sick man.

It was soon found that the siege lines of the enemy were not so close but that messengers might be sent through. One or two privates were despatched to bring assistance, but none succeeded in doing so. On the twenty-ninth of February it was resolved to send Captain Seguin, who spoke Spanish fluently, and who might by his own personal influence accomplish what the simple messages alone seemed unable to do. Seguin had no horse of his own, so he went to Colonel Bowie and borrowed his equipment, though the latter was so ill that he scarcely recognized the man who made the request. After a perilous ride, in which they were fired upon by the Mexicans, Seguin and his single aid

succeeded in reaching the camp of volunteers which was forming at Gonzales. Here he induced thirty-six men to leave the camp and proceed to the Alamo, which they entered, thus raising the number of defenders to about a hundred and ninety. On the third of March,[6] Travis sent another courier with a letter to his governor. In this he stated the situation calmly, urged him to assist him, and closed with the following words: "The bearer of this will give your honorable body a statement more in detail, should he escape through the enemies' lines. *God and Texas! Victory or death!*"

For about ten days Travis held the little fort under a storm of cannon balls, which really were more alarming than destructive, for few, if any, of the defenders were killed or wounded. Travis felt that they had been almost miraculously preserved, and in all the hardy company was born a feeling that they could not lose in this terribly one-sided contest. Every day they looked to the northward, hoping to see relief coming, and every night turned in disappointment to the little rest that was allowed them. They fought manfully, wasting no ammunition and making every shot count. Until the final assault, the execution done by the

6. The people of Texas assembled in a general convention at Washington on the Brazos River, and issued their declaration of independence from Mexico on the second of March, 1836. That same day, General Sam Houston called attention to the perilous position of the garrison at the Alamo, saying, "Independence is declared; it must be maintained. Immediate action united with valor alone can achieve the great work." This "immediate action" was too late for the brave men in the Alamo.

guns was overwhelmingly in favor of the Texans.

The Mexicans had fixed on the morning of the sixth of March for the final assault. Their infantry met, between midnight and dawn, at convenient distances from the fort, in four columns. To each column was assigned a commanding officer with a second to take his place in case the first was disabled. Some of the columns were provided with scaling ladders, axes and other implements by which they might mount the wall or open breaches in it. The cavalry was stationed at different points surrounding the fort, so that they would be able to cut off any fugitives who might escape from the fort. The attack was probably led by General Castrillon, a Spaniard, who had already had a brilliant military career.

It is not thought that Santa Ana engaged personally in the assault, as it is known that before the advance was made, he was stationed with several bands of music and a battery about five hundred yards south of the Alamo, and that from this point he gave the bugle-signal for the advance. At double-quick time the columns advanced simultaneously against the little fort, one rushing through a breach which had already been made in the walls at the north, a second storming the chapel and a third scaling the west barrier.

General Cos, who had been captured by the Texans the year before and who was released on parole, broke his word of honor and led the

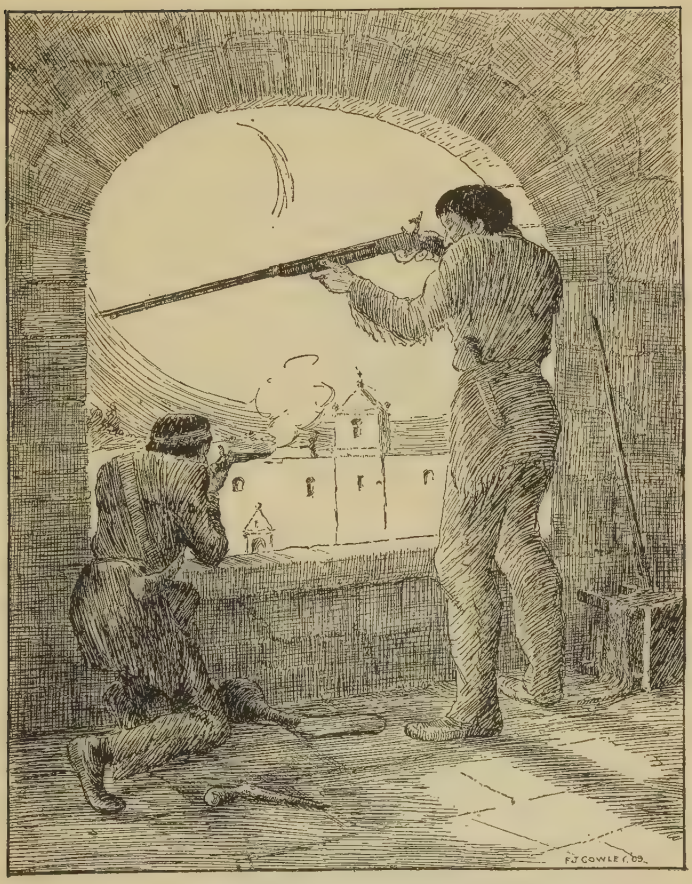
THE MEXICANS RUSHED TO THE WALLS

storming column against the chapel. All this had been so planned that the several columns should reach the walls of the fort just as the coming dawn gave light enough to guide their movements. When the hour came, the bugle sounded, and the Mexicans, maddened by their

losses and determined to avenge themselves on this courageous little troop, rushed forward to the walls while their bands played the assassin music that signified "no quarter."

It is difficult to give an orderly account of the conflict which followed, but some incidents stand out boldly. General Cos was repulsed from the chapel, and the column which attacked the north wall was badly cut before it succeeded in making an entrance. Here at the breach they met Colonel Travis in person, and here after the action he was found dead with a bullet hole through his head, and by his side a Mexican officer pierced to the heart by a sword still held in the hand of the dead Texan. On the west side the walls were scaled, and after bitter fighting the garrison, driven from the outer defenses, took refuge in the low barracks and other buildings, where, being more united, they could fight to better advantage. However, there was no easy means of communication between the buildings, and thus the surviving Texans soon were broken up into small groups, fighting desperately against the overwhelming numbers of the Mexicans. There was no need of leadership, however, or of direction from officers. The Mexicans purposed to allow no quarter, and nothing remained for the Texans except that each man should fight to the last, doing as great execution as he could before finally falling under the weight of numbers.

Again and again the enemy charged upon the little buildings, while from the windows and



THE DEFENDERS WERE ACTIVE

loopholes the crack of rifles and the whiz of bullets showed that the living defenders were still active. It is not exaggerating to say that the assailants fell in heaps, for around each little building and before the long barracks the carnage was dreadful. One by one, however,

the buildings were carried at the point of the bayonet, and the little groups of Texans broken up and destroyed. The last point to yield was the chapel, which seems to have been held by a somewhat larger force than any of the other buildings. However, after the parade grounds were cleared and the other companies destroyed, it was possible to burn the most of the fort and thus batter it down and kill its brave defenders.

It is said that toward the close of the struggle in the chapel, Lieutenant Dickinson was seen to leap from one of the windows with a small child in his arms, and that both were shot as they leaped. This was perhaps the last act in the great tragedy, for if any were alive in the chapel after the lieutenant made his attempted escape, they were quickly bayonetted where they stood.

With the dead and dying strewn around, Santa Ana entered the fort. What he saw there, we cannot attempt to describe, but a few things we must mention. In his own room they found Colonel Bowie dead in his bed, where he had lain too sick to rise; but he had had strength to use his weapons, for four Mexicans had fallen, shot to death in the room, while a fifth lay across the bed with the Colonel's terrible knife sticking in his heart. Near the door of the magazine it is said that they found Major Evans, the master of ordnance, shot down with a burning match in his hand, before he could fire the powder and blow the fort and his enemies into the air.

Upon a high platform in one corner, there

COLONEL BOWIE HAD HAD STRENGTH TO USE HIS WEAPONS

was a small cannon which was turned upon the Mexicans in the fort and did terrible execution. Who handled it is not exactly known, but near it were found the bodies of David Crockett and five of his companions. It is said, though possibly without much foundation, that when Santa

Ana stepped into the courtyard he found Crockett and his companions still fighting.

Concealed in one of the rooms under some mattresses, five men were found, and under a bridge crossing an irrigating ditch another was discovered. All these were immediately shot by the orders of Santa Ana, and so hastily and excitedly was it all done that a Mexican was killed with them by accident. The wife of Lieutenant Dickinson, a negro servant of Travis, and a few Mexican women were the only human beings whose lives were spared.

Thus fell the Alamo. In thinking of this bloody tragedy, we must remember that these were simple citizens, bound together by no tie save their affection for one another and their loyalty to a state of whose independence they were as yet ignorant, for though Texas was then the "Lone Star State," no intimation of the Texas declaration of independence had reached Travis or his devoted followers. According to the report of General Santa Ana, the action lasted but thirty minutes from the time the enemy entered the walls till the resistance was completely quelled.

So many false reports have been made of the number engaged in this struggle that it is impossible even now to tell definitely. We do know that the number of Texans was less than two hundred, and it is probable that about twenty-five hundred Mexicans were engaged in the assault. All the Texans were killed, and from the various accounts we are led to infer

THE CANNON DID TERRIBLE EXECUTION

that about five hundred Mexicans fell, a number which shows that the defense of the Texans was indeed fierce and bloody.

The history of our country does not show any incident of greater bravery or more heroic self-sacrifice, and it is hardly to be conceived that such a defense will ever be excelled. This was no disciplined force fighting under trained officers, but a group of simple, manly men, not agreeing in all things, but united with the one idea of fighting against cruelty and oppression.

On the Capitol grounds at Austin, Texas, a monument was erected in 1891 to the heroes of the Alamo. On it is this inscription:

"Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat:
The Alamo had none."

THE ALHAMBRA

WASHINGTON IRVING

NOTE,—The Alhambra is now a beautiful ruin, but at one time it was the great fortified palace of the Moors and the place where they made their last stand against the Christian Spaniards. From its beautiful courts the Moorish defenders were at last driven, and with their departure the Mohammedan faith ceased as a power in Europe.

The palace occupied but a portion of the space within the walls of the fortress, which in the time of the Moors was capable of containing an army of forty thousand men. The walls, studded with towers, stretch irregularly round the whole crest of a lofty hill that overlooks the city and forms a spire of the Sierra Nevada or Snowy Mountains.

After the kingdom had passed into the hands of the Christians, the castle was occasionally inhabited by the Castilian monarchs. Early in the eighteenth century, however, it was abandoned as a court residence, its beautiful walls became desolate, and some of them fell to ruin, the gardens were destroyed, and the fountains ceased to play.

In 1829 Washington Irving lived for some time within the walls of the Alhambra and studied its history and the legends of Spain. These he has embodied in a charming book,

from which we draw a description of the Alhambra. Irving is writing of his first visit.

E now found ourselves in a deep, narrow ravine, filled with beautiful groves, with a steep avenue and various footpaths winding through it, bordered with stone seats and ornamented with fountains. To our left, we beheld the towers of the Alhambra beetling above us; to our right, on the opposite side of the ravine, we were equally dominated by rival towers on a rocky eminence. These, we were told, were the Torres Vermejos, or Vermilion towers, so called from their ruddy hue. No one knows their origin. They are of a date much anterior to the Alhambra. Some suppose them to have been built by the Romans; others, by some wandering colony of Phœnicians. Ascending the steep and shady avenue, we arrived at the foot of a huge square Moorish tower, forming a kind of barbican, through which passed the main entrance to the fortress. This portal is called the Gate of Justice, from the tribunal held within its porch during the Moslem domination, for the immediate trial of petty causes; a custom common to the Oriental nations, and occasionally alluded to in the sacred Scriptures.

The great vestibule, or porch of the gate, is formed by an immense Arabian arch of the horseshoe form, which springs to half the height of the

THE GATE OF JUSTICE

tower. On the keystone of this arch is engraven a gigantic hand. Within the vestibule, on the keystone of the portal, is engraven, in like manner, a gigantic key. Those who pretend to some knowledge of Mohammedan symbols affirm that the hand is the emblem of doctrine, and the key

of faith; the latter, they add, was emblazoned on the standard of the Moslems when they subdued Andalusia, in opposition to the Christian emblem of the cross.

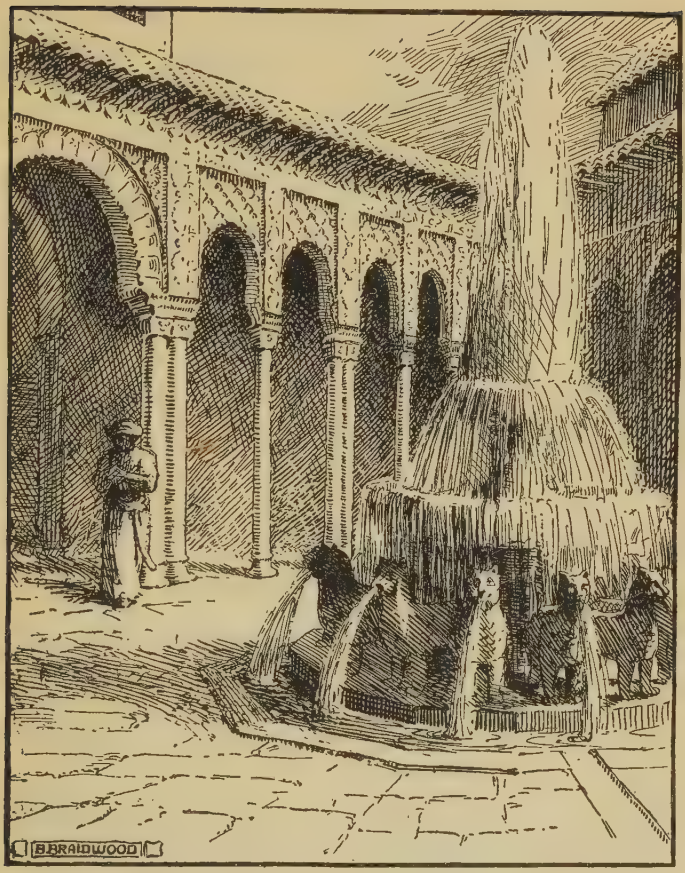
It was a tradition handed down from the oldest inhabitants, and which our informant had from his grandfather, that the hand and key were magical devices on which the fate of the Alhambra depended. The Moorish king who built it was a great magician, and, as some believed, had sold himself to the devil, and had laid the whole fortress under a magic spell. By this means it had remained standing for several hundred years, in defiance of storms and earthquakes, while almost all the other buildings of the Moors had fallen to ruin and disappeared. The spell, the tradition went on to say, would last until the hand on the outer arch should reach down and grasp the key, when the whole pile would tumble to pieces, and all the treasures buried beneath it by the Moors would be revealed.

After passing through the barbican we ascended a narrow lane, winding between walls, and came on an open esplanade within the fortress, called the Plaza de los Algibes, or Place of the Cisterns, from great reservoirs which undermine it, cut in the living rock by the Moors, for the supply of the fortress. Here, also, is a well of immense depth, furnishing the purest and coldest of water, another monument of the delicate taste of the Moors, who were indefatigable in their exertions to obtain that element in its crystal purity.

In front of the esplanade is the splendid pile commenced by Charles V., intended, it is said, to eclipse the residence of the Moslem kings. With all its grandeur and architectural merit, it appeared to us like an arrogant intrusion, and passing by it we entered a simple, unostentatious portal, opening into the interior of the Moorish palace.

The transition was almost magical; it seemed as if we were at once transported into other times and another realm, and were treading the scenes of Arabian story. We found ourselves in a great court paved with white marble and decorated at each end with light Moorish peristyles. It is called the court of the Alberca. In the center was an immense basin, or fish-pool, a hundred and thirty feet in length by thirty in breadth, stocked with goldfish, and bordered by hedges of roses. At the upper end of this court rose the great tower of Comares.

From the lower end, we passed through a Moorish archway into the renowned Court of Lions. There is no part of the edifice that gives us a more complete idea of its original beauty and magnificence than this; for none has suffered so little from the ravages of time. In the center stands the fountain famous in song and story. The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops, and the twelve lions which support them cast forth their crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil. The court is laid out in flower-beds, and surrounded by light Arabian arcades of open filigree work, supported by slender pillars of

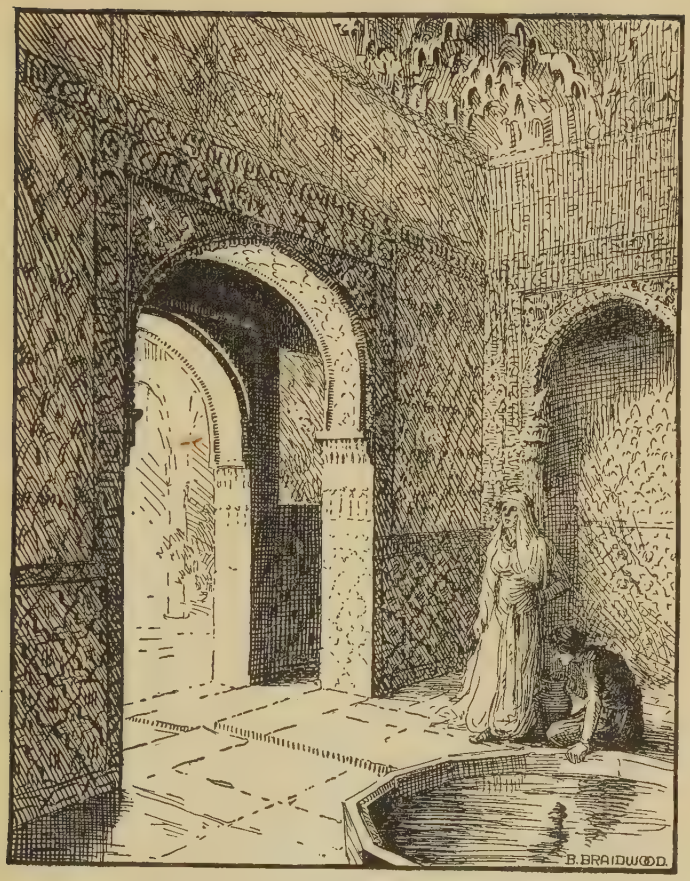


IN THE COURT OF LIONS

white marble. The architecture, like that of all the other parts of the palace, is characterized by elegance rather than grandeur, bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste, and a disposition to indolent enjoyment. When we look upon the fairy tracery of the peristyles and the apparently

fragile fretwork of the walls, it is difficult to believe that so much has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, the violence of war, and the quiet, though no less baneful, pilferings of the tasteful traveler. It is almost sufficient to excuse the popular tradition that the whole is protected by a magic charm.

On one side of the court a portal richly adorned opens into a lofty hall paved with white marble, and called the Hall of the Two Sisters. A cupola or lantern admits a tempered light from above, and a free circulation of air. The lower part of the walls is incrusted with beautiful Moorish tiles, on some of which are emblazoned the escutcheons of the Moorish monarchs: the upper part is faced with the fine stucco work invented at Damascus, consisting of large plates cast in molds and artfully joined, so as to have the appearance of having been laboriously sculptured by the hand into light relievos and fanciful arabesques, intermingled with texts of the Koran, and poetical inscriptions in Arabian and Celtic characters. These decorations of the walls and cupolas are richly gilded, and the interstices paneled with lapis lazuli and other brilliant and enduring colors. On each side of the wall are recesses for ottomans and arches. Above an inner porch is a balcony which communicated with the women's apartment. The latticed balconies still remain, from whence the dark-eyed beauties of the harem might gaze unseen upon the entertainments of the hall below.



THE HALL OF THE ABENCERRAGES

It is impossible to contemplate this once favorite abode of Oriental manners without feeling the early associations of Arabian romance, and almost expecting to see the white arm of some mysterious princess beckoning from the balcony, or some dark eye sparkling through the

lattice. The abode of beauty is here, as if it had been inhabited but yesterday—but where are the Zoraydas and Linderaxas!

On the opposite side of the Court of Lions is the hall of the Abencerrages, so called from the gallant cavaliers of that illustrious line, who were here perfidiously massacred. There are some who doubt the whole truth of this story, but our humble attendant, Mateo, pointed out the very wicket of the portal through which they are said to have been introduced, one by one, and the white marble fountain in the center of the hall, where they were beheaded. He showed us also certain broad, ruddy stains in the pavement, traces of their blood, which, according to popular belief, can never be effaced. Finding we listened to him with easy faith, he added that there was often heard at night, in the Court of the Lions, a low, confused sound, resembling the murmurings of a multitude; with now and then a faint tinkling, like the distant clank of chains. These noises are probably produced by the bubbling currents and tinkling falls of water, conducted under the pavement through the pipes and channels to supply the fountains; but according to the legend of the son of the Alhambra, they are made by the spirits of the murdered Abencerrages, who nightly haunt the scene of their suffering, and invoke the vengeance of Heaven on their destroyer.

From the Court of Lions we retraced our steps through the court of the Alberca, or great fish-pool, crossing which, we proceeded to the tower

of Comares, so called from the name of the Arabian architect. It is of massive strength and lofty height, domineering over the rest of the edifice and overhanging the steep hillside, which descends abruptly to the banks of the Darro. A Moorish archway admitted us into a vast and lofty hall, which occupies the interior of the tower and was the grand audience chamber of the Moslem monarchs, thence called the hall of Ambassadors. It still bears the traces of past magnificence. The walls are richly stuccoed and decorated with arabesques, the vaulted ceilings of cedar wood, almost lost in obscurity from its height, still gleam with rich gilding and the brilliant tints of the Arabian pencil. On three sides of the saloon are deep windows, cut through the immense thickness of the walls, the balconies of which look down upon the verdant valley of the Darro, the streets and convents of the Albaycin, and command a prospect of the distant Vega. I might go on to describe the other delightful apartments of this side of the palace; the Tocador or toilet of the Queen, an open belvedere on the summit of the tower, where the Moorish sultanas enjoyed the pure breezes from the mountain and the prospect of the surrounding paradise; the secluded little patio or garden of Lindaraxa, with its alabaster fountain, its thickets of roses and myrtles, of citrons and oranges; the cool halls and grottoes of the baths, where the glare and heat of the day are tempered into a self-mysterious light and a pervading freshness.

An abundant supply of water, brought from the mountains by old Moorish aqueducts, circulates throughout the palace, supplying its baths and fish-pools, sparkling in jets within its halls, or murmuring in channels along the marble pavements. When it has paid its tribute to the royal pile, and visited its gardens and pastures, it flows down the long avenue leading to the city, tinkling in rills, gushing in fountains, and maintaining a perpetual verdure in those groves that embower and beautify the whole hill of the Alhambra.

While the city below pants with the noon-tide heat, and the parched Vega trembles to the eye, the delicate airs from the Sierra Nevada play through the lofty halls, bringing with them the sweetness of the surrounding gardens. Everything invites to that indolent repose, the bliss of Southern climes; and while the half-shut eye looks out from shaded balconies upon the glittering landscape, the ear is lulled by the rustling of groves and the murmur of running streams.

The reader has had a sketch of the interior of the Alhambra, and may be desirous of a general idea of its vicinity. The morning is serene and lovely; the sun has not gained sufficient power to destroy the freshness of the night; we will mount to the summit of the tower of Comares, and take a bird's-eye view of Granada and its environs.

Come, then, worthy reader and comrade, follow my steps into this vestibule ornamented with rich tracery, which opens to the hall of

Ambassadors. We will not enter the hall, however, but turn to the left, to this small door, opening in the wall. Have a care! here are steep winding steps and but scanty light. Yet, up this narrow, obscure and winding staircase the proud monarchs of Granada and their queens have often ascended to the battlements of the tower to watch the approach of Christian armies or to gaze on the battles in the Vega. At length we are upon the terraced roof, and may take breath for a moment, while we cast a general eye over the splendid panorama of city and country, of rocky mountain, verdant valley and fertile plain; of castle, cathedral, Moorish towers and Gothic domes, crumbling ruins and blooming groves.

Let us approach the battlements and cast our eyes immediately below. See—on this side we have the whole plan of the Alhambra laid open to us, and can look down into its courts and gardens. At the foot of the tower is the Court of the Alberca with its great tank or fish-pool bordered with flowers; and yonder is the Court of Lions, with its famous fountain, and its light Moorish arcades; and in the center of the pile is the little garden of Lindaraxa, buried in the heart of the building, with its roses and citrons and shrubbery of emerald green.

That belt of battlements studded with square towers, straggling round the whole brow of the hill, is the outer boundary of the fortress. Some of the towers, you may perceive, are in ruins, and their massive fragments are buried among vines, fig-trees and aloes.

Let us look on this northern side of the tower. It is a giddy height; the very foundations of the tower rise above the groves of the steep hillside. And see, a long fissure in the massive walls shows that the tower has been rent by some of the earthquakes which from time to time have thrown Granada into consternation; and which, sooner or later, must reduce this crumbling pile to a mere mass of ruin. The deep, narrow glen below us, which gradually widens as it opens from the mountains, is the valley of the Darro; you see the little river winding its way under embowered terraces and among orchards and flower gardens. It is a stream famous in old times for yielding gold, and its sands are still sifted occasionally in search of the precious ore.

Some of those white pavilions which here and there gleam from among groves and vineyards were rustic retreats of the Moors, to enjoy the refreshment of their gardens.

The airy palace with its tall white towers and long arcades, which breast yon mountain, among pompous groves and hanging gardens, is the Generaliffe, a summer palace of the Moorish kings, to which they resorted during the sultry months, to enjoy a still more breezy region than that of the Alhambra. The naked summit of the height above it, where you behold some shapeless ruins, is the Silla del Moro, or seat of the Moor; so called from having been a retreat of the unfortunate Boabdil during the time of an insurrection, where he seated himself and looked down mournfully upon his rebellious city.

A murmuring sound of water now and then rises from the valley. It is from the aqueduct of yon Moorish mill nearly at the foot of the hill. The avenue of trees beyond is the Alameda along the bank of the Darro, a favorite resort in evenings, and a rendezvous of lovers in the summer nights, when the guitar may be heard at a late hour from the benches along its walks. At present there are but a few loitering monks to be seen there, and a group of water carriers from the fountain of Avellanos.

You start! 'Tis nothing but a hawk we have frightened from his nest. This old tower is a complete brooding-place for vagrant birds. The swallow and martlet abound in every chink and cranny, and circle about it the whole day long; while at night, when all other birds have gone to rest, the moping owl comes out of its lurking place and utters its boding cry from the battlements. See how the hawk we have dislodged sweeps away below us, skimming over the tops of the trees, and sailing up to ruins above the Generaliffe.

Let us leave this side of the tower and turn our eyes to the west. Here you behold in the distance a range of mountains bounding the Vega, the ancient barrier between Moslem Granada and the land of the Christians. Among the heights you may still discern warrior towns, whose gray walls and battlements seem of a piece with the rocks on which they are built; while here and there is a solitary atalaya or watch-tower, mounted on some lofty point, and

looking down as if it were from the sky, into the valleys on either side. It was down the defiles of these mountains, by the pass of Lope, that the Christian armies descended into the Vega. It was round the base of yon gray and naked mountain, almost insulated from the rest, and stretching its bald, rocky promontory into the bosom of the plain, that the invading squadrons would come bursting into view, with flaunting banners and the clangor of drums and trumpets. How changed is the scene! Instead of the glittering line of mailed warriors, we behold the patient train of the toilful muleteer, slowly moving along the skirts of the mountain.

Behind that promontory is the eventful bridge of Pinos, renowned for many a bloody strife between Moors and Christians; but still more renowned as being the place where Columbus was overtaken and called back by the messenger of Queen Isabella just as he was departing in despair to carry his project of discovery to the court of France.

Behold another place famous in the history of the discoverer: yon line of walls and towers, gleaming in the morning sun in the very center of the Vega; the city of Santa Fe, built by the Catholic sovereigns during the siege of Granada, after a conflagration had destroyed their camp. It was to these walls that Columbus was called back by the heroic queen, and within them the treaty was concluded that led to the discovery of the Western World.

Here, toward the south, the eye revels on the

luxuriant beauties of the Vega, a blooming wilderness of grove and garden, and teeming orchards, with the Xenil winding through it in silver links and feeding innumerable rills, conducted through ancient Moorish channels, which maintain the landscape in perpetual verdure. Here are the beloved bowers and gardens and rural retreats for which the Moors fought with such desperate valor. The very farmhouses and hovels which are now inhabited by the boors retain traces of arabesques and other tasteful decorations, which show them to have been elegant residences in the days of the Moslems.

Beyond the embowered region of the Vega you behold, to the south, a line of arid hills down which a long train of mules is slowly moving. It was from the summit of one of those hills that the unfortunate Boabdil cast back his last look upon Granada and gave vent to the agony of his soul. It is the spot famous in song and story, "The last sigh of the Moor."

Now raise your eyes to the snowy summit of yon pile of mountains, shining like a white summer cloud on the blue sky. It is the Sierra Nevada, the pride and delight of Granada; the source of her cooling breezes and perpetual verdure, of her gushing fountains and perennial streams. It is this glorious pile of mountains that gives to Granada that combination of delights so rare in a southern city: the fresh vegetation and the temperate airs of a northern climate, with the vivifying ardor of a tropical sun, and the cloudless azure of a southern sky.

It is this aërial treasury of snow, which, melting in proportion to the increase of the summer heat, sends down rivulets and streams through every glen and gorge of the Alxuxarras, diffusing emerald verdure and fertility throughout a chain of happy and sequestered valleys.

These mountains may well be called the glory of Granada. They dominate the whole extent of Andalusia, and may be seen from its most distant parts. The muleteer hails them as he views their frosty peaks from the sultry level of the plain; and the Spanish mariner on the deck of his bark, far, far off on the bosom of the blue Mediterranean, watches them with a pensive eye, thinks of delightful Granada, and chants in low voice some old romance about the Moors.

But enough, the sun is high above the mountains, and is pouring his full fervor upon our heads. Already the terraced roof of the town is hot beneath our feet; let us abandon it, and descend and refresh ourselves under the arcades by the fountain of the Lions.

HERVÉ RIEL

ROBERT BROWNING

NOTE,—This poem of Browning's furnishes its own historical setting; it gives date and places and names. All, in fact, that it does not tell us is that the battle at Cape la Hogue was a part of the struggle between England and France undertaken because Louis XIV of France would not acknowledge William III as king of England.

The poem is written in characteristic Browning style. You have read in the earlier volumes *An Incident of the French Camp*, *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*, and *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, and are therefore familiar with Browning's custom of leaving out words, using odd, informal words which another man might think out of place in poetry, and employing strange, sometimes jerky, meters.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor
in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great
ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us
quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and
leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like
these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the pas-
sage scarred and scored,
Shall the "Formidable" here with her twelve and
eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single
narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of
twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:

"Here's the English at our heels; would you have
them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern
and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels
on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck
amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first,
second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tour-
ville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croi-
sickese.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?"
cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you
cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every
swell

'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this "Formidable" clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life—here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face,

As the big ship with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the
wide sea's profound!
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates
the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure
as fate
Up the English come, too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance,
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the
Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's
countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"

THEY FOLLOW IN A FLOCK

As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.
Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,

Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.

Go to Paris: rank on rank
  Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
  You shall look long enough ere you come to
    Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife,
    the Belle Aurore!

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

LORD BYRON

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

BUT HARK!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear.

And when they smiled because he deemed it
near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could
quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost, fighting,
fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking
sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could
guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn
could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the
steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They
come! They come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"
rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon
foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which
fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clans-
man's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green
leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall
grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold
and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of
strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when
rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and
pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial
blent.

ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU

JOHN TYNDALL

I HAD spent nearly a fortnight at the Eggischhorn in 1863, employing alternate days in wandering and musing over the green Alps, and in more vigorous action upon the Aletsch glacier. Day after day a blue sky spanned the earth, and night after night the stars glanced down from an unclouded heaven. There is no nobler mountain group in Switzerland than that seen on a fine day from the middle of the Aletsch glacier looking southward; while to the north, and more close at hand, rise the Jungfrau and other summits familiar to every tourist who has crossed the Wengern Alp. The love of being alone amid those scenes caused me, on the 3rd of August, to withdraw from all society, and ascend the glacier, which for nearly two hours was almost as even as a highway, no local danger calling away the attention from the near and distant mountains. The ice yielded to the sun, rills were formed, which united to rivulets, and these again coalesced to rapid brooks, which ran with a pleasant music through deep channels cut in the ice. Sooner or later these brooks were crossed by cracks; into these cracks the water fell, scooping gradually out for itself a vertical shaft, the resonance of which raised the sound of the falling water to the dignity of thunder.

These shafts constitute the so-called moulins of the glacier, examples of which are shown upon the Mer de Glace to every tourist who visits the Jardin from Chamouni. The moulins can only form where the glacier is not much riven, as here alone the rivulets can acquire the requisite volume to produce a moulin.

After two hours' ascent, the ice began to wear a more hostile aspect, and long stripes of last year's snow drawn over the sullied surface marked the lines of crevasses now partially filled and bridged over. For a time this snow was consolidated, and I crossed numbers of the chasms, sounding in each case before trusting myself to its tenacity. But as I ascended, the width and depth of the fissures increased, and the fragility of the snow bridges became more conspicuous. The crevasses yawned here and there with threatening gloom, while along their fringes the crystallizing power of water played the most fantastic freaks. Long lines of icicles dipped into the darkness, and at some places the liquefied snow had refrozen into clusters of plates, ribbed and serrated like the leaves of ferns. The cases in which the snow covering of the crevasses, when tested by the axe, yielded, became gradually more numerous, demanding commensurate caution. It is impossible to feel otherwise than earnest in such scenes as this, with the noblest and most beautiful objects in nature around one, with the sense of danger raising the feelings at times to the level of awe.

My way upward became more and more

difficult, and circuit after circuit had to be made to round the gaping fissures. There is a passive cruelty in the aspect of these chasms sufficient to make the blood run cold. Among them it is not good for man to be alone, so I halted in the midst of them and swerved back toward the Faulberg. But instead of it I struck the lateral tributary of the Aletsch, which runs up to the Grünhorn Lücke. In this passage I was more than once entangled in a mesh of fissures; but it is marvelous what steady, cool scrutiny can accomplish upon the ice, and how often difficulties of apparently the gravest kind may be reduced to a simple form by skilful examination. I tried to get along the rocks to the Faulberg, but after investing half an hour in the attempt I thought it prudent to retreat. I finally reached the Faulberg by the glacier, and with great comfort consumed my bread and cheese and emptied my goblet in the shadow of its caves. On this day it was my desire to get near the buttresses of the Jungfrau, and to see what prospect of success a lonely climber would have in an attempt upon the mountain. Such an attempt might doubtless be made, but at a risk which no sane man would willingly incur.

On August 6th, however, I had the pleasure of joining Dr. Hornby and Mr. Philpotts, who, with Christian Almer and Christian Lauener for their guides, wished to ascend the Jungfrau. We quitted the Eggischhorn at 2:15 P. M., and in less than four hours reached the grottoes of the Faulberg. A pine fire was soon blazing, a pan

of water soon bubbling sociably over the flame, and the evening meal was quickly prepared and disposed of. For a time the air behind the Jungfrau and Monk was exceedingly dark and threatening; rain was streaming down upon Lauterbrunnen, and the skirt of the storm wrapped the summits of the Jungfrau and the Monk. Southward, however, the sky was clear, and there were such general evidences of hope that we were not much disheartened by the local burst of ill-temper displayed by the atmosphere to the north of us. Like a gust of passion the clouds cleared away, and before we went to rest all was sensibly clear. Still, the air was not transparent, and for a time the stars twinkled through it with a feeble ray. There was no visible turbidity, but a something which cut off half the stellar brilliancy. The starlight, however, became gradually stronger, not on account of the augmenting darkness, but because the air became clarified as the night advanced.

Two of our party occupied the upper cave, and the guides took possession of the kitchen, while a third lay in the little grot below. Hips and ribs felt throughout the night the pressure of the subjacent rock. A single blanket, moreover, though sufficient to keep out the pain of cold, was insufficient to induce the comfort of warmth; so I lay awake in a neutral condition, neither happy nor unhappy, watching the stars without emotion as they appeared in succession above the mountain-heads.

At half-past twelve a rumbling in the kitchen

showed the guides to be alert, and soon afterward Christian Almer announced that tea was prepared. We rose, consumed a crust and basin each, and at 1:15 A.M., being perfectly harnessed, we dropped down upon the glacier. The crescent moon was in the sky, but for a long time we had to walk in the shadow of the mountains, and therefore required illumination. The bottoms were knocked out of two empty bottles, and each of these, inverted, formed a kind of lantern which protected from the wind a candle stuck in the neck. Almer went first, holding his lantern in his left hand and his axe in the right, moving cautiously along the snow which, as the residue of the spring avalanches, fringed the glacier. At times, for no apparent reason, the leader paused and struck his ice-axe into the snow. Looking right or left, a chasm was always discovered in these cases, and the cautious guide sounded the snow, lest the fissure should have prolonged itself underneath so as to cross our track. A tributary glacier joined the Aletsch from our right—a long corridor filled with ice, and covered by the purest snow. Down this valley the moonlight streamed, silvering the surface upon which it fell.

Here we cast our lamps away, and roped ourselves together. To our left a second long ice-corridor stretched up to the Lötsch saddle, which hung like a chain between the opposing mountains. In fact, at this point four noble ice-streams form a junction, and flow afterward in the common channel of the Great

Aletsch glacier. Perfect stillness might have been expected to reign upon the ice, but even at that early hour the gurgle of subglacial water made itself heard, and we had to be cautious in some places lest a too thin crust might let us in. We went straight up the glacier, toward the col which links the Monk and Jungfrau together. The surface was hard, and we went rapidly and silently over the snow. There is an earnestness of feeling on such occasions which subdues the desire for conversation. The communion we held was with the solemn mountains and their background of dark blue sky.

"*Der Tag bricht!*"[1] exclaimed one of the men. I looked toward the eastern heaven, and could discover no illumination which hinted at the approach of day. At length the dawn really appeared, brightening the blue of the eastern firmament; at first it was a mere augmentation of cold light, but by degrees it assumed a warmer tint. The long uniform incline of the glacier being passed, we reached the first eminences of snow which heave like waves around the base of the Jungfrau. This is the region of beauty in the higher Alps—beauty pure and tender, out of which emerges the savage scenery of the peaks. For the healthy and the pure in heart these higher snow-fields are consecrated ground.

The snow bosses were soon broken by chasms deep and dark, which required tortuous winding on our part to get round them. Having sur-

1. The day breaks.

mounted a steep slope, we passed to some red and rotten rocks, which required care on the part of those in front to prevent the loose and slippery shingle from falling upon those behind. We gained the ridge and wound along it. High snow eminences now flanked us to the left, and along the slope over which we passed the *séraces* had shaken their frozen bowlders. We tramped amid the knolls of the fallen avalanches toward a white wall which, so far as we could see, barred further progress. To our right were noble chasms, blue and profound, torn into the heart of the *névé* by the slow but resistless drag of gravity on the descending snows. Meanwhile the dawn had brightened into perfect day, and over mountains and glaciers the gold and purple light of the eastern heaven was liberally poured. We had already caught sight of the peak of the Jungfrau, rising behind an eminence and piercing for fifty feet or so the rosy dawn. And many another peak of stately altitude caught the blush, while the shaded slopes were all of a beautiful azure, being illuminated by the firmament alone. A large segment of space enclosed between the Monk and Trugberg was filled like a reservoir with purple light. The world, in fact, seemed to worship, and the flush of adoration was on every mountain-head.

Over the distant Italian Alps rose clouds of the most fantastic forms, jutting forth into the heavens like enormous trees, thrusting out umbrageous branches which bloomed and glistened in the solar rays. Along the whole southern

heaven these fantastic masses were ranged close together, but still perfectly isolated, until on reaching a certain altitude they seemed to meet a region of wind which blew their tops like streamers far away through the air. Warmed and tinted by the morning sun those unsubstantial masses rivalled in grandeur the mountains themselves.

The final peak of the Jungfrau is now before us, and apparently *so* near! But the mountaineer alone knows how delusive the impression of nearness often is in the Alps. To reach the slope which led up to the peak we must scale or round the barrier already spoken of. From the coping and the ledges of this beautiful wall hung long stalactites of ice, in some cases like inverted spears, with their sharp points free in air. In other cases, the icicles which descended from the overhanging top reached a projecting lower ledge, and stretched like a crystal railing from the one to the other. To the right of this barrier was a narrow gangway, from which the snow had not yet broken away so as to form a vertical or overhanging wall. It was one of those accidents which the mountains seldom fail to furnish, and on the existence of which the success of the climber entirely depends. Up this steep and narrow gangway we cut our steps, and a few minutes placed us safely at the bottom of the final pyramid of the Jungfrau.

From this point we could look down into the abyss of the Roththal, and certainly its wild environs seemed to justify the uses to which

superstition has assigned the place. For here it is said the original demons of the mountains hold their orgies, and hither the spirits of the doubly-damned among men are sent to bear them company. The slope up which we had now to climb was turned toward the sun; its aspect was a southern one, and its snows had been melted and recongealed to hard ice. The axe of Almer rang against the obdurate solid, and its fragments whirred past us with a weird-like sound to the abysses below. They suggested the fate which a false step might bring along with it. It is a practical tribute to the strength and skill of the Oberland guides that no disaster has hitherto occurred upon the peak of the Jungfrau.

The work upon this final ice-slope was long and heavy, and during this time the summit appeared to maintain its distance above us. We at length cleared the ice, and gained a stretch of snow which enabled us to treble our upward speed. Thence to some loose and shingly rocks, again to the snow, whence a sharp edge led directly up to the top. The exhilaration of success was here added to that derived from physical nature. On the top fluttered a little black flag planted by our most recent predecessors. We reached it at 7:15 A.M., having accomplished the ascent from the Faulberg in six hours. The snow was flattened on either side of the apex so as to enable us all to stand upon it, and here we stood for some time, with all the magnificence of the Alps unrolled before us.

A SHARP EDGE LED TO THE TOP

We may look upon these mountains again and again from a dozen different points of view, a perennial glory surrounds them which associates with every new prospect fresh impressions. I thought I had scarcely ever seen the Alps to greater advantage. Hardly ever was their majesty more fully revealed or more overpowering. The coloring of the air contributed as much to the effect as the grandeur of the masses on which that coloring fell. A calm splendor overspread

the mountains, softening the harshness of the outlines without detracting from their strength. But half the interest of such scenes is psychological; the soul takes the tint of surrounding nature, and in its turn becomes majestic.

And as I looked over this wondrous scene toward Mont Blanc, the Grand Combin, the Dent Blanche, the Weisshorn, the Dom, and the thousand lesser peaks which seemed to join in celebration of the risen day, I asked myself, as on previous occasions: How was this colossal work performed? Who chiselled these mighty and picturesque masses out of a mere protuberance of the earth? And the answer was at hand. Ever young, ever mighty—with the vigor of a thousand worlds still within him—the real sculptor was even then climbing up the eastern sky. It was he who raised aloft the waters which cut out these ravines; it was he who planted the glaciers on the mountain-slopes, thus giving gravity a plow to open out the valleys; and it is he who, acting through the ages, will finally lay low these mighty mountains, rolling them gradually seaward—

"Sowing the seeds of continents to be";

so that the people of an older earth may see mould spread and corn wave over the hidden rocks which at this moment bear the weight of the Jungfrau.

THE ANGEL CAME AGAIN

ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellowmen."
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

ANNA McCALEB

LORENCE NIGHTINGALE, the youngest daughter of Edward Shore Nightingale, was born in 1820 in Florence, Italy, and was named for the city. Her father was of the family of Shores of Embley, Hants, and had adopted the name of Nightingale in accordance with the will of his granduncle, Peter Nightingale, from whom he had inherited the estate of Lea Hurst in Derbyshire. Mr. Nightingale was a man of wealth and prominence. He had ideas far in advance of his age in regard to the training of girls, and his daughters, Frances and Florence, were instructed in music, in modern languages, in the classics and in mathematics. Miss Florence, as she was always called throughout the countryside, was a special favorite, and this does not seem strange when one learns what manner of child she was. The desire to do something to help, which was so strong in her all her life, showed itself very early, and one of the best-known stories of her childhood relates to her first attempt at nursing.

According to this story, Florence was one day riding with the vicar, a friend of the family, who was especially fond of the unselfish, helpful child, and who often took her with him on his

rounds. They came upon an old shepherd of Mr. Nightingale's, who was in the field attempting to gather his flock together, but with no great success.

"Why Roger," cried Florence, "what has become of Cap? I never saw you try to care for the sheep without him before."

"Indeed, Miss Florence," replied the man, "I'd not be doing without him now if I could help it, but I am afraid I shall have to do without him always, for he must be killed to-night."

"Oh, Roger," cried the child, "what can dear, good Cap have done that he should have to die?"

"Nothing, indeed, Miss, but he is of no use to me now, for some bad boys have broken his leg with stones, and I cannot afford to keep him and feed him when he is no help to me."

"But how you will miss him," said Florence. "He has always lived right in the house with you like a person."

There were actually tears in the man's eyes as he nodded in reply to her; and partly because she felt sorry for him, and partly because she could not bear the thought of the faithful old dog suffering and being killed, she besought the vicar to go with her to Roger's house to see whether something could not be done for Cap.

"I really don't believe," said the vicar on the way, "that Cap's leg can be broken. It would have to be a very big stone and a very strong boy that could break the leg of a great dog like Cap."

Sure enough, when they reached the house, they found that the dog's leg was badly swollen,

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

and evidently very painful, but was not broken; and though he had barked furiously at their entrance into the cabin, and at first refused to allow them to come near him, he finally seemed to understand that they wanted to help him, and his brown eyes looked gratefully at Florence as she knelt beside him and stroked his head.

"The first thing to do," said the vicar, "is to bathe the poor leg with hot water."

Instantly Florence was up and out of the house, begging at a neighboring hut for something to start a fire with. Returning, she kindled a fire and put the water on to boil, and then she again ran out of doors in search of some flannel to use in bandaging Cap's leg. A child's petticoat was hung out to dry before one of the neighboring huts, and this Florence snatched and tore into strips. For a long time she remained with the dog, wringing the cloths out of the hot water, and applying them to the swollen leg. Roger, when he returned that evening, carrying a cord with which to hang poor Cap, was delighted when he was told that the sacrifice of the dog's life would not be necessary. In the morning Florence returned, bringing with her two petticoats to replace the one which she had torn up, and she again remained with Cap, doing what she could to make him comfortable.

The tendencies which this circumstance showed in the child were noticeable all her life. Not only did she desire to help people and to relieve suffering, but she usually managed to find some way to do it. She was not a senti-

mentalist who sat and wept over people's illness and miseries; she was a practical person who sought constantly the means of remedying such illness and miseries.

As she grew older, Miss Nightingale became convinced that the "art," as she called it, of nursing was one which was painfully neglected. She felt that nurses should have as strict and as careful training as should doctors, and that they should be women of intelligence and of good character.

To find out just what conditions were, she made a tour of inspection through many hospitals in England and in France. The latter country she found to be much in advance of England, for in France nursing was almost entirely in the hands of the Catholic Sisters of Mercy, who were carefully trained, and who were, many of them, women of great refinement and intelligence. Why, Miss Nightingale wondered, could there not be schools and hospitals where Protestant women could be trained as were the Sisters of Mercy?

There was, indeed, one such place, which was at this time being much discussed on the Continent and even in England. This was the institution conducted at Kaiserwerth, in Germany, by Pastor Fliedner, for the training of deaconesses, or district nurses. These nurses, trained and given experience in the hospital at Kaiserwerth, were sent out to care for the sick poor free of charge, and to teach them some of the simplest rules of health. To this institution

Miss Nightingale determined to go, and her decision caused a stir among those who knew her in England. It was all right, they declared, for German peasants to be trained as nurses—peasants were expected to wait upon other people; but for an English lady of wealth and refinement to place herself in a position where she might be called upon to serve those below her in station—the thing was not to be thought of. However, Miss Nightingale had been thinking of it long and seriously, and nothing that was said could alter her determination. She went to Kaiserwerth in 1849, causing a flutter among the blue-gowned, white-capped peasant girls there. Soon the heads of the institution came to depend upon her for help such as the other students could not render, and her companions grew to love her very tenderly. A friend of Miss Nightingale's who visited Kaiserwerth years afterward found that the "English Fräulein" was still remembered and loved.

Miss Nightingale's body was by no means as strong as her spirit, and the training at Kaiserwerth told upon her, so that she was obliged to remain at Lea Hurst resting for some time after her return from Germany. The first patient she had after her months of resting was not a person, but an institution. The Harley Street Home for Sick Governesses in London, a most worthy charity, was, owing to mismanagement, in a very bad state. Miss Nightingale, whose organizing ability was of the highest order, undertook to place the institution on a better

footing, and for months she scarcely left the Home or saw her friends, so arduous were her labors. In building up the shattered finances, she did not spare her own fortune, and when, at the end of some months, she gave up her patient as cured, the charity was one of which London could well be proud.

All that Miss Nightingale had done hitherto had been but a preparation for the great work which she was soon to be called upon to perform. This work was not of her own choosing; indeed, it was of no one's choosing.

In 1854 the Crimean War broke out between England and Russia, and it was not long before people in England were reading in *The Times* descriptions of the suffering caused the English soldiers by the defective hospital arrangements. There was a hospital at Scutari, a port of the Turkish capital; there was a general hospital and a collection of hut hospitals at Balaklava; and there was what might have been, with good management, a sufficiency of hospital supplies sent out by the British government. But for some reason, never fully understood, no comforts were provided for well soldiers and no effective help was given the sick and wounded.

W. H. Russell in *The Times* wrote: "It is now pouring rain, the skies are black as ink, the wind is howling over the staggering tents, the trenches are turned into dykes; in the tents the water is sometimes a foot deep; our men have not either warm or waterproof clothing; they are out for twelve hours at a time in the trenches;

they are plunged into the inevitable miseries of a winter campaign, and not a soul seems to care for their comfort, or even for their lives. These are hard truths, but the people of England must hear them. They must know that the wretched beggar who wanders about the streets of London in the rain, leads the life of a prince compared with the British soldiers who are fighting out here for their country."

And again the same correspondent wrote in the same paper: "The commonest accessories of a hospital are wanting; there is not the least attention paid to decency or clean linen; the stench is appalling; the fetid air can hardly struggle out to taint the atmosphere, save through the chinks in the walls and roofs; and for all I can observe, these men die without the least effort being made to save them. There they lie, just as they were let gently down on the ground by the poor fellows, their comrades, who brought them on their backs from the camp with the greatest tenderness, but who were not allowed to remain with them. The sick appear to be tended by the sick, and the dying by the dying."

These facts had the effect which might have been expected. Letters, expostulations, supplies, offers of assistance began to pour in on the War Office in a flood. No offers of hospital supplies were refused, and before long vast quantities were on their way to the East. But it seemed as if everything were destined to go wrong; part of the supplies were lost, part were landed at Varna and were allowed to lie there

and rot, far from the place where men were starving and freezing and dying for the lack of them.

Many nurses volunteered their services, but the head of the War Department, Mr. Sidney Herbert, felt that he could not accept their offers. They were, he knew, little better than the untrained orderlies who were waiting on the soldiers in the hospitals, and they were for the most part women of such character that he felt they would do more harm than good. Something must be done, and he felt that that something must be done by women. At last, with many misgivings, he wrote to his friend Miss Nightingale, laying the situation fairly before her, and concluding with the statement that there was but one woman whom he knew of in England who was capable of bringing order out of such chaos—and that that woman was herself.

This letter was written on October 15, 1854, and on that same day, strangely enough, Miss Nightingale at Lea Hurst was writing to Mr. Herbert, offering just such service as he had asked of her. Plans were rapidly made, and within eight days Miss Nightingale was ready to start for Scutari with a band of thirty-eight nurses. The selection of these nurses was by no means an easy task, but both Miss Nightingale and Mr. Herbert were well satisfied with the fourteen sisters from the established church, the ten Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity and the fourteen hospital nurses who were finally chosen. Miss Nightingale had insisted, as of course it

was her right to do, that she be given absolute control over this band of workers, and the War Department gave her official authority to proceed largely according to her own judgment in all matters connected with the hospital at Scutari.

Much criticism was heard in England of this sending out of women nurses to a military hospital. Many considered it improper; many objected because a part of the nurses were Catholic. The medical staff of the army were by no means unanimous in their approval; they felt that so many women could be nothing but an extra care, and that they would, besides, interfere with the strictness of military rule. But the Lady-in-chief, as she was called, paid no heed to criticism, but went on her way with her "angel band," and arrived at Scutari November 5th.

Appalling indeed were the scenes that greeted her. The Barrack Hospital, as it was called, was a great building loaned to the British by the Turkish government. It was a quarter of a mile long on each side, and had a tower at each corner. Along the corridors of each floor were stretched the rows of sick and wounded soldiers, side by side on their filthy mattresses, which were placed end to end, and so close together that there was scarcely room for two people to pass each other in the space between. Thus there were actually *miles* of these soldiers, lying in a condition difficult to describe. "The men," wrote one historian of the war, "lay in their uniforms, stiff with gore and covered with filth

to a degree and of a kind no one could write about." And within a day or two, hundreds of new patients, the wounded of the Battle of Inkerman, were being borne into this crowded hospital. The poor fellows were often in a desperate condition when they arrived, for among all the awful and shameful things connected with this war, few things were worse than the manner in which the sick and wounded were treated on the transports which carried them from the "Front" to the hospital at Scutari. Even in the dead of winter they lay between decks without any bedding, and often without a blanket for covering. There was food on board, but it was of a character utterly unfit for invalids; and there was water, but it was often so buried under ammunition and baggage that it could not be got at. Men actually died on these transports of want of food and drink.

These conditions on shipboard Florence Nightingale could not touch, but with the hospital conditions she could and did deal. As there were thousands of sufferers, it was not possible that she should start out from bed to bed and nurse each one; her task was the much more difficult one of organization, of management; and it was for her genius for just such work that she had been selected. The first matter to be dealt with was that of cleanliness and sanitation; nothing could be accomplished while the men lay in such a condition. And so the nurses were immediately set to work ripping up, renovating, replacing the soldiers' mattresses.

Then the Lady-in-chief turned her attention to the matter of food. Nothing fitted to the needs of the patients had ever been provided—they had little more than the salt pork and biscuit which the soldiers in action ate. Often when wine or any other delicacy was provided for the sick, the orderlies in attendance upon them, themselves half starved, appropriated it. A kitchen was immediately set up under Miss Nightingale's supervision, and such things as the soldiers had not dreamed of were provided for them. One man wrote home, in delighted surprise, describing his day's rations. When a bowl of hot gruel was brought to him he thought "I'd best take it all, for it's all I'll get, and far better than I've been having;" but later, he says, "another nurse came with a cup of chicken broth—'and wouldn't I drink it for her?' And then, in the afternoon came another 'begging me to eat just a little jelly.'" The supplies which Miss Nightingale had brought with her were of inestimable value in eking out what was provided by the government. Later on a French cook, M. Sayer, a great admirer of Miss Nightingale, came out to Scutari and took charge of the kitchen there.

Another thing that hampered the nurses in their work was the inability to get clean clothing or bedding, and as soon as the kitchens were in working order, Miss Nightingale began to inquire into the laundry arrangements. The washing had been done by contract—or rather, it was supposed to be done by contract, and in reality was not done at all. A large empty

building was secured, and a laundry was set up in it, many of the soldiers' widows and wives working in it and receiving fair pay for their services. The clothes and bedding of those who were suffering from infectious diseases were separated from those of the wounded soldiers—a thing that had not been done before. Another difficulty lay in the fact that the soldiers had no changes of clothing, but this Miss Nightingale remedied by buying for them shirts with her own money. In fact, she used her own fortune throughout most freely.

The early days at Scutari were crowded days for Miss Nightingale and her helpers. Sometimes, when new patients were being brought by hundreds from the battlefield, the Lady-in-chief stood for twenty hours dealing out supplies and issuing instructions. Much of the time she was hampered in her work by the difficulty of securing supplies. These were, in many cases, at hand, for the people of England, roused by the published accounts of conditions in the East, had been sending ship-loads of clothing, hospital accessories and food; but the "red tape" often rendered these stores practically useless by making it impossible for any one to lay hands upon them when they were most needed. Sometimes Miss Nightingale, on her own authority, dispensed with official inspection and approval, promising to bear all the blame if those in charge of the stores were held to account.

But by no means all of Miss Nightingale's work was of this character. She spent much of

THE LADY WITH THE LAMP

her time, after the first rush was over, in looking after the most dangerous cases, showing absolutely no fear of fever or contagion. One writer in *The Times* said: "Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is

this incomparable woman sure to be seen. Her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort even among the struggles of expiring nature. She is a ministering angel without any exaggeration in these hospitals, and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hands, making her solitary rounds."

It was this picture of the Lady-in-chief moving softly about through the shadows with her lamp shaded by her hand, which gave rise to Longfellow's poem that bestowed upon her the popular name of "the lady with the lamp."

"Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

"The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

"Lo! in that home of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

"A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

Nor did Longfellow need to make use of poetic license in speaking of the soldiers as kissing her shadow. One poor convalescent said, "To see her pass was happiness. As she passed the beds she would nod to one and smile at many more; but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads upon the pillow again content." This affectionate admiration was felt by all the soldiers; and these men, many of them of the roughest, coarsest type, were softened by the appearance among them of this refined and delicate woman. "Before she came," wrote one soldier, "there was such cussing and swearing as you never heard; but after she came, it was as holy as a church."

Incredible as it may seem, Miss Nightingale had not, by all her efforts and all her success, silenced the voice of criticism in England. There were those who said, and said openly, that she was doing the soldiers more harm than good! The only reason they could allege for such state-

ments was the old one of the Catholic sisters; Miss Nightingale must be a Catholic, they said, or she would never have chosen Sisters of Mercy to help her. And what harm might she not work, when she had softened the soldiers by her ministration, by drawing them from the established to the Roman Church? Her friends indignantly denied such charges, and the denial was taken up by the press. Indeed, as time went on and the work of the heroic women at Scutari became better known, no one dared speak a word against them, and all were anxious to have a part in their glorious work. From queen to peasant, English women were scraping lint, making bandages, knitting socks—preparing and collecting anything which might be of use in the hospitals.

And truly, help was needed there. The cleanliness, the care, the organization had accomplished much; the death rate had been cut down from over sixty to one per cent. But a cholera scourge made matters worse again, filling the hospitals, and making days and nights horrible for the devoted nurses. Almost more terrible than the cholera scourge in its effects was the Russian winter. The soldiers at the "Front" had nothing but the thin linen suits in which they had set out in the summer; and the suffering from frost-bite was beyond description. Absolutely gruesome are the accounts of the state of the British soldiers, who were obliged to be in action during the day and to lie without shelter at night, frozen to their

clothes and to their neighbors. A continual stream of patients suffering from cholera and from frost-bite was pouring into the hospital at Scutari, but while the nurses blenched and shuddered, they worked on day and night, themselves suffering privations innumerable, yet without complaint. The hardest thing they had to endure was the pleas of the poor soldiers for warmer clothing, with which they could not be supplied. "Whenever a man opens his mouth with 'Please ma'am, I want to speak to you,'" wrote one nurse, "my heart sinks, for I feel sure it will end in flannel shirts." A reënforcement of fifty nurses was sent to Miss Nightingale's aid, and it is not reported that any were turned away because there was nothing for them to do.

Throughout the winter of 1854-1855, Miss Nightingale remained at Scutari, but in May of 1855 she set sail for the Crimea for a visit of inspection to the hospitals there. Her arrival caused a stir—there were but four ladies in the Crimea, besides the Sisters of Mercy, who were not seen publicly. And when it was found out who she was, there were shoutings and ovations; and some of the soldiers, whom Miss Nightingale had nursed back to health at Scutari, wept with joy at seeing her again. She visited the General Hospital and the collection of hut hospitals on the height above Balaklava, and gave advice as to the management of them. But the delight of the soldiers at the sight of the "Soldiers' Friend" was soon changed to mourning, for Florence Nightingale contracted Crimean fever

in its worst form. Very gently she was carried up to a hut hospital, and very tenderly she was cared for. Some time before a correspondent of *The Times* had written, "The popular instinct was not mistaken which, when she set out from England on the mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine; I trust she may not earn her title to a higher though sadder appellation." The right to this title of *martyr*, people feared she was about to earn; but gradually she grew better, and the joyous news spread rapidly to Scutari and to England. In her writings afterward she declared that she dated her recovery from the receipt of a little bunch of flowers which a friend sent to her; and she always advocated flowers in the sickroom, despite what many other nurses say about them. When she recovered, she was ordered home to England, but she refused to obey orders, returning to Scutari instead. She twice later visited the Crimea, to superintend the carrying out of hospital reforms which she herself had suggested.

On September 8, 1855, Sebastopol was taken; and only then, when the army was withdrawn from the Crimea, did Miss Nightingale consent to leave her post. Before setting out she had placed above Balaklava, at her own expense, a monument to the soldiers who had fallen in the war. This was in the form of a huge white marble cross, twenty feet high. She guessed, what was indeed the truth, that a reception was being prepared for her in England, and with her intense hatred of publicity she determined

to avoid it. Under an assumed name, therefore, she journeyed quietly to England, and not until she was in Lea Hurst did the people know that she had reached England. The public was desirous of showing appreciation of her work, and Mr. Herbert was asked what form such a testimony of appreciation ought to take. Knowing Miss Nightingale well, he declared that nothing could please her like the founding of a hospital and nurses' training school. The work was undertaken with enthusiasm, and within a comparatively short time almost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was raised. Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) gave a concert of which the proceeds were almost ten thousand dollars, all of which was given to the fund.

Queen Victoria had all along felt the greatest interest in Miss Nightingale's work, and on the return home of the Lady-in-chief, the queen presented her with a beautiful and costly jewel. This was a shield upon which was a cross of red enamel, bearing in diamonds the letters *V. R.*, and a crown, and surrounded by a black enamel band on which were the words "Blessed are the merciful."

After her return to England, Miss Nightingale was practically an invalid and a recluse. She was not even able to undertake, as she would have so liked to do, the headship of the hospital which was founded and named for her. But, shut up in her room, she was by no means idle. She was constantly consulted by the War Department on all plans for securing better sanitary

conditions in the army, and her room often looked like an annex of the War Department, with its plans and diagrams. Then too, no new hospital was built in England until Miss Nightingale had passed her opinion on the plans, and committees from other countries consulted her on like subjects. During the Civil War in the United States, her advice on questions connected with nursing and hospital arrangements was of inestimable value, as it was some years later in the Franco-German War. She took, as was natural, the greatest interest when the Red Cross Society was proposed, and was active in securing its foundation.

In her writings, too, she gave to the world the benefits of her experience. Her "Notes on Hospitals" have been of immense service to those engaged in building hospitals, while her "Notes on Nursing" contain advice which is as valuable to-day as when it was first given. In a time when people feared to let out-of-door air into their bedrooms, she pleaded for open bed curtains and windows, and plenty of fresh air.

On the general subject of nursing, she gave her views distinctly. "It seems a commonly received idea among men," she wrote, "and even among women themselves, that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, the want of an object, a general disgust, or an incapacity for other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse. This reminds one of the parish where a stupid old man was set to be schoolmaster because he was 'past keeping the pigs.'" She

contended that nursing, "the finest of the fine arts," demanded not only the best, but the best-trained women, and she has certainly done more than any other one person to bring to pass that in which she so firmly believed.

Some time after the close of the Crimean War, a banquet was given to all the officers, military and naval, who had taken part in that struggle, and while they were assembled it was suggested that each one write on a paper the name of the person that he thought would be longest remembered in connection with the war. When the papers were opened and read, every one had on it the name of Florence Nightingale. And this prophecy has proved correct; for while comparatively few people could recall the name of any of the military leaders, almost any one, on hearing the words "Crimean War," thinks, half unconsciously, of Florence Nightingale.

HOW THEY TOOK THE GOLD-TRAIN[1]

CHARLES KINGSLEY[2]

FORTNIGHT or more has passed in severe toil;[3] but not more severe than they have endured many a time before. Bidding farewell once and forever to the green ocean of the eastern plains, they have crossed the Cordillera; they have taken a longing glance at the city of Santa Fé, lying in the midst of rich gardens on its lofty mountain

1. This selection is abridged from the twenty-fifth chapter in *Westward Ho!* Charles Kingsley's great novel of adventure.

In the story are related the adventures of Amyas Leigh, a large, powerful and exceedingly vigorous man from Devonshire, who follows the life of the sea during the days of Queen Elizabeth. Like many of the men of his age, he becomes absorbed with the notion that in South America is the great city of Manoa, whose wealth in gold and jewels far exceeds that of Mexico and Peru.

After an exciting voyage, enlivened by conflicts with Spanish ships, the survivors land on the coast of South America and proceed inward in search of Manoa. Besides the dangers from Spaniards and natives, they meet with all the perils of the wilderness; disease and death at the hands of the Spaniards, Indians and wild animals thinning their ranks to less than half; yet the spirits of Amyas never falter, and the remnant of his force follow him with a devotion that is wonderful.

2. Charles Kingsley, an English clergyman, was born in 1819 and entered Cambridge University in 1838. Ten years later he published the first of his stories, and in 1855, *Westward Ho!* Next to this book probably ranks his *Hypatia*, which he published in 1855, and which tells a thrilling tale of the struggles of Christianity with the Greek faith in the fifth century. He was a successful clergyman and became Canon of Westminster. He visited the United States in 1874, but his health was even then failing, and a year later he died.

3. The party landed on the coast of South America, and in the preceding chapter is told the story of their stay in a hospitable Indian village where they rested and prepared themselves for two weeks of hard travel.

plateau, and have seen, as was to be expected, that it was far too large a place for any attempt of theirs. But they had not altogether thrown away their time. Their Indian lad[4] has discovered that a gold-train is going down from Santa Fé toward the Magdalena; and they are waiting for it beside the miserable rut which serves for a road, encamped in a forest of oaks which would make them almost fancy themselves back again in Europe, were it not for the tree-ferns which form the under-growth; and were it not, too, for the deep gorges opening at their very feet; in which, while their brows are swept by the cool breezes of a temperate zone, they can see far below, dim through their everlasting vapor-bath of rank hot steam, the mighty forms and gorgeous colors of the tropic forest.

They have pitched their camp among the tree-ferns, above a spot where the path winds along a steep hill-side, with a sheer cliff below of many a hundred feet. There was a road there once, perhaps, when Cundinamarca[5] was a civilized and cultivated kingdom; but all which Spanish misrule has left of it are a few steps slipping from their places at the bottom of a narrow ditch of mud. It has gone the way of the aqueducts,

4. This Indian lad was rescued from the Spaniards by Amyas and is devoted to the latter. He acts as interpreter, and his keen sight and familiarity with the southern wilderness make him of great value to the wanderers.

5. Cundinamarca was the central province in what is now the Republic of Colombia. Its streams are tributary to the Orinoco, though it extends westward into the Andes. It derived its name from a native American goddess, and before the Spaniards devastated the region it was one of the chief centers of Indian civilization in South America.

and bridges, and post-houses, the gardens and the llama-flocks of that strange empire. In the mad search for gold, every art of civilization has fallen to decay, save architecture alone; and that survives only in the splendid cathedrals which have risen upon the ruins of the temples of the Sun.

And now, the rapid tropic vegetation has reclaimed its old domains, and Amyas and his crew are as utterly alone, within a few miles of an important Spanish settlement, as they would be in the solitudes of the Orinoco or the Amazon.

In the meanwhile, all their attempts to find sulphur and nitre have been unavailing; and they have been forced to depend after all (much to Yeo's[6] disgust) upon their swords and arrows. Be it so: Drake[7] took Nombre de Dios and the gold-train there with no better weapons; and they may do as much.

So, having blocked up the road above by felling a large tree across it, they sit there among the flowers chewing coca, in default of food and drink, and meditating among themselves the cause of a mysterious roar, which has been heard nightly in their wake ever since they left the banks of the Meta. Jaguar it is not, nor monkey: it

6. Salvation Yeo is a big white-haired man, older than Amyas, who spent his early life in wild adventure with Drake and other sailors in the Southern Seas. After incredible sufferings while in the hands of the Spaniards, Salvation becomes a most ardent and devoted Christian, but with a fierce hatred of the Spaniards and all things Spanish that makes his acts strangely inconsistent.

7. This is Sir Francis Drake, the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, a leader in many thrilling expeditions and exciting conflicts with the Spaniards.

"DO NOT SHOOT TILL I DO."

is unlike any sound they know; and why should it follow them? However, they are in the land of wonders; and, moreover, the gold-train is far more important than any noise.

At last, up from beneath there was a sharp crack and a loud cry. The crack was neither the snapping of a branch, nor the tapping of a woodpecker; the cry was neither the scream of the parrot, nor the howl of the monkey,—

"That was a whip's crack," said Yeo, "and a woman's wail. They are close here, lads!"

"A woman's? Do they drive women in their gangs?" asked Amyas.

"Why not, the brutes? There they are, sir. Did you see their basnets glitter?"

"Men!" said Amyas in a low voice, "I trust you all not to shoot till I do. Then give them one arrow, out swords, and at them! Pass the word along."

Up they came, slowly, and all hearts beat loud at their coming.

First, about twenty soldiers, only one-half of whom were on foot; the other half being borne, incredible as it may seem, each in a chair on the back of a single Indian, while those who marched had consigned their heavier armor and their arquebuses into the hands of attendant slaves, who were each pricked on at will by the pikes of the soldier behind them.

"The men are mad to let their ordnance out of their hands."

"Oh, sir, an Indian will pray to an arquebus not to shoot him; be sure their artillery is safe enough," said Yeo.

"Look at the proud villains," whispered another, "to make dumb beasts of human creatures like that!"

"Ten shot," counted the businesslike Amyas, "and ten pikes."

Last of this troop came some inferior officer, also in his chair, who, as he went slowly up the hill, with his face turned toward the gang which followed, drew every other second the cigar from his lips, to inspirit them with those ejaculations which earned for the Spaniards of the sixteenth century the uncharitable imputation

of being the most abominable swearers of all Europeans.

"The blasphemous dog!" said Yeo, fumbling at his bowstring, as if he longed to send an arrow through him. But Amyas had hardly laid his finger on the impatient veteran's arm, when another procession followed, which made them forget all else.

A line of Indians, Negroes, and Zambos, naked, emaciated, scarred with whips and fetters, and chained together by their left wrists, toiled upwards, panting and perspiring under the burden of a basket held up by a strap which passed across their foreheads. Yeo's sneer was but too just; there were not only old men and youths among them, but women; slender young girls, mothers with children running at their knee; and, at the sight, a low murmur of indignation rose from the ambushed Englishmen, worthy of the free and righteous hearts of those days, when Raleigh could appeal to man and God, on the ground of a common humanity, in behalf of the outraged heathens of the New World; when Englishmen still knew that man was man, and that the instinct of freedom was the righteous voice of God; ere the hapless seventeenth century had brutalized them also, by bestowing on them, amid a hundred other bad legacies, the fatal gift of negro-slaves.

But the first forty, so Amyas counted, bore on their backs a burden which made all, perhaps, but him and Yeo, forget even the wretches who bore it. Each basket contained a square pack-

age of carefully corded hide; the look whereof friend Amyas knew full well.

"What's in they, captain?"

"Gold!" And at that magic word all eyes were strained greedily forward, and such a rustle followed, that Amyas, in the very face of detection, had to whisper—

"Be men, be men, or you will spoil all yet!"

The last twenty, or so, of the Indians bore larger baskets, but more lightly freighted, seemingly with manioc, and maize-bread, and other food for the party; and after them came, with their bearers and attendants, just twenty soldiers more, followed by the officer in charge, who smiled away in his chair, and twirled two huge mustachios, thinking of nothing less than of the English arrows which were itching to be away and through his ribs. The ambush was complete; the only question how and when to begin?

Amyas had a shrinking, which all will understand, from drawing bow in cold blood on men so utterly unsuspicious and defenseless, even though in the very act of devilish cruelty—for devilish cruelty it was, as three or four drivers armed with whips, lingered up and down the slowly staggering file of Indians, and avenged every moment's lagging, even every stumble, by a blow of the cruel manati-hide, which cracked like a pistol-shot against the naked limbs of the silent and uncomplaining victim.

Suddenly the *casus belli*,[8] as usually happens, arose of its own accord.

8. *Casus belli* means *cause of war.*

The last but one of the chained line was an old gray-headed man, followed by a slender graceful girl of some eighteen years old, and Amyas's heart yearned over them as they came up. Just as they passed, the foremost of the file had rounded the corner above; there was a bustle, and a voice shouted, "Halt, Señors! there is a tree across the path!"

"A tree across the path?" bellowed the officer, while the line of trembling Indians, told to halt above, and driven on by blows below, surged up and down upon the ruinous steps of the Indian road, until the poor old man fell groveling on his face.

The officer leaped down, and hurried upward to see what had happened. Of course, he came across the old man.

"Grandfather of Beelzebub, is this a place to lie worshiping your fiends?" and he pricked the prostrate wretch with the point of his sword.

The old man tried to rise; but the weight of his head was too much for him; he fell again, and lay motionless.

The driver applied the manati-hide across his loins, once, twice, with fearful force; but even that specific was useless.

"Gastado, Señor Capitan," said he, with a shrug. "Used up. He has been failing these three months!"

"What does the intendant mean by sending me out with worn-out cattle like these? Forward there!" shouted he. "Clear away the tree,

Señors, and I'll soon clear the chain. Hold it up, Pedrillo!"

The driver held up the chain, which was fastened to the old man's wrist. The officer stepped back, and flourished round his head a Toledo blade, whose beauty made Amyas break the Tenth Commandment on the spot.

The man was a tall, handsome, broad-shouldered, high-bred man; and Amyas thought that he was going to display the strength of his arm, and the temper of his blade, in severing the chain at one stroke.

Even he was not prepared for the recondite fancies of a Spanish adventurer, worthy son or nephew of those first conquerors, who used to try the keenness of their swords upon the living bodies of Indians, and regale themselves at meals with the odor of roasting caciques.

The blade gleamed in the air, once, twice, and fell: not on the chain, but on the wrist which it fettered. There was a shriek, a crimson flash—and the chain and its prisoner were parted indeed.

One moment more, and Amyas's arrow would have been through the throat of the murderer, who paused, regarding his workmanship with a satisfied smile; but vengeance was not to come from him.

Quick and fierce as a tiger-cat, the girl sprang on the ruffian, and with the intense strength of passion, clasped him in her arms and leaped with him from the narrow ledge into the abyss below.

There was a rush, a shout; all faces were bent over the precipice. The girl hung by her chained

wrist: the officer was gone. There was a moment's awful silence; and then Amyas heard his body crashing through the tree-tops far below.

"Haul her up! Hew her to pieces! Burn the witch!" and the driver, seizing the chain, pulled at it with all his might, while all springing from their chairs, stooped over the brink.

Now was the time for Amyas! Heaven had delivered them into his hands. Swift and sure, at ten yards off, his arrow rushed through the body of the driver, and then, with a roar as of a leaping lion, he sprang like an avenging angel into the midst of the astonished ruffians.

His first thought was for the girl. In a moment, by sheer strength, he had jerked her safely up into the road; while the Spaniards recoiled right and left, fancying him for the moment some mountain giant or supernatural foe. His hurrah undeceived them in an instant, and a cry of "English! Dogs!" arose, but arose too late. The men of Devon had followed their captain's lead: a storm of arrows left five Spaniards dead, and a dozen more wounded, and down leapt Salvation Yeo, his white hair streaming behind him, with twenty good swords more, and the work of death began.

The Spaniards fought like lions; but they had no time to fix their arquebuses on the crutches; no room, in that narrow path, to use their pikes. The English had the wall of them; and to have the wall there, was to have the foe's life at their mercy. Five desperate minutes, and not a living Spaniard stood upon those steps; and certainly

no living one lay in the green abyss below. Two only, who were behind the rest, happening to be in full armor, escaped without mortal wound, and fled down the hill again.

"After them! Michael Evans and Simon Heard; and catch them, if they run a league."

The two long and lean Clovelly men, active as deer from forest training, ran two feet for the Spaniard's one; and in ten minutes returned, having done their work; while Amyas and his men hurried past the Indians, to help Cary and the party forward, where shouts and musket shots announced a sharp affray.

Their arrival settled the matter. All the Spaniards fell but three or four, who scrambled down the crannies of the cliff.

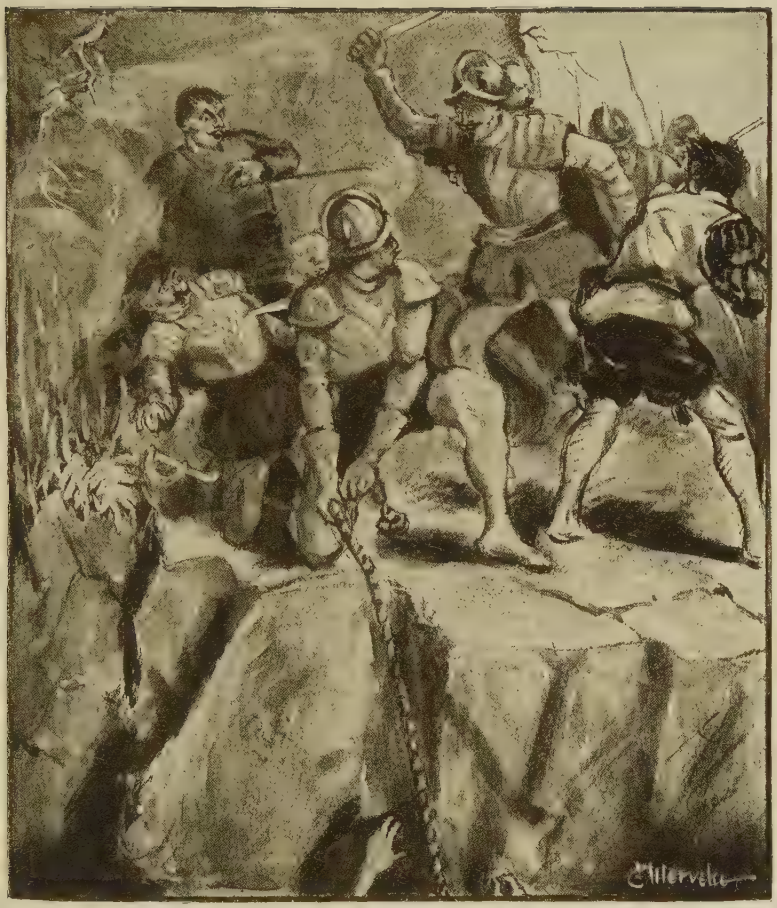
"Let not one of them escape! Slay them as Israel slew Amalek!" cried Yeo, as he bent over; and ere the wretches could reach a place of shelter, an arrow was quivering in each body, as it rolled lifeless down the rocks.

"Now then! Loose the Indians!"

They found armorers' tools on one of the dead bodies, and it was done.

"We are friends," said Amyas. "All we ask is, that you shall help us carry this gold down to the Magdalena, and then you are free."

Some few of the younger groveled at his knees, and kissed his feet, hailing him as the child of the Sun: but the most part kept a stolid indifference, and when freed from their fetters, sat quietly down where they stood, staring into vacancy. The iron had entered too deeply into



AMYAS SPRANG UPON THEM

their soul. They seemed past hope, enjoyment, even understanding.

But the young girl, who was last of all in the line, as soon as she was loosed, sprang to her father's body, speaking no word, lifted it in her thin arms, laid it across her knees, kissed the fallen lips, stroked the furrowed cheeks, murmured inarticulate sounds like the cooing of a woodland dove, of which none knew the meaning but she, and he who heard not, for his soul had long since fled. Suddenly the truth flashed on her; silent as ever, she drew one long heavy breath, and rose erect, the body in her arms.

Another moment, and she had leaped into the abyss.

They watched her dark and slender limbs, twined closely round the old man's corpse, turn over, and over, and over, till a crash among the leaves, and a scream among the birds, told that she had reached the trees; and the green roof hid her from their view.

"Brave lass!" shouted a sailor.

"The Lord forgive her!" said Yeo. "But, your worship, we must have these rascals' ordnance."

"And their clothes too, Yeo, if we wish to get down the Magdalena unchallenged. Now listen, my masters all! We have won, by God's good grace, gold enough to serve us the rest of our lives, and that without losing a single man; and may yet win more, if we be wise, and He thinks good. But oh, my friends, do not make God's

gift our ruin, by faithlessness, or greediness, or any mutinous haste."

"You shall find none in us!" cried several men. "We know your worship. We can trust our general."

"Thank God!" said Amyas. "Now then, it will be no shame or sin to make the Indians carry it, saving the women, whom God forbid we should burden. But we must pass through the very heart of the Spanish settlements, and by the town of Saint Martha itself. So the clothes and weapons of these Spaniards we must have, let it cost us what labor it may. How many lie in the road?"

"Thirteen here, and about ten up above," said Cary.[9]

"Then there are near twenty missing. Who will volunteer to go down over the cliff, and bring up the spoil of them?"

"I, and I, and I;" and a dozen stepped out, as they did always when Amyas wanted anything done; for the simple reason, that they knew that he meant to help at the doing of it himself.

"Very well, then, follow me. Sir John,[10] take the Indian lad for your interpreter, and try and comfort the souls of these poor heathens. Tell them that they shall all be free."

"Why, who is that comes up the road?"

All eyes were turned in the direction of which he spoke. And, wonder of wonders! up came

9. Will Cary is the lieutenant and right-hand man of Amyas.

10. Sir John Brimblecombe is the chaplain of the expedition.

none other than Ayacanora[11] herself, blow-gun in hand, bow on back, and bedecked in all her feather garments, which last were rather the worse for a fortnight's woodland travel.

All stood mute with astonishment, as, seeing Amyas, she uttered a cry of joy, quickened her pace into a run, and at last fell panting and exhausted at his feet.

"I have found you!" she said; "you ran away from me, but you could not escape me!" And she fawned round Amyas, like a dog who has found his master, and then sat down on the bank, and burst into wild sobs.

"God help us!" said Amyas, clutching his hair, as he looked down upon the beautiful weeper. "What am I to do with her, over and above all these poor heathens?"

But there was no time to be lost, and over the cliff he scrambled; while the girl, seeing that the main body of the English remained, sat down on a point of rock to watch him.

After half-an-hour's hard work, the weapons, clothes, and armor of the fallen Spaniards were hauled up the cliff, and distributed in bundles among the men; the rest of the corpses were thrown over the precipice, and they started again upon their road toward the Magdalena, while

11. Ayacanora is a beautiful Indian princess whom the Spaniards met in the Indian village described in the preceding chapter. She seems quite different from others of the tribe, and is thought to be a descendant from one of the light-skinned Peruvian Incas, whom the Spaniards had almost entirely extinguished. Much later in the story she is discovered to be of real white descent, and at the end of the book she becomes the wife of Amyas.

Yeo snorted like a war-horse who smells the battle, at the delight of once more handling powder and ball.

"We can face the world now, sir! Why not go back and try Santa Fé, after all?"

But Amyas thought that enough was as good as a feast, and they held on downwards, while the slaves followed, without a sign of gratitude, but meekly obedient to their new masters, and testifying now and then by a sign or a grunt, their surprise at not being beaten, or made to carry their captors. Some, however, caught sight of the little calabashes of coca which the English carried. That woke them from their torpor, and they began coaxing abjectly (and not in vain) for a taste of that miraculous herb, which would not only make food unnecessary, and enable their panting lungs to endure the keen mountain air, but would rid them, for a while at least, of the fallen Indian's most unpitying foe, the malady of thought.

As the cavalcade turned the corner of the mountain, they paused for one last look at the scene of that fearful triumph. Lines of vultures were already streaming out of infinite space, as if created suddenly for the occasion. A few hours and there would be no trace of that fierce fray, but a few white bones amid untrodden beds of flowers.

And now Amyas had time to ask Ayacanora the meaning of this her strange appearance. He wished her anywhere but where she was: but now that she was here, what heart could be so

hard as not to take pity on the poor wild thing? And Amyas as he spoke to her had, perhaps, a tenderness in his tone, from very fear of hurting her, which he had never used before. Passionately she told him how she had followed on their track day and night, and had every evening made sounds, as loud as she dared, in hopes of their hearing her, and either waiting for her, or coming back to see what caused the noise.

Amyas now recollected the strange roaring which had followed them.

"Noises? What did you make them with?"

Ayacanora lifted her finger with an air of most self-satisfied mystery; and then drew cautiously from under her feather cloak an object at which Amyas had hard work to keep his countenance.

"Look!" whispered she, as if half afraid that the thing itself should hear her. "I have it—the holy trumpet!"

There it was, a handsome earthen tube some two feet long, neatly glazed, and painted with quaint grecques and figures of animals; a relic evidently of some civilization now extinct.

Brimblecombe rubbed his little fat hands. "Brave maid! you have cheated Satan this time," quoth he; while Yeo advised that the idolatrous relic should be forthwith "hove over cliff."

"Let be," said Amyas. "What is the meaning of this, Ayacanora? And why have you followed us?"

She told a long story, from which Amyas picked up, as far as he could understand her, that that trumpet had been for years the torment

of her life; the one thing in the tribe superior to her; the one thing which she was not allowed to see, because, forsooth, she was a woman. So she determined to show them that a woman was as good as a man; and hence her hatred of marriage, and her Amazonian exploits. But still the Piache[12] would not show her that trumpet, or tell her where it was: and as for going to seek it, even she feared the superstitious wrath of the tribe at such a profanation. But the day after the English went, the Piache chose to express his joy at their departure; whereon, as was to be expected, a fresh explosion between master and pupil, which ended, she confessed, in her burning the old rogue's hut over his head, from which he escaped with loss of all his conjuring-tackle, and fled raging into the woods, vowing that he would carry off the trumpet to the neighboring tribe. Whereon, by a sudden impulse, the young lady took plenty of coca, her weapons, and her feathers, started on his trail, and ran him to earth just as he was unveiling the precious mystery. At which sight (she confessed) she was horribly afraid, and half inclined to run: but, gathering courage from the thought that the white men used to laugh at the whole matter, she rushed upon the hapless conjurer, and bore off her prize in triumph; and there it was!

"I hope you have not killed him?" said Amyas.

"I did beat him a little; but I thought you would not let me kill him."

12. The *Piache* is the chief medicine man of the tribe of Indians among whom Ayacanora was regarded as a powerful princess.

Amyas was half amused with her confession of his authority over her: but she went on,—

"And then I dare not go back to the Indians; so I was forced to come after you."

"And is that, then, your only reason for coming after us?" asked stupid Amyas.

He had touched some secret chord—though what it was he was too busy to inquire. The girl drew herself up proudly, blushing scarlet, and said—

"You never tell lies. Do you think that I would tell lies?"

On which she fell to the rear, and followed them steadfastly, speaking to no one, but evidently determined to follow them to the world's end.

They soon left the high road; and for several days held on downwards, hewing their path slowly and painfully through the thick underwood. On the evening of the fourth day, they had reached the margin of a river, at a point where it seemed broad and still enough for navigation. For those three days they had not seen a trace of human beings, and the spot seemed lonely enough for them to encamp without fear of discovery, and begin the making of their canoes. They began to spread themselves along the stream, in search of the soft-wooded trees proper for their purpose; but hardly had their search begun, when, in the midst of a dense thicket, they came upon a sight which filled them with astonishment. Beneath a honey-combed cliff, which supported one enormous cotton-tree,

A FIGURE ISSUED FROM A CAVE

was a spot of some thirty yards square sloping down to the stream, planted in rows with magnificent banana-plants, full twelve feet high, and bearing among their huge waxy leaves clusters of ripening fruit; while, under their mellow shade, yams and cassava plants were flourishing luxuriantly, the whole being surrounded by a hedge of orange and scarlet flowers. There it lay, streaked with long shadows from the setting sun, while a cool southern air rustled in the cotton-tree, and flapped to and fro the great banana leaves; a tiny paradise of art and care. But where was its inhabitant?

Aroused by the noise of their approach, a figure issued from a cave in the rocks, and, after gazing at them for a moment, came down the garden towards them. He was a tall and stately old man, whose snow-white beard and hair covered his chest and shoulders, while his lower limbs were wrapt in Indian-web. Slowly and solemnly he approached, a staff in one hand, a string of beads in the other, the living likeness of some old Hebrew prophet, or anchorite of ancient legend. He bowed courteously to Amyas (who of course returned his salute), and was in act to speak, when his eye fell upon the Indians, who were laying down their burdens in a heap under the trees. His mild countenance assumed instantly an expression of the acutest sorrow and displeasure; and, striking his hands together, he spoke in Spanish—

"Alas! miserable me! Alas! unhappy Señors! Do my old eyes deceive me, and is it one of those evil visions of the past which haunt my dreams by night: or has the accursed thirst for gold, the ruin of my race, penetrated even into this my solitude? Oh, Señors, Señors, know you not that you bear with you your own poison, your own familiar fiend, the root of every evil? And is it not enough for you, Señors, to load yourselves with the wedge of Achan, and partake his doom, but you must make these hapless heathens the victims of your greed and cruelty, and forestall for them on earth those torments which may await their unbaptized souls hereafter?"

"We have preserved, and not enslaved these Indians, ancient Señor," said Amyas proudly; "and to-morrow will see them as free as the birds over our heads."

"Free? Then you cannot be countrymen of mine! But pardon an old man, my son, if he has spoken too hastily in the bitterness of his own experience. But who and whence are you? And why are you bringing into this lonely wilderness that gold—for I know too well the shape of those accursed packets, which would God that I had never seen!"

"What we are, reverend sir, matters little, as long as we behave to you as the young should to the old. As for our gold, it will be a curse or a blessing to us, I conceive, just as we use it well or ill; and so is a man's head, or his hand, or any other thing; but that is no reason for cutting off his limbs for fear of doing harm with them; neither is it for throwing away those packages, which, by your leave, we shall deposit in one of these caves. We must be your neighbors, I fear, for a day or two; but I can promise you that your garden shall be respected, on condition that you do not inform any human soul of our being here."

"God forbid, Señor, that I should try to increase the number of my visitors, much less to bring hither strife and blood, of which I have seen too much already. As you have come in peace, in peace depart. Leave me alone with God and my penitence, and may the Lord have mercy on you!"

And he was about to withdraw, when, recollecting himself, he turned suddenly to Amyas again:

"Pardon me, Señor, if, after forty years of utter solitude, I shrink at first from the conversation of human beings, and forget, in the habitual shyness of a recluse, the duties of a hospitable gentleman of Spain. My garden, and all which it produces, is at your service. Only let me entreat that these poor Indians shall have their share; for heathens though they be, Christ died for them; and I cannot but cherish in my soul some secret hope that He did not die in vain."

"God forbid!" said Brimblecombe. "They are no worse than we, for aught I see, whatsoever their fathers may have been; and they have fared no worse than we since they have been with us, nor will, I promise you."

The good fellow did not tell that he had been starving himself for the last three days to cram the children with his own rations; and that the sailors, and even Amyas, had been going out of their way every five minutes, to get fruit for their new pets.

A camp was soon formed; and that evening the old hermit asked Amyas, Cary, and Brimblecombe to come up into his cavern.

They went; and after the accustomed compliments had passed, sat down on mats upon the ground, while the old man stood, leaning against a slab of stone surmounted by a rude wooden cross, which served him as a place of prayer.

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The talk lasted long into the night,[13] but Amyas was up long before daybreak, felling the trees; and as he and Cary walked back to breakfast, the first thing which they saw was the old man in his garden with four or five Indian children round him, talking smilingly to them.

"The old man's heart is sound still," said Will. "No man is lost who is still fond of little children."

"Ah, Señors!" said the hermit as they came up, "you see that I have begun already to act upon your advice."

"And you have begun at the right end," quoth Amyas; "if you win the children, you win the mothers."

"And if you win the mothers," quoth Will, "the poor fathers must needs obey their wives, and follow in the wake"

The old man only sighed. "The prattle of these little ones softens my hard heart, Señors, with a new pleasure; but it saddens me, when I recollect that there may be children of mine now in the world—children who have never known a father's love—never known aught but a master's threats——"

"God has taken care of these little ones. Trust that He has taken care of yours."

That day Amyas assembled the Indians, and told them that they must obey the hermit as their

13. The old hermit proves to be one of the survivors of Pizarro's company. He took part in the destruction of native civilization and was guilty of all the cruelties and barbarities that his race practiced. He is living now in the wilderness in an effort to atone for his terrible sins.

king, and settle there as best they could: for if they broke up and wandered away, nothing was left for them but to fall one by one into the hands of the Spaniards. They heard him with their usual melancholy and stupid acquiescence, and went and came as they were bid, like animated machines; but the negroes were of a different temper; and four or five stout fellows gave Amyas to understand that they had been warriors in their own country, and that warriors they would be still; and nothing should keep them from Spaniard-hunting. Amyas saw that the presence of these desperadoes in the new colony would both endanger the authority of the hermit, and bring the Spaniards down upon it in a few weeks; so making a virtue of necessity, he asked them whether they would go Spaniard-hunting with him.

This was just what the bold Coromantees wished for; they grinned and shouted their delight at serving under so great a warrior, and then set to work most gallantly, getting through more in the day than any ten Indians, and indeed than any two Englishmen.

So went on several days, during which the trees were felled, and the process of digging them out began; while Ayacanora, silent and moody, wandered into the woods all day with her blow-gun, and brought home at evening a load of parrots, monkeys, and curassows; two or three old hands were sent out to hunt likewise; so that, what with the game and the fish of the river, which seemed inexhaustible, and the fruit of the

neighboring palm-trees, there was no lack of food in the camp. But what to do with Ayacanora weighed heavily on the mind of Amyas. He opened his heart on the matter to the old hermit, and asked him whether he would take charge of her. The latter smiled, and shook his head at the notion. "If your report of her be true, I may as well take in hand to tame a jaguar." However, he promised to try; and one evening, as they were all standing together before the mouth of the cave, Ayacanora came up smiling with the fruit of her day's sport; and Amyas, thinking this a fit opportunity, began a carefully-prepared harangue to her, which he intended to be altogether soothing, and even pathetic,—to the effect that the maiden, having no parents, was to look upon this good old man as her father; that he would instruct her in the white man's religion and teach her how to be happy and good, and so forth; and that, in fine, she was to remain there with the hermit.

She heard him quietly, her great dark eyes opening wider and wider, her bosom swelling, her stature seeming to grow taller every moment, as she clenched her weapons firmly in both her hands. Beautiful as she always was, she had never looked so beautiful before; and as Amyas spoke of parting with her, it was like throwing away a lovely toy; but it must be done, for her sake, for his, perhaps for that of all the crew.

The last words had hardly passed his lips, when, with a shriek of mingled scorn, rage, and fear, she dashed through the astonished group.

"Stop her!" was Amyas's first word; but his next was, "Let her go!" for springing like a deer through the little garden, and over the flower-fence, she turned, menacing with her blow-gun the sailors, who had already started in her pursuit.

"Let her alone, for Heaven's sake!" shouted Amyas, who, he scarce knew why, shrank from the thought of seeing those graceful limbs struggling in the seamen's grasp.

She turned again, and in another minute her gaudy plumes had vanished among the dark forest stems, as swiftly as if she had been a passing bird.

All stood thunderstruck at this unexpected end to the conference. At last Amyas spoke—

"There's no use in standing here idle, gentlemen. Staring after her won't bring her back. After all, I'm glad she's gone."

But Ayacanora did not return; and ten days more went on in continual toil at the canoes without any news of her from the hunters. Amyas, by the bye, had strictly bidden these last not to follow the girl, not even to speak to her, if they came across her in their wanderings. He was shrewd enough to guess that the only way to cure her sulkiness was to out-sulk her; but there was no sign of her presence in any direction; and the canoes being finished at last, the gold, and such provisions as they could collect, were placed on board, and one evening the party prepared for their fresh voyage. They determined to travel as much as possible by night, for fear

of discovery, especially in the neighborhood of the few Spanish settlements which were then scattered along the banks of the main stream. These, however, the negroes knew, so that there was no fear of coming on them unawares; and as for falling asleep in their night journeys, "Nobody," the negroes said, "ever slept on the Magdalena; the mosquitoes took too good care of that." Which fact Amyas and his crew verified afterwards as thoroughly as wretched men could do.

The sun had sunk; the night had all but fallen; the men were all on board; Amyas in command of one canoe, Cary of the other. The Indians were grouped on the bank, watching the party with their listless stare, and with them the young guide, who preferred remaining among the Indians, and was made supremely happy by the present of a Spanish sword and an English ax; while, in the midst, the old hermit, with tears in his eyes, prayed God's blessing on them.

"I owe to you, noble cavaliers, new peace, new labor, I may say, new life. May God be with you, and teach you to use your gold and your swords better than I used mine."

The adventurers waved their hands to him.

"Give way, men," cried Amyas; and as he spoke the paddles dashed into the water, to a right English hurrah! which sent the birds fluttering from their roosts, and was answered by the yell of a hundred monkeys, and the distant roar of the jaguar.

About twenty yards below, a wooded rock, some ten feet high, hung over the stream. The river was not there more than fifteen yards broad; deep near the rock, shallow on the farther side; and Amyas's canoe led the way, within ten feet of the stone.

As he passed, a dark figure leapt from the bushes on the edge, and plunged heavily into the water close to the boat. All started. A jaguar? No; he would not have missed so short a spring. What, then? A human being?

A head rose panting to the surface, and with a few strong strokes, the swimmer had clutched the gunwale. It was Ayacanora!

"Go back!" shouted Amyas. "Go back, girl!"

She uttered the same wild cry with which she had fled into the forest.

"I will die, then!" and she threw up her arms. Another moment, and she had sunk.

To see her perish before his eyes! who could bear that? Her hands alone were above the surface. Amyas caught convulsively at her in the darkness, and seized her wrist.

A yell rose from the negroes: a roar from the crew as from a cage of lions. There was a rush and a swirl along the surface of the stream; and "Caiman![14] caiman!" shouted twenty voices.

Now, or never, for the strong arm! "To larboard, men, or over we go!" cried Amyas, and with one huge heave, he lifted the slender body upon the gunwale. Her lower limbs were

14. A *caiman*, or *cayman*, is a species of alligator.

still in the water, when, within arm's length, rose above the stream a huge muzzle. The lower jaw lay flat, the upper reached as high as Amyas's head. He could see the long fangs gleam white in the moonshine; he could see for one moment, full down the monstrous depths of that great gape, which would have crushed a buffalo. Three inches, and no more, from that soft side, the snout surged up——

There was the gleam of an ax from above, a sharp ringing blow, and the jaws came together with a clash which rang from bank to bank. He had missed her! Swerving beneath the blow, his snout had passed beneath her body, and smashed up against the side of the canoe, as the striker, overbalanced, fell headlong overboard upon the monster's back.

"Who is it?"

"Yeo!" shouted a dozen.

Man and beast went down together, and where they sank, the moonlight shone on a great swirling eddy, while all held their breaths, and Ayacanora cowered down into the bottom of the canoe, her proud spirit utterly broken, for the first time, by the terror of that great need, and by a bitter loss. For in the struggle, the holy trumpet, companion of all her wanderings, had fallen from her bosom; and her fond hope of bringing magic prosperity to her English friends had sunk with it to the bottom of the stream.

None heeded her; not even Amyas, round whose knees she clung, fawning like a spaniel dog: for where was Yeo?

Another swirl; a shout from the canoe abreast of them, and Yeo rose, having dived clean under his own boat, and risen between the two.

"Safe as yet, lads! Heave me a line, or he'll have me after all."

But ere the brute reappeared, the old man was safe on board.

"The Lord has stood by me," panted he, as he shot the water from his ears. "We went down together: I knew the Indian trick, and being uppermost, had my thumbs in his eyes before he could turn: but he carried me down to the very mud. My breath was nigh gone, so I left go, and struck up: but my toes tingled as I rose again, I'll warrant. There the beggar is, looking for me, I declare!"

And true enough, there was the huge brute swimming slowly round and round, in search of his lost victim. It was too dark to put an arrow into his eye; so they paddled on, while Ayacanora crouched silently at Amyas's feet.

"Yeo!" asked he, in a low voice, "what shall we do with her?"

"Why ask me, sir?" said the old man, as he had a very good right to ask.

"Because, when one don't know oneself, one had best inquire of one's elders. Besides, you saved her life at the risk of your own, and have a right to a voice in the matter, if any one has, old friend."

"Then, my dear young captain, if the Lord puts a precious soul under your care, don't you refuse to bear the burden He lays on you."

Amyas was silent awhile; while Ayacanora, who was evidently utterly exhausted by the night's adventure, and probably by long wanderings, watchings, and weepings which had gone before it, sank with her head against his knee, fell fast asleep, and breathed as gently as a child.

At last he rose in the canoe, and called Cary alongside.

"Listen to me, gentlemen, and sailors all. You know that we have a maiden on board here, by no choice of our own. Whether she will be a blessing to us, God alone can tell: but she may turn to the greatest curse which has befallen us ever since we came out over Bar three years ago. Promise me one thing, or I put her ashore the next beach; and that is, that you will treat her as if she were your own sister."

A BED OF NETTLES

GRANT ALLEN

EACHING my hand into the hedgerow to pick a long, lithe, blossoming spray of black bryony—here it is, with its graceful climbing stem, its glossy, heart-shaped leaves and its pretty greenish lily flowers—I have stung myself rather badly against the nettles that grow rank and tall from the rich mud in the ditch below. Nothing soothes a nettle sting like philosophy and dock-leaf; so I shall rub a little of the leaf on my hand and then sit awhile on the Hole Farm gate here to philosophize about nettles and things generally, as is my humble wont. There is a great deal more in nettles, I believe, than most people are apt to imagine; indeed, the nettle-philosophy at present current with the larger part of the world seems to me lamentably one-sided. As a rule, the sting is the only point in the whole organization of the family over which we ever waste a single thought. This is our ordinary human narrowness; in each plant or animal we interest ourselves about that one part alone which has special reference to our own relations with it, for good or for evil. In a strawberry, we think only of the fruit; in a hawthorn, of the flowers; in a deadly nightshade, of the poisonous berry; and in a nettle, of the sting. Now, I

frankly admit at the present moment that the nettle sting has an obtrusive and unnecessarily pungent way of forcing itself upon the human attention; but it does not sum up the whole life-history of the plant in its own one peculiarity for all that. The nettle exists for its own sake, we may be sure, and not merely for the sake of occasionally inflicting a passing smart upon the meddlesome human fingers.

However, the sting itself, viewed philosophically, is not without decided interest of its own. It is one, and perhaps the most highly developed, among the devices by which plants guard themselves against the attacks of animals. Weeds and shrubs with juicy, tender leaves are very apt to be eaten down by rabbits, cows, donkeys and other herbivores. But if any individuals among such species happen to show any tendency to the development of any unpleasant habit, which prevents the herbivores from eating them, then those particular individuals will of course be spared when their neighbors are eaten, and will establish a new and specially protected variety in the course of successive generations. It does not matter what the peculiarity may be, provided only it in any way deters animals from eating the plant. In the arum, a violently acrid juice is secreted in the leaves, so as to burn the mouth of the aggressor. In the dandelion and wild lettuces, the juice is merely bitter. In houndstongue and catmint it has a nauseous taste. Then again, in the hawthorn and the blackthorn, some of the

shorter branches have developed into stout, sharp spines, which tear the skin of would-be assailants. In the brambles, the hairs on the stem have thickened into pointed prickles, which answer the same purpose as the spines of their neighbors. In the thistles, the gorse and the holly, once more, it is the angles of the leaves themselves, which have grown into needle-like points so as to deter animals from browsing upon them. But the nettle probably carries the same tendency to the furthest possible limit. Not content with mere defense, it is to some extent actively aggressive. The hairs which clothe it have become filled with a poisonous, irritating juice, and when any herbivore thrusts his tender nose into the midst of a clump, the sharp points pierce his naked skin, the liquid gets into his veins in the very neighborhood of the most sensitive nerves, and the poor creature receives at once a lifelong warning against attacking nettles in future.

The way in which so curious a device has grown up is not, it seems to me, very difficult to guess. Many plants are armed with small sharp hairs which act as a protection to them against the incursions of ants and other destructive insects. These hairs are often enough more or less glandular in structure, and therefore liable to contain various waste products of the plant. Suppose one of these waste products in the ancestors of the nettle to be at first slightly pungent, by accident, as it were, then it would exercise a slightly deterrent effect upon nettle-

eating animals. The more stinging it grew, the more effectual would the protection be; and as in each generation the least protected plants would get eaten down, while the more protected were spared, the tendency would be for the juice to grow more and more stinging till at last it reached the present high point of development. It is noticeable, too, that in our warrens and wild places, most of the plants are thus more or less protected in one way or another from the attacks of animals. These neglected spots are overgrown with gorse, brambles, nettles, blackthorn, and mullein, as well as with the bitter spurges, and the stringy inedible bracken. So, too, while in our meadows we purposely propagate tender fodder plants, like grasses and clovers, we find on the margins of our pastures and by our roadsides only protected species, such as thistles, houndstongue, cuckoo-pint, charlock, nettles (once more), and thorn bushes. The cattle or the rabbits eat down at once all juicy and succulent plants, leaving only these nauseous or prickly kinds, together with such stringy and innutritious weeds as chervil, plantain, and burdock. Here we see the mechanism of natural selection at work under our very eyes.

But the sting certainly does not exhaust the whole philosophy of the nettle. Look, for example, at the stem and leaves. The nettle has found its chance in life, its one fitting vacancy, among the ditches and waste-places by roadsides or near cottages; and it has laid itself out for the circumstances in which it lives. Its near

relative, the hop, is a twisting climber; its southern cousins, the fig and the mulberry, are tall and spreading trees. But the nettle has made itself a niche in nature along the bare patches which diversify human cultivation; and it has adapted its stem and leaves to the station in life where it has pleased Providence to place it. Plants like the dock, the burdock, and the rhubarb, which lift their leaves straight above the ground, from large subterranean reservoirs of material, have usually big, broad, undivided leaves, that overshadow all beneath them, and push boldly out on every side to drink in the air and the sunlight. On the other hand, regular hedgerow plants, like cleavers, chervil, herb Robert, milfoil, and most ferns, which grow in the tangled shady undermath of the bank and thickets, have usually slender, bladelike, much-divided leaves, all split up into little long narrow pushing segments, because they cannot get sunlight and air enough to build up a single large respectable rounded leaf.

The nettle is just halfway between these two extremes. It does not grow out broad and solitary like the burdock, nor does it creep under the hedges like the little much-divided wayside weeds; but it springs up erect in tall, thick, luxuriant clumps, growing close together, each stem fringed with a considerable number of moderate-sized, heart-shaped, toothed and pointed leaves. Such leaves have just room enough to expand and to extract from the air all the carbon they need for their growth, without

encroaching upon one another's food supply (for it must always be borne in mind that leaves grow out of the air, not, as most people fancy, out of the ground), and so without the consequent necessity for dividing up into little separate narrow segments. Accordingly, this type of leaf is very common among all those plants which spring up beside the hedgerows in the same erect shrubby manner as the nettles.

Then, again, there is the flower of the nettle, which in most plants is so much the most conspicuous part of all. Yet in this particular plant it is so unobtrusive that most people never notice its existence in any way. That is because the nettle is wind-fertilized, and so does not need bright and attractive petals. Here are the flowering branches, a lot of little forked antler-like spikes, sticking out at right angles from the stem, and half concealed by the leaves of the row above them. Like many other wind-fertilized flowers, the stamens and pistils are collected on different plants—a plan which absolutely insures cross-fertilization, without the aid of the insects. I pick one of the stamen-bearing clusters, and can see that it is made up of small separate green blossoms, each with four tiny leaf-like petals, and with four stamens doubled up in the center. I touch the flowers with the tip of my pocket knife, and in a second the four stamens jump out elastically as if alive, and dust the white pollen all over my fingers. Why should they act like this? Such tricks are not uncommon in bee-fertilized flowers, because

they insure the pollen being shed only when a bee thrusts his head into the blossom; but what use can this device be to the wind-fertilized nettle? I think the object is somewhat after this fashion. If the pollen were shed during perfectly calm weather, it would simply fall upon the ground, without reaching the pistils of neighboring plants at all. But by having the stamens thus doubled up, with elastic stalks, it happens that even when ripe they do not open and shed the pollen unless upon the occurrence of some slight concussion. This concussion is given when the stems are waved about by the wind; and then the pollen is shaken out under circumstances which give it the best chance of reaching the pistil.

Finally, there is the question of fruit. In the fig and the mulberry the fruit is succulent, and depends for its dispersion upon birds and animals. In the nettle it takes the form of a tiny, seed-like, flattened nut. Why is this, again? One might as well ask, why are we not all Lord Chancellors or Presidents of the Royal Academy. Each plant and each animal makes the best of such talents as it has got, and gets on by their aid; but all have not the same talents. One survives by dint of its prickles; another by dint of its attractive flowers; a third by its sweet fruit; a fourth by its hard nut-shell. As regards stings, the nettle is one of the best protected plants; as regards flower and fruit, it is merely one of the ruck. Every plant can only take advantage of any stray chances it happens to

possess; and the same advantageous tendencies do not show themselves in all alike. It is said that once a certain American, hearing of the sums which Canova got for his handicraft, took his son to the great man's studio, and inquired how much he would ask to make the boy a sculptor. But there is no evidence to show that that aspiring youth ever produced an Aphrodite or a Discobolus.

WASHINGTON IRVING

URING the course of the revolution that changed the British colonies in America into the United States, there was born in the city of New York the first great writer of this new nation, Washington Irving. The parents of Irving had been in America but twenty years, the father being Scotch and the mother English, yet they sympathized so fully with the colonists that they spent much of their time and means in caring for the soldiers held as prisoners by the British.

The mother was unusually warm-hearted and charitable, but the father, though a kind and conscientious man, was very strict, especially in dealing with his children. He seemed to feel that nearly every kind of amusement that young people delighted in was sinful, and he held up before his children such sober ways of living that Washington at least came to think that everything pleasant was wicked. No amount of sternness, however, could keep the five boys of the family and their three sisters wholly out of mischief, nor hinder them from having many a harmless good time.

After spending two years in a primary school, Washington was sent when six years old to a school kept by a soldier who had fought in the

Revolution, a man who dealt most harshly with disorderly pupils. Though Washington was always breaking rules, he was so honest in admitting the wrong done that the teacher had a particular liking for him, and would call him by the envied title of "General." To bear this title, as well as the name of the foremost American of that time, and to have received a blessing from the great Washington himself, was honor enough for one boy.

Though it was not till several years later that he first went to the theater, yet when he was about ten he was fond of acting the part of some warrior knight of whom he had read, and would challenge one of his companions to a duel in the yard, where they would fight desperately with wooden swords. About this time, too, he came upon *Robinson Crusoe* and *Sindbad the Sailor*, and thus was awakened a great delight in books of travel and adventure. Most pleasing of all was *The World Displayed*, a series of volumes in which one could read of voyages and land journeys in the most distant parts of the world. How exciting it was to scan hastily the pages of these books under cover of his desk at school, or to read them in bed at night by the light of candles smuggled into his room! It is no wonder that he grew to wish with all his heart that he could go to sea, and that he haunted the wharves watching the out-going vessels.

When only fifteen years old, Washington finished his schooling. In later life he was always very sorry that he had not been sent to col-

WASHINGTON IRVING

lege at this time. Within a year he began the study of law, but he went at his work in such a half-hearted way that although he passed his examination in 1806, he was really very poorly fitted for his calling.

The last two years of this time had been passed in Europe, where he had been sent to recover his health; and it is safe to say that thoughts of his legal studies troubled young Irving but little during this interesting trip. If as a boy he had been thrilled merely in reading of voyages and travels, what was now his pleasure in journeying through one strange scene after another and meeting with such exciting adventures as that which befell him on the way from Genoa to Sicily, when the vessel on which he was sailing was boarded by pirates. On this occasion, as he could translate the questions of the attacking party and could answer these men in their own tongue, he was forced to go on the pirate ship, among an evil-looking crew, armed with stilettos, cutlasses and pistols, and act as interpreter before the captain. As it turned out that the booty was too small to be worth taking, Irving and his companions escaped without hurt. In the course of his further travels he found especial delight in the works of art at Rome, and in attending the theater and opera in Paris and London.

In January, 1807, several months after his return to America, Irving, with one of his brothers and a friend, began to publish *Salmagundi*, a magazine containing humorous articles

on the social life of New York. This became so popular that twenty numbers were issued. Having found so much of interest in the life of his native city, Irving next wrote a comic *History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker,* dealing with the early period when the city was ruled by the Dutch. The novel way in which this work was announced would do credit to the most clever advertiser. About six weeks before the book was published, appeared this notice in the *Evening Post:*

"*Distressing.*

"Left his lodgings some time since, and has not since been heard of, a small elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, by the name of Knickerbocker. As there are some reasons for believing he is not entirely in his right mind, and as great anxiety is entertained about him, any information concerning him left either at the Columbian Hotel, Mulberry Street, or at the office of this paper, will be *thankfully* received.

"P. S.—Printers of newspapers would be aiding the cause of humanity by giving an insertion to the above.—Oct. 25."

Almost two weeks later a notice signed *A Traveler,* told that the old man had been seen resting by the road over which the Albany stage coach passed. Then in ten days followed this amusing letter to the editor of the *Post:*

"Sir:—You have been good enough to publish in your paper a paragraph about Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker, who was missing so strangely from his lodgings some time since. Nothing satisfactory has been heard of the old gentleman since; but a *very curious kind of a written book* has been found in his room in his own handwriting. Now I wish you to notice him, if he is still alive, that if he does not return and pay off his bill for board and lodging, I shall have to dispose of his Book, to satisfy me for the same."

Needless to say, the book was issued in due time, and it was warmly welcomed not only in the United States but in England.

This year of great literary success was also one of the saddest in Irving's life. He had become deeply attached to Matilda Hoffman, daughter of one of the lawyers under whom he had studied, and was looking forward to the time when she should become his wife. The death of the young girl in 1809 caused a grief so deep that Irving almost never spoke of it. He remained true to the memory of this early love throughout his life, and never married.

By this time it had become plain that Irving could write with far more effect than he could ever hope to practice law. Yet the idea of using his pen in order to earn a living, not merely for his own amusement, was so distasteful to him that he put aside the thought of a literary career. Had he not had two kind and indulgent brothers, it might have gone hard with him

at this time; but he was given a one-fifth share in their business, and being only a silent partner, was allowed to spend his time in whatever ways he pleased.

In 1815, however, it became necessary for him to take his brother Peter's place for a time at the head of that part of the business which was carried on in Liverpool. Though he was a loyal American, he found England so much to his liking that there is no telling how long after his brother's recovery he would have kept on living in his half-idle way in his pleasant surroundings, had not the business in which he was interested failed in 1818. Thus roused to effort, he began publishing in 1819 the highly popular *Sketch Book*, by Geoffrey Crayon, a series of stories and essays in the first number of which appeared, with others, *Rip Van Winkle*. *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* was contained in a later issue. *Bracebridge Hall* and *Tales of a Traveller*, of the same nature as the *Sketch Book*, followed soon afterward, all three being sent to America and being published also in England.

A new and more serious kind of work opened before Irving in 1826 when he was invited to Madrid by the United States minister, to make a translation of Navarrete's *Voyages of Columbus*. Instead of translating, however, he wrote a valuable original work entitled the *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*. Thus was awakened his deep interest in the romantic history and legends of Spain. He traveled about the country, staying for several weeks in the

celebrated palace of the Alhambra, studied rare old books, and as a result produced several other works upon Spanish subjects. Of these *The Conquest of Granada* was written before he left Spain and *The Alhambra* was completed in England after his return in 1829 to fill the office of secretary of legation. This last-named work, while highly entertaining, is in many places as beautiful as poetry.

In 1824 Irving had written to a friend in America concerning New York: "There is a charm about that little spot of earth; that beautiful city and its environs, that has a perfect spell over my imagination. The bay, the rivers and their wild and woody shores, the haunts of my boyhood, both on land and water, absolutely have a witchery over my mind. I thank God for my having been born in so beautiful a place among such beautiful scenery; I am convinced I owe a vast deal of what is good and pleasant in my nature to the circumstance." It was not, however, until 1832 that he was able to return to his much-loved birthplace. Then, after seventeen years' absence, during which he had become a very famous writer, he was welcomed with the warmest greetings and the highest honors of his townspeople.

It was not long before he made a tour through the far West,—through the wilds of Missouri and Arkansas. From a point in the latter region he wrote of his party as "depending upon game, such as deer, elk, bear, for food, encamping on the borders of brooks, and sleeping in the open

air under trees, with outposts stationed to guard us against any surprise by the Indians." The beautiful scenery and exciting events that marked this trip were later told of in his *Tour on the Prairies.*

Having been a wanderer for a good many years, Irving now began to wish for a home. Accordingly he bought a little estate near Tarrytown on the Hudson River, and had the cottage on this land made over into "a little nookery somewhat in the Dutch style, quaint, but unpretending." Here he gathered about him a brother's family and other relatives, and settled down to a quiet, happy, industrious life. In the first years spent in this pleasant home he contributed articles to the *Knickerbocker Magazine,* later collected and published under the title of *Wolfert's Roost,* and wrote *Abbotsford* and *Newstead Abbey,* now part of the volume of *Crayon Miscellany.*

So smoothly did the home life at Sunnyside flow along that Irving was none too well pleased to separate himself from it in 1842 when appointed minister of the United States to Spain. Nevertheless, he looked upon this event as the "crowning hour" of his life.

During the thirteen years that remained to him after returning to Sunnyside in 1846, he produced the *Life of Mahomet and his Successors,* a *Life of Goldsmith,* an author whom he especially admired and appreciated, and a biography of his celebrated namesake, which, though entitled a *Life of Washington,* is nothing less than a

history of the Revolution. In the very year this last great work was completed, Irving died, surrounded by the household to whom he had become so much endeared (November 28, 1859).

In his writings Washington Irving has shown himself so gentle and unpretentious and so large-hearted, that his words concerning Oliver Goldsmith seem to apply with equal fitness to himself: "There are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness." These same qualities were revealed also day by day in the smallest incidents of his life. Perhaps they were never more simply illustrated than on the occasion when he was traveling in a railway car behind a woman with two small children and a baby who was being constantly disturbed by the older children's efforts to climb to a seat by the window. Having taken in the situation, Irving began lifting first one and then the other of the little ones into his lap, allowing each just three minutes at the window, and this he continued until they had had enough, and the grateful mother had enjoyed a needed rest. Apparently he bore ill-will toward no one, and his ever-ready humor helped him to view the lives of others without harshness. Thus it is not only as a great literary artist, but as an American of the most worthy type, that he has won lasting honor.

THE KNICKERBOCKER HISTORY OF NEW YORK

WASHINGTON IRVING

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

HISTORY of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker was published in 1809. Nearly forty years later Washington Irving, the real author, says it was his purpose in the history to embody the traditions of New York in an amusing form, to illustrate its local humors, customs and peculiarities in a whimsical narrative, which should help to bind the heart of the native inhabitant to his home. He adds:

"In this I have reason to believe I have in some measure succeeded. Before the appearance of my work the popular traditions of our city were unrecorded; the peculiar and racy customs and usages derived from our Dutch progenitors were unnoticed, or regarded with indifference, or adverted to with a sneer. Now they form a convivial currency, and are brought forward on all occasions; they link our whole community together in good humor and good fellowship; they are the rallying-points of home feeling, the seasoning of our civic festivities, the staple of local tales and local pleasantries; and are so harped upon by our writers of popular fiction

that I find myself almost crowded off the legendary ground which I was the first to explore by the host who have followed in my footsteps.

"I dwell on this head because, at the first appearance of my work, its aim and drift were misapprehended by some of the descendants of the Dutch worthies, and because I understand that now and then one may still be found to regard it with a captious eye. The far greater part, however, I have reason to flatter myself, receive my good-humored picturings in the same temper in which they were executed; and when I find, after a lapse of nearly forty years, this haphazard production of my youth still cherished among them; when I find its very name become a "household word" and used to give the home stamp to everything recommended for popular acceptation, such as Knickerbocker societies; Knickerbocker insurance companies; Knickerbocker steamboats; Knickerbocker omnibuses; Knickerbocker bread; and Knickerbocker ice: and when I find New Yorkers of Dutch descent priding themselves upon being "genuine Knickerbockers," I please myself with the persuasion that I have struck the right chord; that my dealings with the good Dutch times, and the customs and usages derived from them, are in harmony with the feelings and humors of my townsmen; that I have opened a vein of pleasant associations and quaint characteristics peculiar to my native place, and which its inhabitants will not willingly suffer to pass away; and that, though other histories of New York may appear

of higher claims to learned acceptation, and may take their dignified and appropriate rank in the family library, Knickerbocker's history will still be received with good-humored indulgence, and be thumbed and chuckled over by the family fireside."

To give color to his fancy, Irving created the fanciful character of Diedrich Knickerbocker, whom he describes as follows:

"He was a small, brisk-looking old gentleman, dressed in a rusty black coat and a pair of olive velvet breeches and a small cocked hat. He had a few gray hairs plaited and clubbed behind. The only piece of finery which he bore about him was a bright pair of square silver shoe buckles, and all his baggage was contained in a pair of saddle bags which he carried under his arm."

He was "a very worthy good sort of an old gentleman, though a little queer in his ways. He would keep in his room for days together, and if any of the children cried or made a noise about his door he would bounce out in a great passion, with his hands full of papers and say something about 'deranging his ideas'."

According to the tale which Irving invented he resided for some time at the Independent Columbian Hotel, and from this place he disappeared, leaving his bills unpaid. However, in the saddle bag which he didn't take from his room the landlord found the manuscript of the *History of New York*, and published it in order to secure pay for the old gentleman's board.

The book met with marked success, and shortly after its publication a large part of New York was laughing at its humorous details, and Irving's estimate of its popularity as given above was modest indeed.

The history consists of eight books, the first of which, in irony of some histories which had previously been published, gives a description of the world and a history of its creation, and in brief, the story of Noah and the discovery of America, and a dissertation on the origin of the American Indian.

The second book contains an account of Hudson's discovery of the river that bears his name and of the settlement of New Amsterdam.

A book is given to each of the first two Dutch governors, and three books to the rule of Peter Stuyvesant. The history then terminates with the surrender of New Amsterdam to the British.

The selections which appear here have been chosen for their rich humor rather than for their historical value, although, in his quaint way, Irving gives us a picture of the early Dutch settlers that is in many respects remarkably true to life. His exaggerations are usually so noticeable that it is not difficult to separate truth from fiction.

THE FOUNDING OF NEW AMSTERDAM

IT was some three or four years after the return of the immortal Hendrick that a crew of honest, Low Dutch colonists set sail from the city of Amsterdam for the shores of America.

The ship in which these illustrious adventurers set sail was called the *Goede Vrouw*, or Good Woman, in compliment to the wife of the president of the West India Company, who was allowed by everybody (except her husband) to be a sweet-tempered lady. It was in truth a most gallant vessel, of the most approved Dutch construction, and made by the ablest ship carpenters of Amsterdam, who it is well known always model their ships after the fair forms of their countrywomen. Accordingly, it had one hundred feet in the beam, one hundred feet in the keel, and one hundred feet from the bottom of the stern-post to the tafferel.

The architect, who was somewhat of a religious man, far from decorating the ship with pagan idols, such as Jupiter, Neptune, or Hercules (which heathenish abominations I have no doubt occasion the misfortunes and shipwreck of many a noble vessel)—he, I say, on the contrary, did laudably erect for a head a goodly image of Saint Nicholas, equipped with a low, broad-brimmed hat, a huge pair of Flemish trunk hose, and a pipe that reached to the end of the bow-sprit. Thus gallantly furnished, the

stanch ship floated sideways, like a majestic goose, out of the harbor of the great city of Amsterdam, and all the bells that were not otherwise engaged rang a triple bobmajor on the joyful occasion.

The voyage was uncommonly prosperous, for, being under the especial care of the ever-revered Saint Nicholas, the Goede Vrouw seemed to be endowed with qualities unknown to common vessels. Thus she made as much leeway as headway, could get along very nearly as fast with the wind ahead as when it was apoop, and was particularly great in a calm; in consequence of which singular advantages she made out to accomplish her voyage in a very few months, and came to anchor at the mouth of the Hudson a little to the east of Gibbet Island.

Here, lifting up their eyes, they beheld, on what is at present called the Jersey shore, a small Indian village, pleasantly embowered in a grove of spreading elms, and the natives all collected on the beach gazing in stupid admiration at the Goede Vrouw. A boat was immediately dispatched to enter into a treaty with them, and, approaching the shore, hailed them through a trumpet in the most friendly terms; but so horribly confounded were these poor savages at the tremendous and uncouth sound of the Low Dutch language that they one and all took to their heels, and scampered over the Bergen hills; nor did they stop until they had buried themselves, head and ears, in the marshes on the other side, where they all miserably perished to

a man, and their bones, being collected and decently covered by the Tammany Society of that day, formed that singular mound called Rattlesnake Hill which rises out of the center of the salt marshes a little to the east of the Newark causeway.

Animated by this unlooked-for victory, our valiant heroes sprang ashore in triumph, took possession of the soil as conquerors in the name of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General, and, marching fearlessly forward, carried the village of Communipaw by storm, notwithstanding that it was vigorously defended by some half a score of old squaws and pappooses. On looking about them they were so transported with the excellencies of the place that they had very little doubt the blessed Saint Nicholas had guided them thither as the very spot whereon to settle their colony. The softness of the soil was wonderfully adapted to the driving of piles; the swamps and marshes around them afforded ample opportunities for the constructing of dykes and dams; the shallowness of the shore was peculiarly favorable to the building of docks—in a word this spot abounded with all the requisites for the foundation of a great Dutch city. On making a faithful report, therefore, to the crew of the Goede Vrouw, they one and all determined that this was the destined end of their voyage. Accordingly they descended from the Goede Vrouw, men, women, and children, in goodly groups, as did the animals of yore from the ark, and formed themselves into a thriving

settlement, which they called by the Indian name Communipaw.

The crew of the Goede Vrouw being soon reinforced by fresh importations from Holland, the settlement went jollily on, increasing in magnitude and prosperity. The neighboring Indians in a short time became accustomed to the uncouth sound of the Dutch language, and an intercourse gradually took place between them and the newcomers.

A brisk trade for furs was soon opened: the Dutch traders were scrupulously honest in their dealings, and purchased by weight, establishing it as an invariable table of avoirdupois that the hand of a Dutchman weighed one pound and his foot two pounds. It is true the simple Indians were often puzzled by the great disproportion between bulk and weight, for let them place a bundle of furs, never so large, in one scale, and a Dutchman put his hand or foot in the other, the bundle was sure to kick the beam—never was a package of furs known to weigh more than two pounds in the market of Communipaw!

The Dutch possessions in this part of the globe began now to assume a very thriving appearance, and were comprehended under the general title of Nieuw Nederlandts, on account, as the sage Vander Douck observes, of their great resemblance to the Dutch Netherlands; which indeed was truly remarkable, excepting that the former were rugged and mountainous, and the latter level and marshy. About this time the tranquility of the Dutch colonists was doomed to suffer

a temporary interruption. In 1614, Captain Sir Samuel Argal, sailing under a commission from Dale, governor of Virginia, visited the Dutch settlements on Hudson River and demanded their submission to the English crown and Virginian dominion. To this arrogant demand, as they were in no condition to resist it, they submitted for the time, like discreet and reasonable men.

Oloffe Van Kortlandt, a personage who was held in great reverence among the sages of Communipaw for the variety and darkness of his knowledge, had originally been one of a set of peripatetic philosophers who had passed much of their time sunning themselves on the side of the great canal of Amsterdam in Holland, enjoying, like Diogenes, a free and unencumbered estate in sunshine. His name Kortlandt (Shortland or Lackland) was supposed, like that of the illustrious Jean Sansterre, to indicate that he had *no land;* but he insisted, on the contrary, that he had great landed estates somewhere in Terra Incognita, and he had come out to the New World to look after them. He was the first great land speculator that we read of in these parts.

Like all land speculators, he was much given to dreaming. Never did anything extraordinary happen to Communipaw but he declared that he had previously dreamt it, being one of those infallible prophets who predict events after they have come to pass.

As yet his dreams and speculations had turned

to little personal profit, and he was as much a lackland as ever. Still, he carried a high head in the community; if his sugar-loaf hat was rather the worse for wear, he set it off with a taller cock's tail; if his shirt was none of the cleanest, he pulled it out the more at the bosom; and if the tail of it peeped out of a hole in his breeches, it at least proved that it really had a tail and was not mere ruffle.

The worthy Van Kortlandt urged the policy of emerging from the swamps of Communipaw and seeking some more eligible site for the seat of empire. Such, he said, was the advice of the good Saint Nicholas, who had appeared to him in a dream the night before, and whom he had known by his broad hat, his long pipe, and the resemblance which he bore to the figure on the bow of the Goede Vrouw.

This perilous enterprise was to be conducted by Oloffe himself, who chose as lieutenants or coadjutors Mynheers Jacobus Van Zandt, Abraham Hardenbroeck, and Winant Ten Broeck—three indubitably great men, but of whose history, although I have made diligent inquiry, I can learn but little previous to their leaving Holland.

Had I the benefit of mythology and classic fable, I should have furnished the first of the trio with a pedigree equal to that of the proudest hero of antiquity. His name, Van Zandt—that is to say, *from the sand*, or, in common parlance, from the dirt—gave reason to suppose that, like Triptolemus, the Cyclops, and the

Titans, he had sprung from Dame Terra, or the earth! This supposition is strongly corroborated by his size, for it is well known that all the progeny of mother earth were of a gigantic stature; and Van Zandt, we are told, was a tall, raw-boned man, above six feet high, with an astonishingly hard head.

Of the second of the trio but faint accounts have reached to this time, which mention that he was a sturdy, obstinate, worrying, bustling little man, and, from being usually equipped in an old pair of buckskins, was familiarly dubbed Hardenbroeck; that is to say, Tough Breeches.

Ten Broeck completed this junto of adventurers. It is a singular but ludicrous fact—which, were I not scrupulous in recording the whole truth, I should almost be tempted to pass over in silence as incompatible with the gravity and dignity of history—that this worthy gentleman should likewise have been nicknamed from what in modern times is considered the most ignoble part of the dress; but in truth the small-clothes seem to have been a very dignified garment in the eyes of our venerated ancestors.

The name of Ten Broeck, or, as it was sometimes spelled, Tin Broeck, has been indifferently translated into Ten Breeches and Tin Breeches. Certain elegant and ingenious writers on the subject declare in favor of *Tin*, or rather *Thin*, Breeches; whence they infer that the original bearer of it was a poor but merry rogue, whose

galligaskins were none of the soundest, and who, peradventure, may have been the author of that truly philosophical stanza:

"Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys?
A light heart and *thin pair of breeches*
Will go through the world, my brave boys!"

The more accurate commentators, however, declare in favor of the other reading, and affirm that the worthy in question was a burly, bulbous man, who, in sheer ostentation of his venerable progenitors, was the first to introduce into the settlement the ancient Dutch fashion of ten pair of breeches.

Such was the trio of coadjutors chosen by Oloffe the Dreamer to accompany him in this voyage into unknown realms; as to the names of his crews, they have not been handed down by history.

And now the rosy blush of morn began to mantle in the east, and soon the rising sun, emerging from amid golden and purple clouds, shed his blithesome rays on the tin weathercocks of Communipaw. It was that delicious season of the year when Nature, breaking from the chilling thralldom of old winter, like a blooming damsel from the tyranny of a sordid old father, threw herself, blushing with ten thousand charms, into the arms of youthful spring. Every tufted copse and blooming grove resounded with the notes of hymeneal love. The very insects, as

they sipped the dew that gemmed the tender grass of meadows, joined in the joyous epithalamium, the virgin bud timidly put forth its blushes, "the voice of the turtle was heard in the land," and the heart of man dissolved away in tenderness.

No sooner did the first rays of cheerful Phœbus dart into the windows of Communipaw than the little settlement was all in motion. Forth issued from his castle the sage Van Kortlandt, and, seizing a conch-shell, blew a far-resounding blast, that soon summoned all his lusty followers. Then did they trudge resolutely down to the waterside, escorted by a multitude of relatives and friends, who all went down, as the common phrase expresses it, "to see them off."

The good Oloffe bestowed his forces in a squadron of three canoes, and hoisted his flag on board a little round Dutch boat, shaped not unlike a tub, which had formerly been the jolly-boat of the Goede Vrouw. And now, all being embarked, they bade farewell to the gazing throng upon the beach, who continued shouting after them even when out of hearing, wishing them a happy voyage, advising them to take good care of themselves, not to get drowned, with an abundance other of those sage and invaluable cautions generally given by landsmen to such as go down to the sea in ships and adventure upon the deep waters. In the meanwhile, the voyagers cheerily urged their course across the crystal bosom of the bay and soon left behind them the green shores of ancient Pavonia.

They coasted by Governor's Island, since terrible from its frowning fortress and grinning batteries. They would by no means, however, land upon this island, since they doubted much it might be the abode of demons and spirits, which in those days did greatly abound throughout this savage and pagan country.

Just at this time a shoal of jolly porpoises came rolling and tumbling by, turning up their sleek sides to the sun and spouting up the briny element in sparkling showers. No sooner did the sage Oloffe mark this than he was greatly rejoiced. "This," exclaimed he, "if I mistake not, augurs well: the porpoise is a fat, well-conditioned fish, a burgomaster among fishes; his looks betoken ease, plenty, and prosperity; I greatly admire this round fat fish, and doubt not but this is a happy omen of the success of our undertaking." So saying, he directed his squadron to steer in the track of these alderman fishes.

Turning, therefore, directly to the left, they swept up the strait vulgarly called the East River. And here the rapid tide which courses through this strait, seizing on the gallant tub in which Commodore Van Kortlandt had embarked, hurried it forward with a velocity unparalleled in a Dutch boat navigated by Dutchmen; insomuch that the good commodore, who had all his life long been accustomed only to the drowsy navigation of canals, was more than ever convinced that they were in the hands of some supernatural power, and that the jolly

porpoises were towing them to some fair haven that was to fulfill all their wishes and expectations.

Thus borne away by the resistless current, they doubled that boisterous point of land since called Corlear's Hook, and leaving to the right the rich winding cove of the Wallabout, they drifted into a magnificent expanse of water, surrounded by pleasant shores whose verdure was exceedingly refreshing to the eye. While the voyagers were looking around them on what they conceived to be a serene and sunny lake, they beheld at a distance a crew of painted savages busily employed in fishing, who seemed more like the genii of this romantic region, their slender canoe lightly balanced like a feather on the undulating surface of the bay.

At sight of these the hearts of the heroes of Communipaw were not a little troubled. But, as good fortune would have it, at the bow of the commodore's boat was stationed a very valiant man, named Hendrick Kip (which, being interpreted, means *chicken*, a name given him in token of his courage). No sooner did he behold these varlet heathens than he trembled with excessive valor, and although a good half mile distant he seized a musketoon that lay at hand, and, turning away his head, fired it most intrepidly in the face of the blessed sun. The blundering weapon recoiled and gave the valiant Kip an ignominious kick, which laid him prostrate with uplifted heels in the bottom of the boat. But such was the effect of this tremendous fire

that the wild men of the woods, struck with consternation, seized hastily upon their paddles and shot away into one of the deep inlets of the Long Island shore.

This signal victory gave new spirits to the voyagers, and in honor of the achievement they gave the name of the valiant Kip to the surrounding bay, and it has continued to be called Kip's Bay from that time to the present. The heart of the good Van Kortlandt—who, having no land of his own, was a great admirer of other people's—expanded to the full size of a peppercorn at the sumptuous prospect of rich, unsettled country around him, and falling into a delicious reverie he straightway began to riot in the possession of vast meadows of salt marsh and interminable patches of cabbages. From this delectable vision he was all at once awakened by the sudden turning of the tide, which would soon have hurried him from this land of promise, had not the discreet navigator given the signal to steer for shore, where they accordingly landed hard by the rocky heights of Bellevue—that happy retreat where our jolly aldermen eat for the good of the city and fatten the turtle that are sacrificed on civic solemnities.

Here, seated on the green sward, by the side of a small stream that ran sparkling among the grass, they refreshed themselves after the toils of the seas by feasting lustily on the ample stores which they had provided for this perilous voyage.

By this time the jolly Phœbus, like some wanton urchin sporting on the side of a green hill,

HERE THEY REFRESHED THEMSELVES

began to roll down the declivity of the heavens; and now, the tide having once more turned in their favor, the Pavonians again committed themselves to its discretion, and, coasting along the western shores, were borne toward the straits of Blackwell's Island.

And here the capricious wanderings of the current occasioned not a little marvel and perplexity to these illustrious mariners. Now would they be caught by the wanton eddies, and, sweeping around a jutting point, would wind deep into some romantic little cave, that indented the fair island of Manna-hata; now were they hurried narrowly by the very basis of impending

rocks, mantled with the flaunting grape-vine and crowned with groves which threw a broad shade on the waves beneath; and anon they were borne away into the mid-channel and wafted along with a rapidity that very much discomposed the sage Van Kortlandt, who as he saw the land swiftly receding on either side, began exceedingly to doubt that terra firma was giving them the slip.

Wherever the voyagers turned their eyes a new creation seemed to bloom around. No signs of human thrift appeared to check the delicious wildness of Nature, who here reveled in all her luxuriant variety. Those hills, now bristled, like the fretful porcupine, with rows of poplars (vain upstart plants! minions of wealth and fashion!), were then adorned with the vigorous natives of the soil—the hardy oak, the generous chestnut, the graceful elm—while here and there the tulip tree reared its majestic head, the giant of the forest. Where now are seen the gay retreats of luxury—villas half buried in twilight bowers, whence the amorous flute oft breathes the sighings of some city swain—there the fish-hawk built his solitary nest on some dry tree that overlooked his watery domain. The timid deer fed undisturbed along those shores now hallowed by the lover's moonlight walk and printed by the slender foot of beauty; and a savage solitude extended over those happy regions where now are reared the stately towers of the Joneses, the Schermerhornes, and the Rhinelanders.

Ah! witching scenes of foul delusion! Ah! hapless voyagers, gazing with simple wonder on

these Circean shores! Such, alas! are they, poor easy souls, who listen to the seductions of a wicked world—treacherous are its smiles, fatal its caresses. He who yields to its enticements launches upon a whelming tide, and trusts his feeble bark among the dimpling eddies of a whirlpool! And thus it fared with the worthies of Pavonia, who, little mistrusting the guileful scene before them, drifted quietly on until they were aroused by an uncommon tossing and agitation of their vessels. For now the late dimpling current began to brawl around them and the waves to boil and foam with horrific fury. Awakened as if from a dream, the astonished Oloffe bawled aloud to put about, but his words were lost amid the roaring of the waters. And now ensued a scene of direful consternation. At one time they were borne with dreadful velocity among tumultuous breakers; at another hurried down boisterous rapids. Now they were nearly dashed upon the Hen and Chickens (infamous rocks!—more voracious than Scylla and her whelps), and anon they seemed sinking into yawning gulfs that threatened to entomb them beneath the waves. All the elements combined to produce a hideous confusion. The waters raged, the winds howled, and as they were hurried along several of the astonished mariners beheld the rocks and trees of the neighboring shores driving through the air!

At length the mighty tub of Commodore Van Kortlandt was drawn into the vortex of that tremendous whirlpool called the Pot, where it

was whirled about in giddy mazes until the senses of the good commander and his crew were overpowered by the horror of the scene and the strangeness of the revolution.

How the gallant squadron of Pavonia was snatched from the jaws of this modern Charybdis has never been truly made known, for so many survived to tell the tale, and, what is still more wonderful, told it in so many different ways, that there has ever prevailed a great variety of opinions on the subject.

As to the commodore and his crew, when they came to their senses they found themselves stranded on the Long Island shore. The worthy commodore, indeed, used to relate many and wonderful stories of his adventures in this time of peril—how that he saw specters flying in the air and heard the yelling of hobgoblins, and put his hand into the pot when they were whirled round, and found the water scalding hot, and beheld several uncouth-looking beings seated on rocks and skimming it with huge ladles; but particularly he declared, with great exultation, that he saw the losel porpoises, which had betrayed them into this peril, some broiling on the Gridiron and others hissing on the Frying-pan!

These, however, were considered by many as mere fantasies of the commodore while he lay in a trance, especially as he was known to be given to dreaming, and the truth of them has never been clearly ascertained. It is certain, however, that to the accounts of Oloffe and his followers may be traced the various traditions handed down

of this marvelous strait—as how the devil has been seen there sitting astride of the Hog's Back and playing on the fiddle, how he broils fish there before a storm, and many other stories in which we must be cautious of putting too much faith. In consequence of all these terrific circumstances the Pavonian commander gave this pass the name of *Hellegat*, or, as it has been interpreted, *Hell-Gate*,[1] which it continues to bear at the present day.

The darkness of the night had closed upon this disastrous day, and a doleful night was it to the shipwrecked Pavonians, whose ears were incessantly assailed with the raging of the elements and the howling of the hobgoblins that infested this perilous strait. But when the morning dawned the horrors of the preceding evening had passed away—rapids, breakers, whirlpools had disappeared, the stream again ran smooth and dimpling, and, having changed its tide, rolled gently back toward the quarter where lay their much-regretted home.

The woe-begone heroes of Communipaw eyed each other with rueful countenances; their squadron had been totally dispersed by the late disaster.

I forbear to treat of the long consultation of Oloffe with his remaining followers, in which they determined that it would never do to found a city in so diabolical a neighborhood. Suffice it

1. This is a narrow strait in the sound, at the distance of six miles above New York. It is dangerous by reason of numerous rocks, shelves, and whirlpools. These have received sundry appellations, such as the Gridiron, Frying-pan, Hog's Back, Pot, etc.

in simple brevity to say that they once more committed themselves, with fear and trembling, to the briny element, and steered their course back again through the scenes of their yesterday's voyage, determined no longer to roam in search of distant sites, but to settle themselves down in the marshy regions of Pavonia.

Scarce, however, had they gained a distant view of Communipaw when they were encountered by an obstinate eddy which opposed their homeward voyage. Weary and dispirited as they were, they yet tugged a feeble oar against the stream, until, as if to settle the strife, half a score of potent billows rolled the tub of Commodore Van Kortlandt high and dry on the long point of an island which divided the bosom of the bay.

Oloffe Van Kortlandt was a devout trencherman. Every repast was a kind of religious rite with him, and his first thought on finding himself once more on dry ground was how he should contrive to celebrate his wonderful escape from Hell-Gate and all its horrors by a solemn banquet. The stores which had been provided for the voyage by the good housewives of Communipaw were nearly exhausted, but in casting his eyes about the commodore beheld that the shore abounded with oysters. A great store of these was instantly collected; a fire was made at the foot of a tree; all hands fell to roasting and broiling and stewing and frying, and a sumptuous repast was soon set forth.

On the present occasion the worthy Van Kortlandt was observed to be particularly zeal-

ous in his devotions to the trencher; for, having the cares of the expedition especially committed to his care, he deemed it incumbent on him to eat profoundly for the public good. In proportion as he filled himself to the very brim with the dainty viands before him, did the heart of this excellent burgher rise up toward his throat, until he seemed crammed and almost choked with good eating and good nature. And at such times it is, when a man's heart is in his throat, that he may more truly be said to speak from it and his speeches abound with kindness and good fellowship. Thus, having swallowed the last possible morsel and washed it down with a fervent potation, Oloffe felt his heart yearning and his whole frame in a manner dilating with unbounded benevolence. Everything around him seemed excellent and delightful, and, laying his hands on each side of his capacious periphery, and rolling his half-closed eyes around on the beautiful diversity of land and water before him, he exclaimed, in a fat, half-smothered voice, "What a charming prospect!" The words died away in his throat, he seemed to ponder on the fair scene for a moment, his eyelids heavily closed over their orbits, his head drooped upon his bosom, he slowly sank upon the green turf, and a deep sleep stole gradually over him.

Van Kortlandt awoke from his sleep greatly instructed, and he aroused his companions and told them that it was the will of Saint Nicholas that they should settle down and build the city here. With one voice all assented to this.

The great object of their perilous expedition, therefore, being thus happily accomplished, the voyagers returned merrily to Communipaw, where they were received with great rejoicings.

It having been solemnly resolved that the seat of empire should be removed from the green shores of Pavonia to the pleasant island of Manna-hata, everybody was anxious to embark under the standard of Oloffe the Dreamer, and to be among the first sharers of the promised land. A day was appointed for the grand migration, and on that day little Communipaw was in abuzz and bustle like a hive in swarming-time. Houses were turned inside out and stripped of the venerable furniture which had come from Holland; all the community, great and small, black and white, man, woman and child, was in commotion, forming lines from the houses to the water-side, like lines of ants from an ant-hill; everybody laden with some article of household furniture, while busy housewives plied backward and forward along the lines, helping everything forward by the nimbleness of their tongues.

By degrees a fleet of boats and canoes were piled up with all kinds of household articles—ponderous tables; chests of drawers resplendent with brass ornaments; quaint corner cupboards; beds and bedsteads; with any quantity of pots, kettles, frying-pans and Dutch ovens. In each boat embarked a whole family, from the robustious burgher down to the cats and dogs and little negroes. In this way they set off across the

mouth of the Hudson, under the guidance of Oloffe the Dreamer, who hoisted his standard on the leading boat.

As the little squadron from Communipaw drew near to the shores of Manna-hata, a sachem at the head of a band of warriors appeared to oppose their landing. Some of the most zealous of the pilgrims were for chastising this insolence with powder and ball, according to the approved mode of discoverers; but the sage Oloffe gave them the significant sign of Saint Nicholas, laying his finger beside his nose and winking hard with one eye, whereupon his followers perceived that there was something sagacious in the wink. He now addressed the Indians in the blandest terms, and made such tempting display of beads, hawks'-bells, and red blankets that he was soon permitted to land, and a great land speculation ensued. And here let me give the true story of the original purchase of the site of this renowned city about which so much has been said and written. Some affirm that the first cost was but sixty guilders. The learned Dominie Heckwelder records a tradition that the Dutch discoverers bargained for only so much land as the hide of a bullock would cover; but that they cut the hide in strips no thicker than a child's finger, so as to take in a large portion of land and to take in the Indians into the bargain. This, however, is an old fable which the worthy Dominie may have borrowed from antiquity. The true version is, that Oloffe Van Kortlandt bargained for just so much land

as a man could cover with his nether garments. The terms being concluded, he produced his friend Mynheer Ten Broeck as the man whose breeches were to be used in measurement. The simple savages, whose ideas of a man's nether garments had never expanded beyond the dimensions of a breech-clout, stared with astonishment and dismay as they beheld this burgher peeled like an onion, and breeches after breeches spread forth over the land until they covered the actual site of this venerable city.

This is the true history of the adroit bargain by which the island of Manhattan was bought for sixty guilders; and in corroboration of it I will add that Mynheer Ten Breeches, for his services on this memorable occasion, was elevated to the office of land measurer, which he ever afterward exercised in the colony.

The land being thus fairly purchased of the Indians, a circumstance very unusual in the history of colonization, and strongly illustrative of the honesty of our Dutch progenitors, a stockade fort and a trading-house were forthwith erected on an eminence, the identical place at present known as the Bowling Green.

Around this fort a progeny of little Dutch-built houses, with tiled roofs and weathercocks, soon sprang up, nestling themselves under its walls for protection, as a brood of half-fledged chickens nestle under the wings of the mother hen. The whole was surrounded by an inclosure of strong palisadoes to guard against any sudden irruption of the savages. Outside of these ex-

tended the cornfields and cabbage-gardens of the community, with here and there an attempt at a tobacco-plantation; all covering those tracts of country at present called Broadway, Wall street, William street and Pearl street.

I must not omit to mention that in portioning out the land a goodly "bowerie" or farm was allotted to the sage Oloffe in consideration of the service he had rendered to the public by his talent at dreaming; and the site of his "bowerie" is known by the name of Kortlandt, (or Courtlandt,) street to the present day.

And now, the infant settlement having advanced in age and stature, it was thought high time it should receive an honest Christian name. Hitherto it had gone by the original Indian name Manna-hata, or, as some will have it, "The Manhattoes;" but this was now decried as savage and heathenish, and as tending to keep up the memory of the pagan brood that originally possessed it. Many were the consultations held upon the subject without coming to a conclusion, for, though everybody condemned the old name, nobody could invent a new one. At length, when the council was almost in despair, a burgher, remarkable for the size and squareness of his head, proposed that they should call it New Amsterdam. The proposition took everybody by surprise; it was so striking, so apposite, so ingenious. The name was adopted by acclamation, and New Amsterdam the metropolis was thenceforth called. Still, however, the early authors of the province continued to call it

by the general appellation of "The Manhattoes," and the poets fondly clung to the euphonious name of Manna-hata; but those are a kind of folk whose tastes and notions should go for nothing in matters of this kind.

Having thus provided the embryo city with a name, the next was to give it an armorial bearing or device. As some cities have a rampant lion, others a soaring eagle, emblematical, no doubt, of the valiant and high-flying qualities of the inhabitants, so after mature deliberation a sleek beaver was emblazoned on the city standard as indicative of the amphibious origin and patient and persevering habits of the New Amsterdammers.

WALTER THE DOUBTER

IT was in the year of our Lord 1629 that Mynheer Wouter Van Twiller was appointed governor of the province of Nieuw Nederlandts, under the commission and control of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General of the United Netherlands and the privileged West India Company.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam, and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of; which, next to being universally

applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world—one by talking faster than they think, and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh or even to smile through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter, and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pike-staff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, "Well! I see nothing in all that to laugh about."

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned, as though it had been molded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches

in height and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions that Dame Nature with all her sex's ingenuity would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone just between the shoulders. His body was oblong and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain, so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer-barrel on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament, and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a spitzenberg apple.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of The Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a scepter he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmine and

amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours upon a little print of Amsterdam which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council-chamber. Nay, it has even been said that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict made by his contending doubts and opinions.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance of Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man

HE WAS INTERRUPTED BY WANDLE SCHOONHOVEN

of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt as he shoveled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth, either as a sign that he relished the dish or comprehended the story, he called unto him his constable, and, pulling out of his breeches pocket a huge jack-knife, dispatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco-box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal ring of the great Haroun Alraschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High Dutch commentator or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and, having poised them in his hands and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose and shutting his eyes for a moment with the air of a man who had just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco-smoke, and with marvelous gravity and solemnity pronounced—that, having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other; therefore it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced; therefore Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt; and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision, being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was that not another lawsuit took place throughout the

whole of his administration, and the office of constable fell into such decay that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years.

HOW THE COLONISTS LIVED IN THE DAYS OF WALTER THE DOUBTER

HE houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor, the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front, and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways that every man could have a wind to his mind; the most stanch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine a passion for cleanliness was the leading prin-

ciple in domestic economy and the universal test of an able housewife—a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, New Year's days, the festival of Saint Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal that it was ofttimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water, insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or, what is worse, a willful misrepresentation.

The grand parlor was the sanctum-sanctorum where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning and putting things to rights, always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door and entering devoutly in their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked

into angles, and curves, and rhomboids with a broom—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace—the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled round the fire one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white—nay, even the very cat and dog—enjoyed a community of privilege and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the goede vrouw on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, and hair-breadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sunset. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestible signs of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But, though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly adverse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes—or noblesse—that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish well stored with slices of fat pork fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company, being seated round the genial board and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoeks—a delicious kind of cake

AN OLD NEGRO WOULD CROAK FORTH STORIES

at present scarce known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting; no gambling of old ladies nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones; no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets; nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves

demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs and knit their own woolen stockings, nor ever opened their lips excepting to say *Yah, Mynheer*, or *Yah ya, Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them, behaving in all things like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated, whereon sundry passages of Scriptures were piously portrayed: Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages—that is to say, by the vehicles Nature had provided them—excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door, which as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present: if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

In this dulcet period of my history, when the beauteous island of Manna-hata presented a scene the very counterpart of those glowing pic-

tures drawn of the golden reign of Saturn, there was, as I have before observed, a happy ignorance, an honest simplicity, prevalent among its inhabitants, which, were I even able to depict, would be but little understood by the degenerate age for which I am doomed to write. Even the female sex, those arch innovators upon the tranquillity, the honesty, and gray-beard customs of society, seemed for a while to conduct themselves with incredible sobriety and comeliness.

Their hair, untortured by the abominations of art, was scrupulously pomatumed back from their foreheads with a candle, and covered with a little cap of quilted calico which fitted exactly to their heads. Their petticoats of linsey-woolsey were striped with a variety of gorgeous dyes, though I must confess these gallant garments were rather short, scarce reaching below the knee; but then they made up in the number, which generally equalled that of the gentlemen's small-clothes; and, what is still more praiseworthy, they were all of their own manufacture, of which circumstance, as may well be supposed, they were not a little vain.

These were the honest days in which every woman stayed at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets—ay, and that too of a goodly size, fashioned with patchwork into many curious devices and ostentatiously worn on the outside. These, in fact, were convenient receptacles where all good housewives carefully stored away such things as they wished to have at hand, by which means they often came to be incredibly crammed;

and I remember there was a story current when I was a boy that the lady of Wouter Van Twiller once had occasion to empty her right pocket in search of a wooden ladle, when the contents filled a couple of corn baskets, and the utensil was discovered lying among some rubbish in one corner. But we must not give too much faith to all these stories, the anecdotes of those remote periods being very subject to exaggeration.

Besides these notable pockets, they likewise wore scissors and pincushions suspended from their girdles by red ribbons, or among the more opulent and showy classes by brass, and even silver, chains—indubitable tokens of thrifty housewives and industrious spinsters. I cannot say much in vindication of the shortness of the petticoats: it doubtless was introduced for the purpose of giving the stockings a chance to be seen, which were generally of blue worsted with magnificent red clocks, or perhaps to display a well-turned ankle and a neat, though serviceable foot, set off by a high-heeled leathern shoe with a large and splendid silver buckle. Thus we find that the gentle sex in all ages have shown the same disposition to infringe a little upon the laws of decorum in order to betray a lurking beauty or gratify an innocent love of finery.

From the sketch here given it will be seen that our good grandmothers differed considerably in their ideas of a fine figure from their scantily dressed descendants of the present day. A fine lady in those times waddled under more clothes, even on a fair summer's day, than would have

clad the whole bevy of a modern ball-room. Nor were they the less admired by the gentlemen in consequence thereof. On the contrary, the greatness of a lover's passion seemed to increase in proportion to the magnitude of its object, and a voluminous damsel, arrayed in a dozen of petticoats, was declared by a Low Dutch sonneteer of the province to be radiant as a sunflower and luxuriant as a full-blown cabbage. Certain it is that in those days the heart of a lover could not contain more than one lady at a time; whereas the heart of a modern gallant has often room enough to accommodate half a dozen. The reason of which I conclude to be, that either the hearts of the gentlemen have grown larger or the persons of the ladies smaller; this, however, is a question for physiologists to determine.

But there was a secret charm in these petticoats which no doubt entered into the consideration of the prudent gallants. The wardrobe of a lady was in those days her only fortune, and she who had a good stock of petticoats and stockings was as absolutely an heiress as is a Kamschatka damsel with a store of bear skins or a Lapland belle with a plenty of reindeer. The ladies, therefore, were very anxious to display these powerful attractions to the greatest advantage; and the best rooms in the house, instead of being adorned with caricatures of Dame Nature in water colors and needlework, were always hung round with abundance of homespun garments, the manufacture and the property of the females

—a piece of laudable ostentation that still prevails among the heiresses of our Dutch villages.

The gentlemen, in fact, who figured in the circles of the gay world in these ancient times corresponded, in most particulars, with the beauteous damsels whose smiles they were ambitious to deserve. True it is their merits would make but a very inconsiderable impression upon the heart of a modern fair; they neither drove their curricles nor sported their tandems, for as yet those gaudy vehicles were not even dreamt of, neither did they distinguish themselves by their brilliancy at the table, and their consequent renconters with watchmen, for our forefathers were of too pacific a disposition to need those guardians of the night, every soul throughout the town being sound asleep before nine o'clock. Neither did they establish their claims to gentility at the expense of their tailors, for as yet those offenders against the pockets of society and the tranquility of all aspiring young gentlemen were unknown in New Amsterdam; every good housewife made the clothes of her husband and family, and even the goede vrouw of Van Twiller himself thought it no disparagement to cut out her husband's linsey-woolsey galligaskins.

Not but what there were some two or three youngsters who manifested the first dawning of what is called fire and spirit, who held all labor in contempt, skulked about docks and market-places, loitered in the sunshine, squandered what little money they could procure at hustle-cap and chuck-farthing, swore, boxed, fought cocks, and

raced their neighbors' horses; in short, who promised to be the wonder, the talk, and abomination of the town, had not their stylish career been unfortunately cut short by an affair of honor with a whipping-post.

Far other, however, was the truly fashionable gentleman of those days. His dress, which served for both morning and evening, street and drawing-room, was a linsey-woolsey coat, made, perhaps, by the fair hands of the mistress of his affections, and gallantly bedecked with abundance of large brass buttons; half a score of breeches heightened the proportions of his figure; his shoes were decorated by enormous copper buckles; a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat overshadowed his burly visage; and his hair dangled down his back in a queue of eelskin.

Thus equipped, he would manfully sally forth with pipe in mouth to besiege some fair damsel's obdurate heart—not such a pipe, good reader, as that which Acis did sweetly tune in praise of his Galatea, but one of true Delft manufacture and furnished with a charge of fragrant tobacco. With this would he resolutely set himself down before the fortress, and rarely failed, in the process of time, to smoke the fair enemy into a surrender upon honorable terms.

Happy would it have been for New Amsterdam could it always have existed in this state of lowly simplicity; but alas! the days of childhood are too sweet to last! Cities, like men, grow out of them in time, and are doomed alike to grow into the bustle, the cares, and miseries of the world.

WILLIAM THE TESTY

WILHELMUS KIEFT, who in 1634 ascended the gubernatorial chair (to borrow a favorite though clumsy appellation of modern phraseologists), was of a lofty descent, his father being inspector of windmills in the ancient town of Saardam; and our hero, we are told, when a boy made very curious investigations into the nature and operation of these machines, which was one reason why he afterward came to be so ingenious a governor. His name, according to the most authentic etymologists, was a corruption of Kyver—that is to say, a *wrangler* or *scolder*—and expressed the characteristic of his family, which for nearly two centuries had kept the windy town of Saardam in hot water, and produced more tartars and brimstones than any ten families in the place; and so truly did he inherit this family peculiarity that he had not been a year in the government of the province before he was universally denominated William the Testy. His appearance answered to his name. He was a brisk, wiry, waspish little old gentleman; such a one as may now and then be seen stumping about our city in a broad-skirted coat with huge buttons, a cocked hat stuck on the back of his head, and a cane as high as his chin. His face was broad, but his features were sharp, his cheeks were scorched into a dusky red by two fiery little gray

WILLIAM THE TESTY

eyes; his nose turned up, and the corners of his mouth turned down, pretty much like the muzzle of an irritable pug-dog.

I have heard it observed by a profound adept in human physiology that if a woman waxes fat with the progress of years, her tenure of life is somewhat precarious, but if haply she withers as she grows old she lives forever. Such promised to be the case with William the Testy, who grew tough in proportion as he dried. He had withered, in fact, not through the process of

years, but through the tropical fervor of his soul, which burnt like a vehement rushlight in his bosom, inciting him to incessant broils and bickerings.

Wilhelmus Kieft was a great legislator on a small scale, and had a microscopic eye in public affairs. He had been greatly annoyed by the factious meetings of the good people of New Amsterdam, but, observing that on these occasions the pipe was ever in their mouth, he began to think that the pipe was at the bottom of the affair, and that there was some mysterious affinity between politics and tobacco smoke. Determined to strike at the root of the evil, he began, forthwith, to rail at tobacco as a noxious, nauseous weed, filthy in all its uses; and as to smoking, he denounced it as a heavy tax upon the public pocket, a vast consumer of time, a great encourager of idleness, and a deadly bane to the prosperity and morals of the people. Finally, he issued an edict prohibiting the smoking of tobacco throughout the New Netherlands. Ill-fated Kieft! Had he lived in the present age and attempted to check the unbounded license of the press, he could not have struck more sorely upon the sensibilities of the million. The pipe, in fact, was the great organ of reflection and deliberation of the New Netherlander. It was his constant companion and solace: was he gay, he smoked; was he sad, he smoked; his pipe was never out of his mouth; it was a part of his physiognomy; without it his best friends would not know him. Take away

his pipe? You might as well take away his nose!

The immediate effect of the edict of William the Testy was a popular commotion. A vast multitude, armed with pipes and tobacco boxes and an immense supply of ammunition, sat themselves down before the governor's house and fell to smoking with tremendous violence.

HIS PIPE WAS A PART OF HIS PHYSIOGNOMY

The Testy William issued forth like a wrathful spider, demanding the reason of this lawless fumigation. The sturdy rioters replied by lolling back in their seats and puffing away with redoubled fury, raising such a murky cloud that the governor was fain to take refuge in the interior of his castle.

A long negotiation ensued through the medium of Antony the Trumpeter. The governor was at first wrathful and unyielding, but was gradually

smoked into terms. He concluded by permitting the smoking of tobacco, but he abolished the fair long pipes used in the days of Wouter Van Twiller, denoting ease, tranquillity and sobriety of deportment; these he condemned as incompatible with the dispatch of business; in place whereof he substituted little captious short pipes, two inches in length, which he observed could be stuck in one corner of the mouth or twisted in the hat-band, and would never be in the way. Thus ended this alarming insurrection, which was long known by the name of The Pipe Plot, and which, it has been somewhat quaintly observed, did end, like most plots and seditions, in mere smoke.

But mark, O reader! the deplorable evils which did afterward result. The smoke of these villainous little pipes, continually ascending in a cloud about the nose, penetrated into and befogged the cerebellum, dried up all the kindly moisture of the brain, and rendered the people who used them as vaporish and testy as the governor himself. Nay, what is worse, from being goodly, burly, sleek-conditioned men, they became, like our Dutch yeomanry who smoke short pipes, a lantern-jawed, smoke-dried, leathern-hided race.

Nor was this all. From this fatal schism we may date the rise of parties in Nieuw Nederlandts. The rich burghers, who could afford to be lazy, adhered to the ancient fashion and were known as *Long Pipes*; while the lower order were branded with the plebeian name of *Short Pipes*.

PETER THE HEADSTRONG

PETER STUYVESANT was the last, and, like the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, the best, of our ancient Dutch governors, Wouter having surpassed all who preceded him, and Pieter or Piet, as he was sociably called by the old Dutch burghers, who were ever prone to familiarize names, having never been equalled by any successor. He was, in fact, the very man fitted by Nature to retrieve the desperate fortunes of her beloved province, had not the fates, those most potent and unrelenting of all ancient spinsters, destined them to inextricable confusion.

To say merely that he was a hero would be doing him great injustice: he was in truth a combination of heroes; for he was of a sturdy, raw-boned make like Ajax Telamon, with a pair of round shoulders that Hercules would have given his hide for (meaning his lion's hide) when he undertook to ease old Atlas of his load. He was, moreover, as Plutarch describes Coriolanus, not only terrible for the force of his arm, but likewise of his voice, which sounded as though it came out of a barrel; and, like the self-same warrior, he possessed a sovereign contempt for the sovereign people, and an iron aspect which was enough of itself to make the very bowels of his adversaries quake with terror and dismay. All this martial excellency of appearance was inexpres-

PETER STUYVESANT

sibly heightened by an accidental advantage with which I am surprised that neither Homer nor Virgil have graced any of their heroes. This was nothing less than a wooden leg, which was the only prize he had gained in bravely fighting the battles of his country, but of which he was so

proud that he was often heard to declare he valued it more than all his other limbs put together; indeed, so highly did he esteem it that he had it gallantly enchased and relieved with silver devices, which caused it to be related in divers histories and legends that he wore a silver leg.

Like that choleric warrior Achilles, he was somewhat subject to extempore bursts of passion, which were rather unpleasant to his favorites and attendants, whose perceptions he was apt to quicken, after the manner of his illustrious imitator, Peter the Great, by anointing their shoulders with his walking-staff.

He was, in fact, the very reverse of his predecessors, being neither tranquil and inert like Walter the Doubter, nor restless and fidgeting like William the Testy, but a man, or rather a governor, of such uncommon activity and decision of mind that he never sought nor accepted the advice of others, depending bravely upon his single head, as would a hero of yore upon his single arm, to carry him through all difficulties and dangers. To tell the simple truth, he wanted nothing more to complete him as a statesman than to think always right, for no one can say but that he always acted as he thought. He was never a man to flinch when he found himself in a scrape, but to dash forward through thick and thin, trusting by hook or by crook to make all things straight in the end. In a word, he possessed in an eminent degree that great quality in a statesman called perseverance by the polite, but nicknamed obstinacy by the vulgar. A

wonderful salve for official blunders, since he who perseveres in error without flinching gets the credit of boldness and consistency, while he who wavers in seeking to do what is right gets stigmatized as a trimmer. This much is certain—and it is a maxim well worthy the attention of all legislators great and small who stand shaking in the wind, irresolute which way to steer—that a ruler who follows his own will pleases himself, while he who seeks to satisfy the wishes and whims of others runs great risk of pleasing nobody. There is nothing, too, like putting down one's foot resolutely when in doubt, and letting things take their course. The clock that stands still points right twice in the four and twenty hours, while others may keep going continually and be continually going wrong.

Nor did this magnanimous quality escape the discernment of the good people of Nieuw Nederlandts; on the contrary, so much were they struck with the independent will and vigorous resolution displayed on all occasions by their new governor that they universally called him Hard-Koppig Piet, or Peter the Headstrong—a great compliment to the strength of his understanding.

THE BATTLE WITH THE SWEDES

NOW had the Dutchmen snatched a huge repast," and, finding themselves wonderfully encouraged and animated thereby, prepared to take the field. Expectation, says the writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript—expectation now stood on stilts. The world forgot to turn round, or rather stood still, that it might witness the affray, like a round-bellied alderman watching the combat of two chivalrous flies upon his jerkin. The eyes of all mankind, as usual in such cases, were turned upon Fort Christina. The sun, like a little man in a crowd at a puppet-show, scampered about the heavens, popping his head here and there, and endeavoring to get a peep between the unmannerly clouds that obtruded themselves in his way. The historians filled their inkhorns; the poets went without their dinners, either that they might buy paper and goose-quills or because they could not get anything to eat; Antiquity scowled sulkily out of its grave to see itself outdone, while even Posterity stood mute, gazing in gaping ecstasy of retrospection on the eventful field.

The immortal deities, who whilom had seen service at the "affair" of Troy, now mounted their feather-bed clouds and sailed over the plain, or mingled among the combatants in different disguises, all itching to have a finger in the pie. Jupiter sent off his thunderbolt to a noted cop-

persmith to have it furbished up for the direful occasion. The noted bully Mars stuck two horse-pistols into his belt, shouldered a rusty firelock, and gallantly swaggered at the elbow of the Swedes as a drunken corporal; while Apollo trudged in their rear as a bandy-legged fifer, playing most villainously out of tune.

On the other hand, the ox-eyed Juno, who had gained a pair of black eyes overnight in one of her curtain lectures with old Jupiter, displayed her haughty beauties on a baggage wagon; while Vulcan halted as a club-footed blacksmith lately promoted to be a captain of militia. All was silent awe or bustling preparation: War reared his horrid front, gnashed loud his iron fangs, and shook his direful crest of bristling bayonets.

And now the mighty chieftains marshalled out their hosts. Here stood stout Risingh, firm as a thousand rocks, incrusted with stockades, and intrenched to the chin in mud batteries. He was a gigantic Swede, who, had he not been rather knock-kneed and splay-footed, might have served for the model of a Samson or a Hercules. He was no less rapacious than mighty, and withal as crafty as he was rapacious, so that there is very little doubt that had he lived some four or five centuries since he would have figured as one of those wicked giants who took a cruel pleasure in pocketing beautiful princesses and distressed damsels when gadding about the world, and locking them up in enchanted castles without a toilet, a change of linen, or any other convenience; in consequence of which enormities

they fell under the high displeasure of chivalry, and all true, loyal, and gallant knights were instructed to attack and slay outright any miscreant they might happen to find above six feet high; which is doubtless one reason why the race of large men is nearly extinct, and the generations of latter ages are so exceedingly small. His valiant soldiery lined the breastworks in grim array, each having his mustachios fiercely greased and his hair pomatumed back, and queued so stiffly that he grinned above the ramparts like a grisly death's head.

There came on the intrepid Peter, his brows knit, his teeth set, his fists clinched, almost breathing forth volumes of smoke, so fierce was the fire that raged within his bosom. His faithful squire Van Corlear trudged valiantly at his heels, with his trumpet gorgeously bedecked with red and yellow ribbons, the remembrances of his fair mistress at the Manhattoes. Then came waddling on the sturdy chivalry of the Hudson. There were the Van Wycks, and the Van Dycks, and the Ten Eycks; the Van Nesses, the Van Tassels, the Van Grools, the Van Hoesens, the Van Giesons, and the Van Blarcoms; the Van Warts, the Van Winkles, the Van Dams; the Van Pelts, the Van Rippers and the Van Brunts. There were the Van Hornes, the Van Hooks, the Van Bunschotens; the Van Gelders, the Van Arsdales, and the Van Bummels; the Vander Belts, the Vander Hoofs and the Vander Voorts, the Vander Lyns, the Vander Pools and the Vander Spiegles. There came the Hoffmans,

the Hooghlands, the Hoppers, the Cloppers, the Ryckmans, the Dyckmans, the Hogebooms, the Rosebooms, the Oothouts, the Quackenbosses, the Roerbacks, the Garrebrantzes, the Bensons, the Brouwers, the Waldrons, the Onderdonks, the Varra Vangers, the Schermerhorns, the Stoutenburghs, the Brinkerhoffs, the Bontecous, the Knickerbockers, the Hockstrassers, the Ten Breecheses, and the Tough Breecheses, with a host more of worthies whose names are too crabbed to be written, or if they could be written it would be impossible for man to utter—all fortified with a mighty dinner, and, to use the words of a great Dutch poet:

"Brimful of wrath and cabbage."

For an instant the mighty Peter paused in the midst of his career, and, mounting on a stump, addressed his troops in eloquent Low Dutch, exhorting them to fight like *duyvels*, and assuring them that if they conquered they should get plenty of booty; if they fell they should be allowed the satisfaction, while dying, of reflecting that it was in the service of their country, and after they were dead of seeing their names inscribed in the temple of renown, and handed down, in company with all the other great men of the year, for the admiration of posterity. Finally, he swore to them, on the word of a governor (and they knew him too well to doubt it for a moment), that if he caught any mother's son of them looking pale or playing craven, he would curry his hide till he made him run out of

it like a snake in spring-time. Then, lugging out his trusty saber, he brandished it three times over his head, ordered Van Corlear to sound the charge, and, shouting the words, "Saint Nicholas and the Manhattoes!" courageously dashed forward. His warlike followers, who had employed the interval in lighting their pipes, instantly stuck them into their mouths, gave a furious puff, and charged gallantly under cover of the smoke.

The Swedish garrison, ordered by the cunning Risingh not to fire until they could distinguish the whites of their assailants' eyes, stood in horrid silence on the covert-way until the eager Dutchmen had ascended the glacis. Then did they pour into them such a tremendous volley that the very hills quaked around, and certain springs burst forth from their sides which continue to run unto the present day. Not a Dutchman but would have bitten the dust beneath that dreadful fire had not the protecting Minerva kindly taken care that the Swedes should, one and all, observe their usual custom of shutting their eyes and turning away their heads at the moment of discharge.

The Swedes followed up their fire by leaping the counterscarp and falling tooth and nail upon the foe with furious outcries. And now might be seen prodigies of valor unmatched in history or song. Here was the sturdy Stuffel Brinkerhoff brandishing his quarter-staff, like the giant Blanderon his oak tree (for he scorned to carry any other weapon), and drumming a horrific

tune upon the hard heads of the Swedish soldiery. There were the Van Kortlandts, posted at a distance, like the Locrian archers of yore, and plying it most potently with the long-bow, for which they were so justly renowned. On a rising knoll were gathered the valiant men of Sing-Sing, assisting marvelously in the fight by chanting the great song of Saint Nicholas; but as to the Gardeniers of Hudson, they were absent on a marauding-party, laying waste the neighboring watermelon-patches.

In a different part of the field were the Van Grolls of Antony's nose, struggling to get to the thickest of the fight, but horribly perplexed in a defile between two hills by reason of the length of their noses. So also the Van Bunschotens of Nyack and Kakiat, so renowned for kicking with the left foot, were brought to a stand for want of wind in consequence of the hearty dinner they had eaten and would have been put to utter rout, but for the arrival of a gallant corps of voltigeurs, composed of the Hoppers, who advanced nimbly to their assistance on one foot. Nor must I omit to mention the valiant achievements of Antony Van Corlear, who for a good quarter of an hour waged stubborn fight with a little pursy Swedish drummer, whose hide he drummed most magnificently, and whom he would infallibly have annihilated on the spot but that he had come into the battle with no other weapon but his trumpet.

But now the combat thickened. On came the mighty Jacobus Varra Vanger and the fighting men of the Wallabout; after them thundered the

Van Pelts of Esopus, together with the Van Rippers and the Van Brunts, bearing down all before them; then the Suy Dams and the Van Dams, pressing forward with many a blustering oath at the head of the warriors of Hell-Gate, clad in their thunder-and-lightning gaberdines; and lastly the standard-bearers and body-guards of Peter Stuyvesant, bearing the great beaver of the Manhattoes.

And now commenced the horrid din, the desperate struggle, the maddening ferocity, the frantic desperation, the confusion and self-abandonment of war. Dutchman and Swede, commingled, tugged, panted, and blowed. The heavens were darkened with a tempest of missiles. Bang! went the guns—whack! went the broad-swords—thump! went the cudgels—crash! went the musket-stocks—blows, kicks, cuffs, scratches, black eyes, and bloody noses swelling the horrors of the scene! Thick thwack, cut and hack, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy, hurly-burly, head over heels, rough and tumble! Dunder and blixum! swore the Dutchmen; splitter and splutter! cried the Swedes; storm the works! shouted Hardkoppig Pieter; fire the mine! roared stout Risingh; tanta-ra-ra-ra! twanged the trumpet of Antony Van Corlear—until all voice and sound became unintelligible, grunts of pain, yells of fury, and shouts of triumph mingling in one hideous clamor. The earth shook as if struck with a paralytic stroke—trees shrunk aghast and withered at the sight—rocks burrowed in the ground like rabbits—and even Christina Creek

turned from its course and ran up a hill in breathless terror!

Long hung the contest doubtful, for though a heavy shower of rain, sent by the "cloud-compelling Jove," in some measure cooled their ardor, as doth a bucket of water thrown on a group of fighting mastiffs, yet did they but pause for a moment, to return with tenfold fury to the charge. Just at this juncture a vast and dense column of smoke was seen slowly rolling toward the scene of battle. The combatants paused for a moment, gazing in mute astonishment, until the wind, dispelling the murky cloud, revealed the flaunting banner of Michael Paw, the patroon of Communipaw. That valiant chieftain came fearlessly on at the head of a phalanx of oyster-fed Pavonians and a corps de reserve of the Van Arsdales and Van Bummels, who had remained behind to digest the enormous dinner they had eaten. These now trudged manfully forward, smoking their pipes with outrageous vigor, so as to raise the awful cloud that has been mentioned; but marching exceedingly slow, being short of leg and of great rotundity in the belt.

And now the deities who watched over the fortunes of the Nederlandters having unthinkingly left the field and stepped into a neighboring tavern to refresh themselves with a pot of beer, a direful catastrophe had well-nigh ensued. Scarce had the myrmidons of Michael Paw attained the front of battle, when the Swedes, instructed by the cunning Risingh, levelled a shower of blows full at their tobacco-pipes.

Astounded at this assault and dismayed at the havoc of their pipes, these ponderous warriors gave way and like a drove of frightened elephants broke through the ranks of their own army. The little Hoppers were borne down in the surge; the sacred banner emblazoned with the gigantic oyster of Communipaw was trampled in the dirt; on blundered and thundered the heavy-sterned fugitives, the Swedes pressing on their rear and applying their feet *a parte poste* of the Van Arsdales and the Van Bummels with a vigor that prodigiously accelerated their movements, nor did the renowned Michael Paw himself fail to receive divers grievous and dishonorable visitations of shoe-leather.

But what, O Muse! was the rage of Peter Stuyvesant when from afar he saw his army giving way! In the transports of his wrath he sent forth a roar enough to shake the very hills. The men of the Manhattoes plucked up new courage at the sound, or, rather, they rallied at the voice of their leader, of whom they stood more in awe than of all the Swedes in Christendom. Without waiting for their aid the daring Peter dashed, sword in hand, into the thickest of the foe. Then might be seen achievements worthy of the days of the giants. Wherever he went the enemy shrank before him; the Swedes fled to right and left or were driven, like dogs, into their own ditch; but as he pushed forward singly with headlong courage the foe closed behind and hung upon his rear. One aimed a blow full at his heart; but the protecting

power which watches over the great and good turned aside the hostile blade and directed it to a side-pocket, where reposed an enormous iron tobacco-box, endowed, like the shield of Achilles, with supernatural powers, doubtless from bearing the portrait of the blessed Saint Nicholas. Peter Stuyvesant turned like an angry bear upon the foe, and seizing him as he fled by an immeasurable queue, "Ah, caterpillar!" roared he, "here's what shall make worm's meat of thee!" So saying, he whirled his sword and dealt a blow that would have decapitated the varlet, but that the pitying steel struck short and shaved the queue forever from his crown. At this moment an arquebusier levelled his piece from a neighboring mound with deadly aim; but the watchful Minerva, who had just stopped to tie up her garter, seeing the peril of her favorite hero, sent old Boreas with his bellows, who as the match descended to the pan gave a blast that blew the priming from the touch-hole.

Thus waged the fight, when the stout Risingh, surveying the field from the top of a little ravelin, perceived his troops banged, beaten, and kicked by the invincible Peter. Drawing his falchion and uttering a thousand anathemas, he strode down to the scene of combat with some such thundering strides as Jupiter is said by Hesiod to have taken when he strode down the spheres to hurl his thunderbolts at the Titans.

When the rival heroes came face to face each made a prodigious start in the style of a veteran

stage champion. Then did they regard each other for a moment with the bitter aspect of two furious tom-cats on the point of a clapper-clawing. Then did they throw themselves into one attitude, then into another, striking their swords on the ground first on the right side, then on the left; at last at it they went with incredible ferocity. Words cannot tell the prodigies of strength and valor displayed in this direful encounter—an encounter compared to which the far-famed battles of Ajax with Hector, of Æneas with Turnus, Orlando with Rodomont, Guy of Warwick with Colbrand the Dane, or of that renowned Welsh knight Sir Owen of the mountains with the giant Guylon, were all gentle sports and holiday recreations. At length the valiant Peter, watching his opportunity, aimed a blow, enough to cleave his adversary to the very chine; but Risingh nimbly raising his sword, warded it off so narrowly that glancing on one side, it shaved away a huge canteen in which he carried his liquor; thence, pursuing its trenchant course, it severed off a deep coat-pocket stored with bread and cheese; which provant, rolling among the armies, occasioned a fearful scrambling between the Swedes and Dutchmen, and made the general battle to wax ten times more furious than ever.

Enraged to see his military stores laid waste, the stout Risingh, collecting all his forces, aimed a mighty blow full at the hero's crest. In vain did his fierce little cocked hat oppose its course. The biting steel clove through the stubborn ram

beaver, and would have cracked the crown of any one not endowed with supernatural hardness of head; but the brittle weapon shivered in pieces on the skull of Hardkoppig Piet, shedding a thousand sparks like beams of glory round his grizzly visage.

The good Peter reeled with the blow, and, turning up his eyes, beheld a thousand suns, beside moons and stars, dancing about the firmament. At length, missing his footing by reason of his wooden leg, down he came on his seat of honor with a crash which shook the surrounding hills, and might have wrecked his frame had he not been received into a cushion softer than velvet which Providence or Minerva or Saint Nicholas had benevolently prepared for his reception.

The furious Risingh, in despite of the maxim, cherished by all true knights, that "fair play is a jewel," hastened to take advantage of the hero's fall; but as he stooped to give a fatal blow, Peter Stuyvesant dealt him a thwack over the sconce with his wooden leg, which set a chime of bells ringing triple bobmajors in his cerebellum. The bewildered Swede staggered with the blow, and the wary Peter, seizing a pocket-pistol which lay hard by, discharged it full at the head of the reeling Risingh. Let not my reader mistake: it was not a murderous weapon loaded with powder and ball, but a little sturdy stone pottle charged to the muzzle with a double dram of true Dutch courage, which the knowing Antony Van Corlear carried about him by way of replenishing his

valor, and which had dropped from his wallet during his furious encounter with the drummer. The hideous weapon sang through the air, and true to its course as was the fragment of a rock discharged at Hector by bully Ajax, encountered the head of the gigantic Swede with matchless violence.

This heaven-directed blow decided the battle. The ponderous pericranium of General Jan Risingh sank upon his breast, his knees tottered under him, a death-like torpor seized upon his frame, and he tumbled to the earth with such violence that old Pluto started with affright, lest he should have broken through the roof of his infernal palace.

His fall was the signal of defeat and victory: the Swedes gave way, the Dutch pressed forward; the former took to their heels, the latter hotly pursued. Some entered with them, pell-mell, through the sally-port; others stormed the bastion, and others scrambled over the curtain. Thus in a little while the fortress of Fort Christina, which, like another Troy, had stood a siege of full ten hours, was carried by assault without the loss of a single man on either side. Victory, in the likeness of a gigantic ox-fly, sat perched upon the cocked hat of the gallant Stuyvesant, and it was declared by all the writers whom he hired to write the history of his expedition that on this memorable day he gained a sufficient quantity of glory to immortalize a dozen of the greatest heroes in Christendom!

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

ROBERT SOUTHEY

NOTE,—The great naval hero of England is Horatio, Viscount Nelson, who was born in September, 1758, in a country village of Norfolk. Under the guardianship of his uncle, Captain Suckling, he entered the navy as a midshipman when he was but twelve years old, and he was promoted rapidly. By the time war broke out with France in 1793 he had risen so high that he was made commander of the sixty-four gun ship *Agamemnon.* He took part in the sieges at Bastia and at Calvi, and in the latter engagement he lost his right eye.

In 1797 he was made rear-admiral, and he received other honors in that year for his conspicuous gallantry in the great battle of Cape Saint Vincent. In an unsuccessful attack on Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe, Nelson lost his right arm. The first of his very great achievements was the destruction of the French fleet in the Battle of Aboukir Bay, in 1798; the last was the famous Battle of Trafalgar, the account of which we quote from Southey's *Life of Nelson.*

Nelson had been made, in 1803, Commander in Chief of the Mediterranean fleet, and on his flagship *Victory* had spent two years watching the French and hampering their movements. He prevented Napoleon from invading England.

T Portsmouth, Nelson, at length, found news of the combined fleet. Sir Robert Calder, who had been sent out to intercept their return, had fallen in with them on the 22nd of July, sixty leagues west of Cape Finisterre. Their force consisted of twenty sail of the line, three fifty-gun ships, five frigates, and two brigs: his, of fifteen line of battle ships, two frigates, a cutter, and a lugger. After an action of four hours he had captured an 84 and a 74, and then thought it necessary to bring-to the squadron, for the purpose of securing their prizes. The hostile fleets remained in sight of each other till the 26th, when the enemy bore away.

The capture of two ships from so superior a force, would have been considered as no inconsiderable victory a few years earlier; but Nelson had introduced a new era in our naval history, and the nation felt, respecting this action, as he had felt on a somewhat similar occasion. They regretted that Nelson, with his eleven ships, had not been in Sir Robert Calder's place; and their disappointment was generally and loudly expressed.

Frustrated as his own hopes had been, Nelson had yet the high satisfaction of knowing that his judgment had never been more conspicuously approved, and that he had rendered essential service to his country by driving the enemy from those islands, where they expected there could be no force capable of opposing them. The

West India merchants in London, as men whose interests were more immediately benefited, appointed a deputation to express their thanks for his great and judicious exertions. It was now his intention to rest awhile from his labours, and recruit himself, after all his fatigues and cares, in the society of those whom he loved. All his stores were brought up from the *Victory;* and he found in his house at Merton the enjoyment which he had anticipated.

Many days had not elapsed before Captain Blackwood, on his way to London with despatches, called on him at five in the morning. Nelson, who was already dressed, exclaimed, the moment he saw him: "I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets! I think I shall yet have to beat them!"

They had refitted at Vigo, after the indecisive action with Sir Robert Calder; then proceeded to Ferrol, brought out the squadron from thence, and with it entered Cadiz in safety.

"Depend on it, Blackwood," he said, "I shall give M. Villeneuve a drubbing."

But, when Blackwood had left him, he wanted resolution to declare his wishes to Lady Hamilton and his sisters, and endeavored to drive away the thought. "I have done enough," he said; "let the man trudge it who has lost his budget."

His countenance belied his lips; and as he was pacing one of the walks in the garden, which he used to call the quarter-deck, Lady Hamilton came up to him, and told him she saw he was uneasy.

LADY HAMILTON CAME UP TO HIM

He smiled and said: "No, I am as happy as possible; I am surrounded by my family; my health is better since I have been on shore, and I would not give sixpence to call the king my uncle!"

She replied, that she did not believe him,—that she knew he was longing to get at the combined fleets,—that he considered them as his own prop-

erty—that he would be miserable if any man but himself did the business, and that he ought to have them, as the price and reward of his two years' long watching, and his hard chase.

"Nelson," said she, "however we may lament your absence, offer your services; they will be accepted, and you will gain a quiet heart by it: you will have a glorious victory, and then you may return here and be happy." He looked at her with tears in his eyes—"Brave Emma! Good Emma!—If there were more Emmas there would be more Nelsons."

His services were as willingly accepted as they were offered; and Lord Barham, giving him the list of the navy, desired him to choose his own officers.

"Choose yourself, my lord," was his reply: "the same spirit actuates the whole profession: you cannot choose wrong."

Lord Barham then desired him to say what ships, and how many, he would wish, in addition to the fleet which he was going to command, and said they should follow him as soon as each was ready.

No appointment was ever more in unison with the feelings and judgment of the whole nation. They, like Lady Hamilton, thought that the destruction of the combined fleets ought properly to be Nelson's work: that he, who had been

> "Half around the sea-girt ball,
> The hunter of the recreant Gaul,"

ought to reap the spoils of the chase, which he had watched so long, and so perseveringly pursued.

Unremitting exertions were made to equip the ships which he had chosen, and especially to refit the *Victory*, which was once more to bear his flag.

Before he left London he called at his upholsterer's, where the coffin, which Captain Hallowell had given him, was deposited; and desired that its history might be engraven upon the lid, saying, it was highly probable that he might want it on his return. He seemed, indeed, to have been impressed with an expectation that he should fall in the battle. In a letter to his brother, written immediately after his return, he had said: "We must not talk of Sir Robert Calder's battle—I might not have done so much with my small force. If I had fallen in with them, you might probably have been a lord before I wished; for I know they meant to make a dead set at the *Victory*."

Nelson had once regarded the prospect of death with gloomy satisfaction: it was when he anticipated the upbraidings of his wife, and the displeasure of his venerable father. The state of his feelings now was expressed, in his private journal, in these words:

"Friday night (Sept. 13), at half-past ten, I drove from dear, dear Merton, where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go to serve my king and country. May the great God, whom I adore, enable me to fulfil the expectations of my

country! and, if it is His good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the throne of His mercy. If it is His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission; relying that He will protect those so dear to me, whom I may leave behind! His will be done! Amen! Amen! Amen!"

Early on the following morning he reached Portsmouth; and, having despatched his business on shore, endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a by-way to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward to obtain a sight of his face;—many were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that, with perfect and entire devotion, he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and, therefore, they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England. They pressed upon the parapet to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he was returning their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels, who endeavoured to prevent them from trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd; and an officer, who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets,

was compelled speedily to retreat; for the people would not be debarred from gazing, till the last moment, upon the hero, the darling hero of England.

He arrived off Cadiz on the 29th of September,—his birthday. Fearing that, if the enemy knew his force, they might be deterred from venturing to sea, he kept out of sight of land, desired Collingwood to fire no salute and hoist no colours, and wrote to Gibraltar, to request that the force of the fleet might not be inserted there in the *Gazette*. His reception in the Mediterranean fleet was as gratifying as the farewell of his countrymen at Portsmouth: the officers, who came on board to welcome him, forgot his rank as commander, in their joy at seeing him again.

On the day of his arrival, Villeneuve received orders to put to sea the first opportunity. Villeneuve, however, hesitated when he heard that Nelson had resumed the command. He called a council of war; and their determination was, that it would not be expedient to leave Cadiz, unless they had reason to believe themselves stronger by one-third than the British force.

In the public measures of this country secrecy is seldom practicable, and seldom attempted: here, however, by the precautions of Nelson and the wise measures of the Admiralty, the enemy were for once kept in ignorance; for, as the ships appointed to reinforce the Mediterranean fleet were despatched singly—each as soon as it was ready—their collected number

was not stated in the newspapers, and their arrival was not known to the enemy. But the enemy knew that Admiral Louis, with six sail, had been detached for stores and water to Gibraltar. Accident also contributed to make the French admiral doubt whether Nelson himself had actually taken the command. An American, lately arrived from England, maintained that it was impossible, for he had seen him only a few days before in London, and, at that time, there was no rumour of his going again to sea.

The station which Nelson had chosen was some fifty or sixty miles to the west of Cadiz, near Cape Saint Mary's. At this distance he hoped to decoy the enemy out, while he guarded against the danger of being caught with a westerly wind near Cadiz, and driven within the Straits. The blockade of the port was rigorously enforced; in hopes that the combined fleet might be forced to sea by want.

There was now every indication that the enemy would speedily venture out: officers and men were in the highest spirits at the prospect of giving them a decisive blow, such, indeed, as would put an end to all further contest upon the seas. Theatrical amusements were performed every evening in most of the ships, and *God Save the King* was the hymn with which the sports concluded.

"I verily believe," said Nelson (writing on the 6th of October), "that the country will soon be put to some expense on my account; either a

monument, or a new pension and honours; for I have not the smallest doubt but that a very few days, almost hours, will put us in battle. The success no man can ensure; but for the fighting them, if they can be got at, I pledge myself.—The sooner the better; I don't like to have these things upon my mind."

At this time he was not without some cause of anxiety: he was in want of frigates—the eyes of the fleet—as he always called them—to the want of which, the enemy before were indebted for their escape, and Bonaparte for his arrival in Egypt. He had only twenty-three ships—others were on the way—but they might come too late; and, though Nelson never doubted of victory, mere victory was not what he looked to—he wanted to annihilate the enemy's fleet. The Carthagena squadron might effect a junction with this fleet on the one side; and, on the other, it was to be expected that a similar attempt would be made by the French from Brest;—in either case, a formidable contingency to be apprehended by the blockading force. The Rochefort squadron did push out, and had nearly caught the *Agamemnon* and *l'Aimable*, in their way to reinforce the British admiral. Yet Nelson at this time weakened his own fleet. He had the unpleasant task to perform of sending home Sir Robert Calder, whose conduct was to be made the subject of a court-martial, in consequence of the general dissatisfaction which had been felt and expressed at his imperfect victory.

On the 9th Nelson sent Collingwood what he

called, in his diary, the Nelson-touch. "I send you," said he, "my plan of attack, as far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in: but it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll, have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view, that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you; and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend Nelson and Bronté."

The order of sailing was to be the order of battle: the fleet in two lines, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest sailing two-deckers. The second in command, having the entire direction of his line, was to break through the enemy, about the twelfth ship from their rear: he would lead through the centre, and the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four ahead of the centre. This plan was to be adapted to the strength of the enemy, so that they should always be one-fourth superior to those whom they cut off.

Nelson said, "My admirals and captains, knowing my precise object to be that of a close and decisive action, will supply any deficiency of signals, and act accordingly. In case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy."

One of the last orders of this admirable man was, that the name and family of every officer, seaman, and marine, who might be killed or wounded in action, should be, as soon as possible, returned to him, in order to be transmitted to the chairman of the Patriotic Fund, that the case might be taken into consideration, for the benefit of the sufferer or his family.

About half-past nine in the morning of the 19th, the *Mars*, being the nearest to the fleet of the ships which formed the line of communication with the frigates in shore, repeated the signal that the enemy were coming out of port. The wind was at this time very light, with partial breezes, mostly from the S.S.W. Nelson ordered the signal to be made for a chase in the southeast quarter. About two, the repeating ships announced that the enemy were at sea.

All night the British fleet continued under all sail, steering to the southeast. At daybreak they were in the entrance of the Straits, but the enemy was not in sight. About seven, one of the frigates made signal that the enemy were bearing north. Upon this the *Victory* hove to; and shortly afterwards Nelson made sail again to the northward. In the afternoon the wind blew fresh from the southwest, and the English began to fear that the foe might be forced to return to port. A little before sunset, however, Blackwood, in the *Euryalus*, telegraphed that they appeared determined to go to the westward,—"And that," said the admiral in his

diary, "they shall not do, if it is in the power of Nelson and Bronté to prevent them."

Nelson had signified to Blackwood, that he depended upon him to keep sight of the enemy. They were observed so well, that all their motions were made known to him; and, as they wore twice, he inferred that they were aiming to keep the port of Cadiz open, and would retreat there as soon as they saw the British fleet: for this reason he was very careful not to approach near enough to be seen by them during the night.

At daybreak the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the *Victory's* deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates; theirs of thirty-three, and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size, and weight of metal, than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships. Little did the Tyrolese, and little did the Spaniards, at that day, imagine what horrors the wicked tyrant whom they served was preparing for their country!

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family; because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought,* with two other line of battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson,

with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified.

The wind was now from the west,—light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines; and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee-line of thirteen ships; the *Victory* led the weather-line of fourteen.

Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote this prayer:—

"May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

Blackwood went on board the *Victory* about six. He found Nelson in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen; he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked

for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done: and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman; worthy of serving a better master and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived, and as original, as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern.

Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty."

Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made,

which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory, of England shall endure—Nelson's last signal:—

"*England expects every man to do his duty!*"

It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy, were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars: but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honour I gained them," he had said when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not

have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure, from speaking to him himself upon a subject in which the weal of England as well as the life of Nelson was concerned, but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity.

This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood, and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible; and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Temeraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged; for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders.

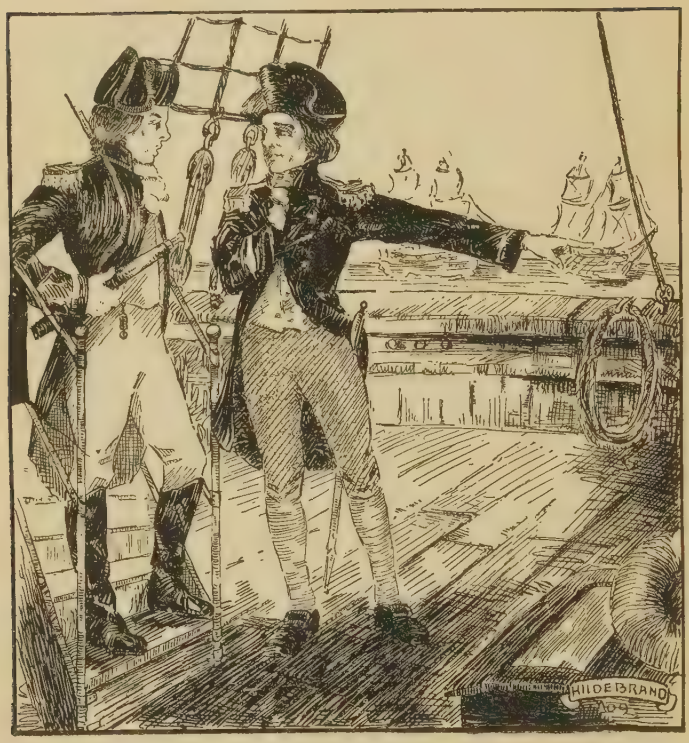
A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz: our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the southwest. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy; and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendour of the spectacle; and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other, what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!

The French admiral, from the *Bucentaure*, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing, Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line; and, pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed, that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness.

Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across her bows, fired single guns at her, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood, and Captain Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates; and, on their way, to tell all the captains of the line of battle ships that he depended on their exertions; and that, if by the prescribed mode of attack they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy.

As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying, he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied: "God bless you, Blackwood! I shall never see you again."

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz: the lee-line, therefore, was first engaged.



"SEE," CRIED NELSON

"See," cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Anna*, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side: "see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!"

Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain,

and exclaimed, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!"

Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude, for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the *Victory* to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his captain was and was told, in reply, that they were not upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said Nelson;—"good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham; led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and said, "Look, yonder are the enemy! Shake hands like Englishmen."

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory*, till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-topgallant-sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them.

Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colors till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason, the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks; and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered.

Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell: he was killed by a

cannon-shot, while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair, of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott; but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!"

Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them: upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together.

A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other, each supposing the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun: fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-topmast, with all her studding sails and their booms, shot away. Nelson declared that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion.

At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships: Hardy informed him of this, and asked which he would prefer.

Nelson replied: "Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much."

The master was then ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside; then instantly let down her lower-deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice, not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander, now and then, be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

Captain Harvey, in the *Temeraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the *Temeraire:* so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory*, seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through, and injure the *Temeraire.* And because there was danger that the *Redoubtable* might take fire from the lower-deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun

was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad.*

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an

THE *VICTORY*

example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact.

From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder,—about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was cov-

"THEY HAVE DONE FOR ME AT LAST."

ered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he.

"I hope not!" cried Hardy.

"Yes," he replied; "my backbone is shot through."

Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately:—then, that he might not be

seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.—Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood which he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful: "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me."

All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade, to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed, and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no

one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He surely is dead!"

An hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence: Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful, and yet sublimest moment.

"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"

"Very well," replied Hardy. "Ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships struck."

Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that."

Then and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself.

"I am a dead man, Hardy," he said; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so."

Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my

breast"—putting his hand to his left side—"which tells me so."

And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great that I wish I was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!"

Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him upon having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly—but fourteen or fifteen of them at least.

"That's well," cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy; anchor."

Hardy upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs.

"Not while I live, Hardy!" said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed; "do you anchor."

His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise.

Then, reverting to his private feelings: "Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek: and Nelson said, "Now I am

satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty."

Hardy stood over him in silence for a minute or two; then knelt again, and kissed his forehead.

"Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him forever.

Nelson now desired to be turned on his right side, and said: "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone."

Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to his chaplain: "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he had repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded, above fifty of the *Victory's* men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part, were not idle; and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizzen-top of the *Redoubtable*. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound: he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quartermaster had seen him fire; and easily recognized him, because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quartermaster, and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left on the *Victory's* poop; the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with

cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quartermaster, as he cried out, "That's he, that's he," and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth, and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired, at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizzen-top, and found him dead; with one ball through his head, and another through his breast.

The *Redoubtable* struck within twenty minutes after the fatal shot had been fired from her. During that time she had been twice on fire,—in her fore-chains and in her forecastle. The French, as they had done in other battles, made use, in this, of fireballs and other combustibles —implements of destruction which other nations, from a sense of honour and humanity, have laid aside—which add to the sufferings of the wounded, without determining the issue of the combat—which none but the cruel would employ, and which never can be successful against the brave.

Once they succeeded in setting fire, from the *Redoubtable*, to some ropes and canvas on the *Victory's* booms. The cry ran through the ship, and reached the cockpit; but even this dreadful cry produced no confusion: the men displayed that perfect self-possession in danger by which English seamen are characterized; they extinguished the flames on board their own ship, and

then hastened to extinguish them in the enemy, by throwing buckets of water from the gangway. When the *Redoubtable* had struck, it was not practicable to board her from the *Victory*; for, though the two ships touched, the upper works of both fell in so much, that there was a great space between their gangways; and she could not be boarded from the lower or middle decks, because her ports were down. Some of our men went to Lieutenant Quilliam, and offered to swim under her bows and get up there; but it was thought unfit to hazard brave lives in this manner.

What our men would have done from gallantry, some of the crew of the *Santissima Trinidad* did to save themselves. Unable to stand the tremendous fire of the *Victory*, whose larboard guns played against this great four-decker, and not knowing how else to escape them, nor where else to betake themselves for protection, many of them leapt overboard, and swam to the *Victory*; and were actually helped up her sides by the English during the action.

The Spaniards began the battle with less vivacity than their unworthy allies, but they continued it with greater firmness. The *Argonauta* and *Bahama* were defended till they had each lost about four hundred men; the *San Juan Nepomuceno* lost three hundred and fifty. Often as the superiority of British courage has been proved against France upon the sea, it was never more conspicuous than in this decisive conflict. Five of our ships were engaged muzzle to muzzle

with five of the French. In all five the Frenchmen lowered their lower-deck ports, and deserted their guns; while our men continued deliberately to load and fire, till they had made the victory secure.

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that he were dead; but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer; doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation—that joy—that triumph was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive; and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired.

The total British loss in the battle of Trafalgar amounted to 1,587. Twenty of the enemy struck,—unhappily the fleet did not anchor, as Nelson, almost with his dying breath, had enjoined,—a gale came on from the southwest; some of the prizes went down, some went on shore; one effected its escape into Cadiz; others were destroyed; four only were saved, and those by the greatest exertions. The wounded Spaniards were sent ashore, an assurance being given that they should not serve till regularly exchanged; and the Spaniards, with a generous feeling, which would not, perhaps, have been found in any other people, offered the use of their hospitals for our wounded, pledging the honour of Spain that they should be carefully attended there. When the storm after the action drove

some of the prizes upon the coast, they declared that the English, who were thus thrown into their hands, should not be considered as prisoners of war; and the Spanish soldiers gave up their own beds to their shipwrecked enemies. The Spanish vice-admiral, Alava, died of his wounds. Villeneuve was sent to England, and permitted to return to France.

It is almost superfluous to add that all the honours which a grateful country could bestow were heaped upon the memory of Nelson. A public funeral was decreed, and a public monument. Statues and monuments also were voted by most of our principal cities. The leaden coffin, in which he was brought home, was cut in pieces, which were distributed as relics of Saint Nelson,—so the gunner of the *Victory* called them,—and when, at his interment, his flag was about to be lowered into the grave, the sailors who had assisted at the ceremony, with one accord rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while he lived.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero —the greatest of our own, and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of

grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the Battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end; the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated.

CASABIANCA

FELICIA HEMANS

NOTE,—Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son of the Admiral of the *Orient*, remained at his post (in the Battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childlike form.

The flames rolled on; he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
If yet my task be done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound;
The boy,—Oh! where was *he*?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,—

With shroud and mast and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part,—
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Little Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow;
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses, "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds:
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

LITTLE ELLIE SITS ALONE

"And the steed shall be red roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath.
And the lute[1] he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure;[2]
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward, and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace!'

"Then, aye, then shall he kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

1. It would seem strange to us now if a soldier rode about playing upon a lute; but in the old days of chivalry about which little Ellie had been reading, it was looked upon as almost necessary for a knight to be able to play and sing sweet songs to his lady.

2. The saddle-cloth or housing of the medieval knights was sometimes very large and gorgeous.

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say:
Nathless[3] maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter, and dissemble—
'Light to-morrow with to-day!'

"Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong,
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot page
Swim the stream, and climb the mountain,
And kneel down beside my feet:
'Lo! my master sends this gage,[4]
Lady, for thy pity's counting.
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon—[5]
And the second time, a glove;
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride, and answer—'Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

3. *Nathless* is an old word meaning *nevertheless*. Mrs. Browning uses an occasional old word, in order to give the atmosphere of the tales of chivalry.

4. The *gage* was a cap or glove, or some other symbol to show that he had performed the deeds which Ellie had demanded of him.

5. *Guerdon* means *reward*.

"Then the young foot page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master,—
But, O Love, I love but *thee*!'". . .

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops, and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds!

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not; but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds.

Mrs. Browning tells us very little of Ellie directly, yet she leaves us with a charming picture of an innocent, imaginative, romantic child. Ellie has been reading or listening to tales of knight-errantry, and her mind is full of them,

so that the "sweetest pleasure . . . for her future" is a lover riding straight out of one of the romances. That she is only a child, with a child's ideas, we may see from the fact that she can think, in her simplicity, of no greater reward for her noble lover than a sight of the swan's nest among the reeds, of which she alone knows.

Mrs. Browning had a purpose in writing this little story in verse; she wanted to show us how suddenly and how rudely unpleasant facts can break in upon our dreams. Ellie could never show her lover the swan's nest, as she had planned; and we are left with the feeling that she never found the lover of whom she dreamed —that all of her dream proved as false as the beautiful thought about the swan's nest.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

ROBERT BURNS

NOTE,—There are many homes we like to visit in imagination, even if we cannot really go into them. It does not matter so much if they are not the homes of people in our own country who live as we do. For instance, Robert Burns described so well for us once the simple little home of a poor Scotch farmer that we read his words again and again with pleasure. It is such a poor little place, low-walled, thatched-roofed, part stable, that it would be unpleasant to us if we did not see it full of the spirit that makes true homes everywhere. The hard-working old farmer, his faithful wife, their industrious children, the oldest girl Jenny and her lover, all seem to us like very real people, whose joys and griefs are ours as much as theirs. We should like to sit with them at their humble table, to join in the good old hymns, and finally to kneel among them while the gentle old man said the evening prayer. We would not notice their homely clothes, coarse hands, and simple, unscholarly language, for their real manliness and womanliness would win our esteem and love.

On the pages that follow we have printed the poem as Burns wrote it, except for some few stanzas it has seemed best to omit. The first nine stanzas contain many Scottish words and expressions, but after the ninth stanza, Burns

uses plain English. It was a habit he had of writing sometimes in Scotch dialect and sometimes in fine English. People who have studied his work say that when he speaks right from his heart and because he really cannot help writing, he uses the dialect, but when he tries to teach a lesson, to advise any one, or to moralize, he always uses the English phraseology.

I

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh:[1]
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae[2] the pleugh;[3]
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil[4] is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks,[5] and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

II

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree:
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher[6] thro'

1. *Sugh* means a hollow, roaring sound. It is our word *sough*.
2. *Frae* is the Scotch word meaning *from*.
3. *Pleugh* means *plow*.
4. *Moil* is a Scotch word meaning *drudgery*.
5. A mattock is a two-bladed instrument for digging.
6. *Stacher* is the Scotch form of *stagger*.

TH' EXPECTANT WEE-THINGS

To meet their dad, wi' flichterin'[7] noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking[8] cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

7. *Flichtering* means *fluttering.*
8. *Carking* is *trying.*

III

Belyve,[9] the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca'[10] the pleugh, some herd, some tentie[11] rin
A cannie[12] errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparklin' in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw[13] new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won[14] penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

IV

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:[15]
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet:
Each tells the uncos[16] that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;[17]
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

9. *Belyve* means *soon.*
10. *Ca'* means *drive.*
11. *Tentie* means *carefully.*
12. *Cannie* means here *prudent,* or *trusty.*
13. *Braw* is *fine, gay.*
14. *Sair-won* is *hard-earned.*
15. *Spiers* means *enquires.*
16. The *uncos* is the *news.*
17. This line means *Makes old clothes look almost as well as new ones.*

V

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers[18] a' are warned to obey:
"An' mind their labours wi' an eydent[19] hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk[20] or play:
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain, that sought the Lord aright!"

VI

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam' o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.[21]
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e,[22] and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins[23] is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae[24] wild, worthless rake.

18. The *younkers* are the *youngsters*.
19. *Eydent* is *diligent*.
20. To *jauk* is to *trifle*.
21. *Hame* is the Scotch form of our word *home*.
22. *E'e* is a contraction for *eye*.
23. *Hafflins* means *partly*.
24. *Nae* means *no*.

VII

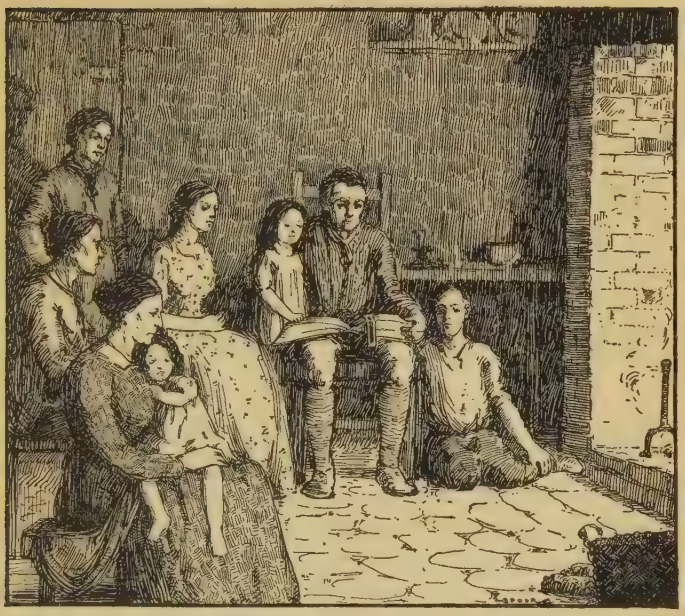
Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben:[25]
A strappin' youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;[26]
The father cracks[27] of horses, pleughs, and kye.[28]
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate[29] and laithfu',[30] scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae[31] bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.[32]

VIII

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch,[33] chief o' Scotia's food:
The sowpe[34] their only Hawkie[35] does afford,
That 'yont the hallan[36] snugly chows her cood;[37]

25. *Ben* means *into the room.*
26. That is, *the visit is not unwelcome.*
27. *Cracks* is a Scotch word meaning *chats.*
28. *Kye* are *cattle.*
29. *Blate* means *modest.*
30. *Laithfu'* is *bashful.*
31. *Sae* is the Scotch form of *so.*
32. *The lave* is *the others;* that is, the neighbors' girls.
33. The *halesome parritch* is the *wholesome porridge* of oatmeal.
34. *Sowpe* here means a little quantity of milk.
35. *Hawkie* is a *white-faced cow.*
36. That is, *beyond the partition.*
37. *Chows her cood* means *chews her cud.*

JENNIE BRINGS HIM BEN



ROUND THE INGLE

The dame brings forth in complimental mood
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd[38] kebbuck[39] fell—
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;[40]
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond[41] auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.[42]

38. *Weel-hain'd* means *carefully preserved.*
39. *Kebbuck* is *cheese.*
40. This line, in English, would read *And often he is urged* (to take more) *and often he calls it good.*
41. A *towmond* is a *twelvemonth*, a *year.*
42. *Since flax was in blossom.*

IX

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible,[43] ance[44] his father's pride;
His bonnet[45] rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart[46] haffets[47] wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales[48] a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

X

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beats the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XI

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;

43. The *ha'-Bible* is the family Bible, which is kept in the *hall*, or the best room.
44. *Ance* is the Scotch form of *once*.
45. That is, his hat.
46. *Lyart* means *gray*.
47. *Haffets* means *temples*.
48. *Wales* means *chooses*.

Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heav'n's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XII

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How *he*, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command.

XIII

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exultant on triumphant wing:"
That thus they all shall meet in future days
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XIV

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Pow'r, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in the book of life the inmates poor enroll.

XV

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

ONE of the most tragic, and at the same time one of the most heroic, of true stories is that of Charles and Mary Lamb, the brother and sister who are known to millions of young people as the writers of *Tales from Shakespeare.*

Charles Lamb was rather a short man, with a spare body and legs so small and thin that Thomas Hood once spoke of them as "immaterial legs." His head, however, was large, and his brow fine; his nose, large and hooked, was in a face which early showed lines of care and trouble; his eyes were large and expressive, twinkling with humor but full of piercing inquiry, and searching with keen interest everything about him; his mouth was large and firm, but around it there flitted a smile that showed the genial, humorous soul of the big-hearted boy.

Lamb's habits were peculiar, there is no denying that, and his habits of dress made him even more noticeable. Almost always he wore a black coat, knickerbockers and black gaiters. The old-fashioned cut of his clothes and their worn appearance showed the narrowness of his means, which, however, never caused him to neglect either clothing or person, for he was remarkably neat in his ways.

Although a poor boy, he was educated in the famous old Christ's Hospital School in London, but when he was ready for college he found himself barred by his stammering, stuttering tongue. Giving up his hope of further schooling, he was glad to take a small clerkship in a government office, where he remained for thirty-three years, a long period with little or no advancement.

It was in 1792, when Charles was about seventeen years of age, that he was given his clerkship, and for nearly four years he lived happily, supporting his parents and his sister in their humble home. Mary was eleven years older than Charles, a quiet, gentle creature whom everybody loved, though in some respects she was peculiar. There were things, too, that troubled the family and made them reserved and inclined to be oversensitive. Not only were they very poor, but there had been insanity on the mother's side, and Charles, himself, had at one time been in brief confinement for irrational actions. Mary, too, had occasionally shown signs of madness, but no one anticipated the dreadful event which took place in 1796.

It came upon them like a stroke of lightning out of a clear sky. All were gathered together for their noon meal when Mary leaped to her feet and ran wildly about the room, shrieking in the terrifying tones of the insane. She caught the forks and spoons from the table, threw them about the room, and then, seizing a case knife, plunged it into the heart of her mother. Although

one of the flying forks had struck her aged father in the head and wounded him severely, Mary sprang upon him and would certainly have killed the feeble old man then and there had not Charles caught her and in a terrible struggle overpowered her and wrested the knife from her grasp. Friends and neighbors came in, and the poor woman was taken to an asylum, where in a short time she recovered her reason and learned of the awful consequences of her madness. In those days hospitals for the insane were much more poorly managed than they are at present, and Charles could not be contented to think of his sister confined within their walls. Accordingly he went to the authorities, and after much persuasion they released her, under the condition that she should be constantly under care.

Then began that long career of brotherly devotion which can scarcely be matched, and which never fails to excite our sympathy and admiration. We may well think it a terrible penance, for Mary's attacks recurred again and again, and more than once Charles had to take her back to the hospital for a brief time while her violence remained too great for him to control. There were long lucid intervals, however, and after a while both learned to recognize the symptoms which preceded an attack, and the two would wend their way to the asylum, where she could take refuge. They carried a straitjacket with them for use in case she should suddenly become violent, for never could either

escape from the nightmare of that first awful catastrophe.

For forty years this companionship, this sublime devotion continued, even to the time of Charles Lamb's death in 1834. Both made many friends, and when the brother was laid away these friends came forward and took up the burden of Mary's care until she, too, died, nearly thirteen years later. The last years of Lamb's life were full of further trouble, that, combined with his crushing anxiety for Mary, broke his genial spirit and left him sad and melancholy.

One of the greatest blows he suffered in his later life was the death of his life-long friend Samuel Taylor Coleridge. See how fondly he wrote of this friend:

"Since I feel how great a part he was of me his great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books without an ineffectual turning and reference to him. . . . He was my fifty years old friend without a dissension. I seem to love the house he died at more passionately than when he died. . . . What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel."

It is said that when his sister was first stricken Lamb was engaged to be married to Ann Simmons, a sweet woman, whom he loved passionately. So awful was the blow and so heavy the responsibility he assumed that the match was broken off, and the gentle man resigned his hope of home and family. We

shall see, however, that he never quite forgot his love.

Sad as their life certainly was, there were many pleasant days for both brother and sister. Between her spells of violence Mary was a charming companion, a helpful adviser and a writer of great ability, as loyal to her brother as he was to her. When Lamb was engaged to write the *Tales from Shakespeare*, she took up the pen with him and wrote the stories of the great poet's comedies while Charles wrote the tragedies.

How strong his affection and respect for her really were we may see from his own words: "I am a fool bereft of her co-operation. I am used to look up at her in the worst and biggest perplexities. To say all that I find her would be more than I think anybody could possibly understand. She is older, wiser, and better than I am, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness. She would share life and death with me."

A more lovable character than Lamb's is hard to find. Full of fun he was when with his friends, punning, quibbling and joking in quaint and original ways that made him welcome wherever he went. "The best acid is assiduity" was one of his famous puns, and "*No* work is worse than *over*work" is one of his wise and witty remarks.

The stuttering which in some persons might have seemed an annoyance only served to add a certain spiciness to his good-natured quips.

It is said that a certain gushing lady once went into a long description of her children and her own passionate love for them. Suddenly interrupting herself she said to Lamb, "And how do you like babies, Mr. Lamb?" With a sober face, but unable to conceal the humorous twinkle in his sharp eyes, Charles replied, "Bub-bub-boiled, Madam!"

Lamb's friendship for Coleridge was fully returned, as we may see from many things the latter wrote. At one time he said: "Lamb's character is a sacred one with me. No associations that he may form can hurt the purity of his mind. . . . Nothing ever left a stain on that gentle creature's mind."

In 1825 Lamb's health became so poor that he was compelled to give up his clerkship, and thereafter he lived most of the time at Edmonton. The British government gave him an annual pension of £441, which sufficed for the simple wants of himself and his sister.

The immediate cause of his death was a slight accident that befell him a few months after the burial of Coleridge. Unconsciousness came before he had been long ill and before any of his intimate friends could reach him, yet it was their names that were last upon his lips. They buried him in the churchyard at Edmonton, as he wished, where on his tombstone may be read:

"Farewell, dear friend?—that smile, that harmless mirth,
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;

That rising tear, with pain forbid to flow—
Better than words—no more assuage our woe.
That hand outstretch'd from small but well-earned store
Yield succor to the destitute no more.
Yet art thou not all lost. Through many an age,
With sterling sense and humour, shall thy page
Win many an English bosom, pleased to see
That old and happier vein revived in thee.
This for our earth; and if with friends we share
Our joys in heaven we hope to meet thee there."

Besides the *Tales from Shakespeare*, Charles Lamb wrote many beautiful sketches which are known as the *Essays of Elia*. *Elia* was the name of one of the clerks in the South Sea House, where Lamb worked at one time.

A reader can easily form some idea of a writer's character from his work, but Lamb was always so wholly himself, and he threw himself so freely into his essays, that you can tell just what manner of man he was as you read. A large part of the pleasure of reading him comes from this trait. We seem to be sitting with a charming friend whenever we hold one of his books, and to feel that the friend is pouring out his whole heart for our delight and inspiration. Naturally a person must keep alert when he is reading from Charles Lamb, for no one can predict what course the brilliant mind will take. When once a reader has learned to understand his oddities, delicate sentiment, bright wit and

loving faithfulness, every word becomes a living thing, and every reading a new delight, a higher inspiration. In none of his essays is he seen to greater advantage than in *Dream Children*, which follows this brief sketch. The only people young or old who do not love this beautiful essay are those who have not read it or who have read it without really understanding it. You may need to read it once just to see what it is about; again with the aid of the notes and comments we make upon it; a third time to let it cast its spell upon you. If you do that you will not forget it, but will return to it often as years go on and the hard world buffets you with those stern experiences which make you men and women. Every time you read it you will find new graces, more touching sentiment.

Will you read it now for the first time, paying only so much attention to the footnotes as may be necessary for you to understand the language?

CHARLES LAME

DREAM CHILDREN: A REVERY

CHARLES LAMB

HILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw.

It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field,[1] who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood.[2]

Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall,[3] the whole story down to the Robin Redbreast; till a foolish rich person pulled it down

1. Lamb's grandmother, Mary Field, was for a long time housekeeper in one of the great English country houses, but not in the county alluded to in the text.

2. This means that the incidents had but lately become familiar to the children. The story is the old one of the *Babes in the Wood*, as it is sometimes called.

3. One of Lamb's fancies; the chimney-carving in the real house represented stag and boar hunts.

to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it.

Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding.

Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived. Afterwards it came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey,[4] and stick them up in Lady's C.'s[5] tawdry gilt drawing-room.

Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed."

And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles around, to show their respect for her memory, because she had

4. Westminster Abbey.

5. An imaginary person with a cheap, showy drawing-room.

been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery[7] by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament[8] besides.

Here little Alice spread her hands.

Then I told what a tall, upright, gracious person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer,—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted,—the best dancer, I was saying, in the country, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious.

Then I told how she used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she,—and yet I never saw the infants.

Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous.

Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend

7. The Book of Psalms, or such a portion of it as is used in the services of the English Church.

8. New Testament.

many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out,—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me,—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls,[9] without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees,[10] or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at,—or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me,—or basking in the orangery,[11] till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth,—or in watching the dace[12] that darted to and from the fish-pond, at the bottom of the

9. The trees were planted on the south side of the walls, which protected them from the north wind and ripened them by reflected warmth.

10. The foliage of the yews is very dark, and because these trees are so often planted about cemeteries they give a hint of sadness to every one.

11. The glass house which protected the trees in the winter and hastened the ripening of the fruit in summer.

12. A small fish resembling our chub—usually seen in schools in still waters.

garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children.

Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant.

Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——,[13] because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out,—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries;—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he

13. Lamb's brother John—twelve years his senior. John was rather a lazy, selfish fellow—at least he never gave up his own pleasures and comforts to assist his family, even in their gravest need.

used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed[14] boy—for he was a good bit older than I—many a mile when I could not walk for pain; and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently

HE WOULD MOUNT A METTLESOME HORSE

how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed;—and how when he died,[15] though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore

14. This probably alludes to some temporary affliction, for Charles Lamb was not lame.

15. John Lamb died just before this essay was written.

his death, as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarreling with him (for we quarreled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb.

Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother.

Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n;[16] and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens.

When suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representment, that I became in doubt which of them stood before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both

16. It is not known positively whether Alice Warren was a real or an imaginary character. If real, she was probably the Ann Simmons mentioned in the sketch of Lamb.

I AWOKE

the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the utter-

most distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech:

"We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartram father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe[17] millions of ages before we have existence, and a name."

And immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget[18] unchanged by my side,—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone forever.

You know Lamb's pathetic history, and you can see how *Dream Children* came right out of his own sad heart, and how it teems with affectionate recollection. The children, too,—do they not seem like living beings? Can you believe that Alice and John never lived? Let us go back to the essay and see how little it is that he really says about them. Here it is:

ALICE.	JOHN.
1. *Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be upbraiding.*	1. *Here John smiled as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed."*
She thought it very sad that any one should pull down the beautiful mantelpiece in the great hall, but she would not find fault with him—she was too gentle, too tender for that!	John is quite the boy—wise enough to see how ridiculous it was to put a fine, rich old carved chimney among a lot of gilt gimcracks—and rather anxious to show his wisdom.

17. *Lethe* was among the ancient Greeks the name given to the river of oblivion, of whose waters spirits drank to gain forgetfulness.

18. Bridget Elia is his sister, Mary Lamb.

2. *Here little Alice spread her hands.*

Don't you think she knew her Psaltery by heart, and a great part of the Testament besides? "Of course it is very wonderful that grandma knew so much—but then, I know it too."

3. *Here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted.*

The mere suggestion of a dance sets the little foot in motion, and you and I know that Alice is a lively girl who would be as proud of being the best dancer in the country as she was of knowing as much Scripture as her grandmother knew. But how quickly she stops when her father looks grave! We do not think that he objects to Alice dancing, but he knows that he is going to tell her the sad part of the story, and that the dancing accompaniment of Alice's little right foot would be very much out of place.

Later, Alice joined with John in wishing for the grapes, but she was equally willing to give them up when it seemed childish to take them.

2. *Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous.*

The tale of the ghostly infants has frightened John a little, but he does not like to admit any timidity there with his father and sister, so he straightens up, expands his eyebrows and looks very brave and manly.

3. *Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her; and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant.*

While the father has been telling of his glorious childhood among the rich fruit on the great estate, John has quietly picked up a bunch of grapes, and his quick-witted father, seeing the act, sneers a little at *such-like common baits of children.* John, wishing to be manly, puts the grapes back without a word, though evidently he will be glad enough to return to them at the proper time.

Not a selfish child at all was John, for he meditated dividing the grapes with Alice, and they would have been so sweet and cooling while the children stood there listening to the story.

4. *Here the children fell a-crying and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle John, and they looked up and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother.*

How tender-hearted they both are, and yet until now they had hardly realized that it was for Uncle John that they were wearing their fresh mourning. This was a new grief too sad to them, but it turned their gentle sympathies to their pretty dead mother, of whom they were always glad to hear. The father has scarcely begun to speak when he sees in Alice so much resemblance to his dead wife that he almost thinks

it is the mother who stands beside him. So violent is his emotion that he gradually comes out of his reverie, and as he does so the children fade away and recede into the distance, saying, "*We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams.*"

Is it not a wonderful thing that with so few words a writer can put his heart so much into yours that you believe almost as much as he does in the reality of the vision?

In the sketch of Lamb we said that his character was very strongly reflected in his writings, and this essay shows the fact wonderfully well. Imagine the man, lonely, heartbroken, weary from the awful task he had set himself, sitting in his bachelor armchair by the fire, dreaming his evening away. Who are the people that come to him in his dreams and what are the incidents? First his grandmother Field, with whom he had spent a great deal of his childhood; then his sweetheart Alice, now married to another, with children of her own; then his brother, by no means a pleasing character, but a lazy and selfish man who, however, in the rich, loving heart of his brother stands out as handsome, affectionate, noble and brave. How keenly he feels the bitter loss which comes to him with tenfold severity when he awakens, and which he makes the closing thought in the essay! Lastly, the faithful Mary, unchanged, appears at his side,—his waking companion, his greatest burden and his greatest joy.

Besides these evidences of his devoted and affectionate disposition, we find proof of his vivid imagination when as a child he gazes *upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads*

would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them. In his *busy-idle* amusements at the great house he shows the innocence and simplicity of his pleasures, and in the delicate way in which he reproves Alice and John, his genial, sympathetic disposition as well as his abundant good humor. How much finer it was to say, "*and such-like common baits of children*" than to have said, "John, put the grapes back on the plate."

READING SHAKESPEARE

HE greatest author the world has known is William Shakespeare, and his writings will afford more pleasure, instruction and information than those of any other author. They may be read again and again, for so charged are they with living knowledge and so full of literary charm, that no one can exhaust them in a single reading. Not every reader of Shakespeare loves him, but that is because not every reader appreciates him. He wrote in the English of his times, and used many words and expressions that have since dropped out of the language, changed their meaning, or become unfamiliar in common speech. Then again, his knowledge of life is so profound and his insight into human nature so keen and penetrating, that the casual reader is liable not to follow his thought. In other words, Shakespeare must be studied to be appreciated; but if he is studied and appreciated, he gives a pleasure and exerts an influence that cannot be equaled.

Young people are liable to think that study is laborious and uninteresting, a nuisance and a bore. Nothing of that sort is true of the study of Shakespeare, because for every effort there is a present reward, there is no waiting to see results. Of course there are right ways and wrong ways to study, just as there are right ways

and wrong ways of doing anything. Sometimes teachers fail entirely to interest their classes in Shakespeare, and parents say they cannot make their children like Shakespeare. None of this is the fault of the poet or of the children; the fault lies in the methods used to create an interest. If a person begins properly and proceeds as he should, there will never be a lack of interest. Teachers are not needed, and parents may leave their children to learn to be happy in reading by themselves, if the books are prepared properly for them.

In the first place, one of the wonders of Shakespeare is the great variety in his plays. In fact, they cover the whole range of human activities, and introduce characters from almost every walk in life. The stories they tell run from the light and gay to those of more somber hue, from comedy to deepest tragedy. Wit and humor, pathos and sublimity may sometimes be found in the same play, and smiles and tears may be drawn from the same page. What play to select for a beginner becomes then a question of some moment. We have decided that *The Tempest* is one of the best, for it is not difficult to read, is an interesting story, has amusing characters, carries good food for thought and leaves the reader in a pleasant frame of mind.

Will you then, our young readers, go hand in hand with us into the reading of Shakespeare? Do as we say this one time, and read as we ask you to, even if it does take some time from your play. If, while you are doing it, you do not en-

joy yourselves, or if at the end you do not feel repaid, then take your own course in your reading thereafter. It will be a better course for having studied one great play carefully.

However, before we begin the play, let us read the charming tale written by Charles and Mary Lamb. It will give us briefly the story of *The Tempest*, though a wealth of incidents is omitted.

THE TEMPEST

A TALE FROM SHAKESPEARE BY CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these, Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly mon-

ster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slily and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which

he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were

a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my mis-

fortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witch-crafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

"Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father: "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely maiden in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall

be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner,

and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And

he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials

of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero: "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too;" and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble

creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero: "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke,

meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

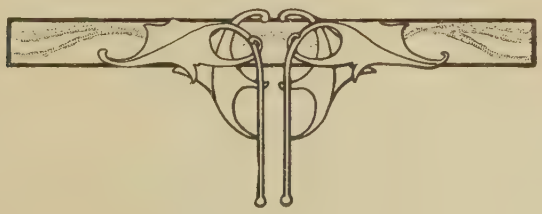
Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am

free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sung this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.



THE TEMPEST

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

AVING read Lamb's version of the story, we are ready for the play as Shakespeare wrote it. To begin with, we will read it through from beginning to end with as little hesitation and delay as possible. We will not expect to understand it all, and will pass over the more difficult passages without attempting to master them. If at times we are unable to go on intelligently, we will look at the notes at the bottom of the pages and get the help we need. This reading, however, is intended merely to give us a general idea of the play. We are spying out the land as a general might do it, trying to see what kind of a country we are invading, and to locate the places where we are liable to meet with resistance. We will stop a moment now and then to shudder at Caliban, to admire Prospero, to love the sweet Miranda or to laugh at the nonsense of the jester and the drunken butler, but we will hasten on to the end nevertheless, knowing that we will become better acquainted with the people at another time.

Having finished the play, we will return to the beginning for a second, a slower, more careful reading. Now many things that at first seemed

obscure will have cleared themselves by our greater knowledge of the play. This time, however, we must read every sentence carefully and try to understand the meaning of all. The footnotes should all be read, because it often happens that when we think we understand what a sentence signifies, we give the wrong meaning to a word or phrase, and hence change the whole sense.

However, there are in this play some few passages that no one has ever explained in a perfectly satisfactory manner, but they are so few, and placed in such a position, that our inability to understand them perfectly does not interfere with our enjoyment of the play. The notes call attention to these passages and offer a plausible explanation, but do not attempt to discuss the possible meanings thoroughly.

When this second reading has been completed, we will have a good understanding of the play, a more intimate acquaintance with the characters, and be ready for the more interesting studies which follow the play.

THE PERSONS

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his Brother.
PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor of Naples.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.
IRIS, CERES. JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } presented by Spirits.

SCENE, *a Ship at Sea; afterwards an uninhabited Island.*

ACT I

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at sea. A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter Master *and* Boatswain *severally.*

BOATSWAIN!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good,[1] speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,[2] or we run ourselves a-ground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. [*Exeunt* Mariners.]—Blow till thou burst thy wind,[3] if room enough![4]

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and Others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.[5]

1. *Good* was often used in Shakespeare's time as we use the word *well*, to introduce a sentence.

2. *Fall to't yarely* means *get to work briskly.*

3. Shakespeare may have had in his mind the pictures which represent the wind as a little old man with cheeks puffed out till they were nearly bursting. Perhaps, too, the line should read, "Blow till thou burst *thee*, wind."

4. If there is sea-room enough. The boatswain is not alarmed if he can have room to handle his ship.

5. We still say "play the man" when we wish to encourage any one to be brave and manly.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Anto. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gonza. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gonza. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,[6] we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.[7]—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gonza. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning-mark upon him; his complexion[8] is perfect gallows.—Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast! yare; lower,

6. The word *time* may be understood after *present*. The boatswain infers that they cannot make peaceful weather of the present storm.

7. *Hap* means *happen*.

8. The word *complexion* here means *bent* or *inclination*. Gonzalo says the boatswain is born to be hung; he cannot be drowned.

lower! Bring her to try wi' th' main-course.[9] [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.[10]—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Sebas. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Anto. Hang, cur, hang! you insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gonza. I'll warrant him for drowning,[11] though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses![12] off to sea again; lay her off!

Re-enter Mariners, *wet.*

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gonza. The King and Prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Sebas. I'm out of patience.

9. The boatswain finds he has not sea-room enough so he calls upon the sailors to take down the topmast and to bring the ship as close into the wind as possible and hold her there with the main sail.

10. This sentence means *they are noisier than the tempest and the commands of our officers.*

11. Gonzalo still thinks the boatswain was born to be hanged, and warrants that he will not be drowned.

12. The boatswain is still trying to bring her to the wind, so she may get out to sea. The *courses* are the largest lower sails.

ALL LOST! ALL LOST!

Anto. We're merely[13] cheated out of our lives by drunkards.

13. *Merely*, here, means *entirely* or *absolutely*.

This wide-chopp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

Gonza. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at widest to glut[14] him.

(*A confused noise within.*) Mercy on us!
We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split! [*Exit* Boatswain.

Anto. Let's all sink wi' th' King. [*Exit.*

Sebas. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gonza. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; ling, heath, broom, furze,[15] anything. The wills[16] above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Island: before the Cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

14. *Glut* means *swallow.*

15. These are all plants that grow in England, and were to Shakespeare the familiar signs of barren ground.

16. *The wills above be done* means *the will of the Powers above be done.* Gonzalo interests us from the start by his rather humorous view of everything.

But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,[1]
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave[2] vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er[3]
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting[4] souls within her.

Pros. Be collected;
No more amazement:[5] tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,—
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter,—who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better[6]
Than Prospero, master of a full-poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle[7] with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time

1. *Welkin* means *sky.*
2. *Brave* means *fine.*
3. *Or e'er* means *before* or *sooner than.*
4. *Fraughting* means *freighting.* The human souls were the freight of the ship.
5. *Amazement* means *anguish* and *deep distress* rather than astonishment.
6. In the time of Shakespeare it was not considered inelegant English to use two forms of the comparative and superlative degrees. *More better, most best* are good examples.
7. *Meddle* means *mix.* Miranda says she never thought of knowing more about herself or her father.

I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his robe.*
Lie there, my art.[8]—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such prevision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul[9]—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,[10]
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*

Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out[11] three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house or person?

8. Prospero means that with his garment he lays his magic arts aside and becomes the loving, human father.

9. Prospero does not complete his sentence, but expresses the same thought in different form.

10. *Bootless inquisition* means *fruitless questioning.* The father has before begun to tell Miranda who she is, but has interrupted himself and said, "Stay, not yet."

11. *Out* means *fully.*

Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here, thou mayst.[12]
Mira. But that I do not.
Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mira. Sir, are you not my father?
Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; thou his only heir,
A princess—no worse issued.
Mira. O the Heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blesséd was't we did?
Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;

12. Prospero says, in these two lines, "If you can remember anything that happened before we came here, you may remember *how* we came here."

But blessedly holp[13] hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[14] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.[15]

Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me;—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage[16] of my State; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories[17] it was the first,
And Prospero the prime[18] Duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle,—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros.—Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; who[19] t' advance, and who
To trash[20] for over-topping[21]—new-created

13. *Holp* is an old form of *helped.*

14. *Teen* is an old word that means *trouble* or *anxiety.*

15. *Please you, further,* means, *Please you, tell me further.*

16. *Manage* means *management.*

17. *Signiories* is a name for *principalities.*

18. *Prime* means *first* or *leading.*

19. *Who* is used for *whom,* as it was not considered ungrammatical in Shakespeare's day.

20. *Trash* means *check* or *set back.*

21. *Over-topping* means *rising too high.* Prospero means that his brother knew what persons to check when they tried to rise too high, to gain too much power.

The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed
'em,
Or else new-form'd 'em; having both the key[22]
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the State
To what tune pleased his ear; that[23] now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd the verdure out on't. Thou attend'st
not.

Mira. O good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness,[24] and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but[25] by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate,[26] in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans[27] bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revénue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having unto truth, by falsing of it,[28]
Made such a sinner of his memory

22. The brother understood the *key* that kept officer and office in tune, and so set the minds of all Prospero's subjects thinking as the usurper wished. That is, Antonio took Prospero's friends away from him.

23. We would say *so that* instead of merely *that*.

24. *To closeness* means *to privacy*, to studies in his own home.

25. *But* in this sense means *except*.

26. This is a difficult clause to understand. What Prospero means is probably that his studies would have exceeded all popular estimate in value, but that they (if they had not) kept him so retired from public life. Prospero sees the mistake he made, but cannot give up the idea that his studies were valuable.

27. *Sans* is a French word that means *without*.

28. *By falsing it* means *by falsifying it* or *forging it*.

To[29] credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the Duke; out o' the substitution,[30]
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?[31]

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And them he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan.[32] Me,[33] poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates—
So dry he was for sway[34]—wi' th' King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan![35]—
To most ignoble stooping.[36]

29. Shakespeare omits the word *as* before *to*. Antonio made so great a sinner of his memory unto truth as to credit his own lie.

30. *Out of the substitution* may be understood to mean *because of his being my substitute.*

31. Prospero's tale is not clearly told. He is evidently thinking of other things, and his sentences are often imperfect. His mind wanders to the things he intends doing, to the storm, the strangers on the island and to his plans for the future. Miranda is not inattentive—she is fascinated by the story—but her father attributes his own wandering thoughts to her.

32. Tired of ruling behind a screen, for that is what Prospero really was, Antonio planned to remove his brother and become absolute Duke of Milan.

33. Shakespeare omits the word *for* before *me*.

34. *So dry he was for sway*, might now be written as *so thirsty he was for power.*

35. Prospero bewails the fate of his principality, Milan.

36. The meaning of the last seven lines is that Antonio thought Prospero incapable of ruling, offered to pay the King of Naples an annual tribute, to do him homage and to make Milan subject to Naples.

Mira. O the Heavens!

Pros. This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu[37] o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently[38] extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to th' practice[39] did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.[40]

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried on't then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint[41]
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's;[42] without the which this story
Were most impertinent.[43]

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

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37. *In lieu* now means *instead of*, but Shakespeare uses it in the sense of *in return for*.

38. *Presently* means *immediately*.

39. *Practice* means *plot* or *stratagem*.

40. The six lines mean that one midnight, suited to such a plot, a treacherous army having been levied, Antonio opened the gates of Milan, and in the dead of darkness hurried away Prospero and the crying Miranda.

41. In this place *hint* means *theme* or *subject*.

42. *Upon's* is *upon us*.

43. *Impertinent* in this connection means *out of place*.

Pros. Well demanded, wench:[44]
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not—
So dear the love my people bore me—set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few,[45] they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist[46] us,
To cry to th' sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infusèd with a fortitude from Heaven,
When I have degg'd[47] the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach,[48] to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mira. How came we ashore?
Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that

44. *Wench* means *girl*, and at the time of Shakespeare was a term of affection, like *dear girl*.

45. *In few* may be read as *in a few words*, that is, *to make the story brief*.

46. *Hoist us* means *hoisted us*, that is *left us*.

47. *Degg'd* means *sprinkled*.

48. Shakespeare, as was the custom in those days, often used the word *stomach* for *courage;* an *undergoing stomach* is a *lasting courage*.

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity,—being then appointed
Master of this design,—did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded[49] much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pros. Now I arise:[50]
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit[51]
Than other princesses can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,—
For still 'tis beating in my mind,—your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pros. Know thus far forth:
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune—
Now my dear lady—hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith[52] doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence

49. *Steaded* means *aided.* We might say, *which have since stood us in good stead.*

50. Readers of Shakespeare dispute about the meaning of this sentence. We might imagine Prospero to say half to himself "Now *I* arise;" that is, "My turn has come."

51. *Made thee more profit,* that is, *have made you to profit more,* have taught you to better advantage.

52. The *zenith* is the *highest point.*

If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.[53] Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.[54] [MIRANDA *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come! I'm ready now:
Approach, my Ariel; come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.[55]
Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point[56] the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,[57]
Now in the waist,[58] the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,[59]

53. Prospero means that if he acts now his fortunes will rise to their highest point, but that if he waits, he will lose his opportunity.

54. Prospero, by his magic, throws his daughter into a deep sleep so that he may carry on his plans without her knowledge.

55. This line may be understood to read, *Ariel, and all spirits of his kind.*

56. *Performed to point* means *performed in every respect.*

57. The *beak* of a ship is the *prow*, the projecting forward part.

58. The *waist* of a ship is the middle portion.

59. *Distinctly* means here *separately.* Ariel caused light globes of flame to appear for a second in different parts of the rigging, and to move about and to join.

"ALL HAIL, GREAT MASTER!"

Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the pre-
cursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary[60]

60. *Momentary* means *instantaneous.*

And sight-outrunning were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil[61]
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad,[62] and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,[63]—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.
Pros. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their unstaining[64] garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The King's son have I landed by himself;

61. *Coil* means *tumult* or *confusion.*
62. This clause means *There was not a soul that did not feel such a fever as madmen feel.*
63. In this place *upstaring* means *sticking up.*
64. For *unstaining* we would say *unstained.*

Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle[65] of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.[66]

Pros. Of the King's ship
The mariners, say, how hast thou disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet?[67]

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,[68] there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I've left asleep:[69] and, for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,[70]
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

65. *Odd angle* probably means *out-of-the-way place.*

66. Probably Ferdinand sat with his arms folded loosely, his head hanging on his breast.

67. This is a good example of the way Shakespeare sometimes changes the natural order in which the parts of a sentence should be placed. Naturally the sentence would read: "Say, how hast thou disposed of the mariners of the King's ship, and all the rest of the fleet?"

68. *Bermoothes* is the old form of the word *Bermudas.* It was supposed that witches haunted the Bermudas and filled the air with tempests, which kept the waters always stormy. *Still-vexed* means *always stormy.* The present errands of the spirit Ariel are not the first he has executed for Prospero. Dew from the Bermudas was probably wanted for some of his magical rites.

69. To enjoy *The Tempest,* we must lay aside our reason to the extent of believing in charms and in magic, in witchcraft and in Ariel's wonderful powers. Prospero's control of the magic art is part of what he gained from his studies while Antonio was stealing his principality.

70. *Flote* is *flood,* therefore *wave* or *sea.*

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?
Ari. Past the mid season,
At least two glasses.[71]
Pros. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember[72] thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd[73] me.
Pros. How now! moody?
What is't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pros. Before the time be out? no more![74]
Ari. I pr'ythee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.[75]
Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pros. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep; to run upon the sharp

71. This means that it was about two o'clock in the afternoon—past the mid-season by about the time it would take the sand to run twice through the hour-glass.

72. *Remember* here means *remind.*

73. *Perform'd me* means *performed for me.*

74. *Say* no more.

75. "To release me a full year before my time is up," is what Ariel says Prospero has promised.

Wind of the North; to do me business in
The veins o' the earth when it is baked with frost.[76]

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing![77] Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy[78]
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast: where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.[79]

Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag[80] was hither brought,
And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for[81] thou wast a spirit too delicate

76. This speech shows how marvelous are some of the things Ariel has already done for Prospero.

77. Prospero is not speaking in earnest when he calls Ariel a "malignant thing." He intends to release Ariel soon.

78. To Shakespeare and other writers of his time, the word *envy* meant *malice*.

79. *Argier* is an old name for Algiers.

80. *Blue-eyed* means that the witch had dark blue circles around her eyes, not that she had real blue eyes.

81. *For* means *because*.

To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests,[82] she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into[83] a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,[84]
A freckled whelp, hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve Winters.

82. *Hests* means *behests* or *commands.*
83. The witch confined Ariel *in* a cloven pine tree.
84. This line means *save for the son that was born here.*

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent[85] to command,
And do my spriting gently.
Pros. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.
Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?
Pros. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea:
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in't: hence, with diligence!—
[*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
Mira. [*Waking.*] The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pros. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him:[86] he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
Cal. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.
Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:

85. *Correspondent* means *obedient.*
86. *Miss* means *spare.*

Come forth, thou tortoise! when![87]—

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a Water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint[88] Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked[89] dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er![90]

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches[91] that shall pen thy breath up; urchins[92]
Shall, for that vast[93] of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest here first,

87. *When* was often used as an exclamation of impatience.

88. Old meanings for *quaint* are *artful, ingenious.*

89. *Wicked dew* probably means *poisonous dew.*

90. Caliban, in cursing his master, alludes to the common belief of that time that a southwest wind was unwholesome.

91. *Side stitches* are *stitches* or *pains* in the side.

92. *Urchins* were troublesome *sprites* or *fairies.*

93. *Vast* alludes to the middle hours of night when in the stillness and vacancy evil spirits can do their work.

Thou strokedst me, and madest much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in't[94] and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile.
Cursèd be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty[95] me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Pros. Abhorrèd slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning,[96] but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures

94. Just what Caliban means here is uncertain.

95. *Sty* here means *confine*, as in a sty.

96. This clause means *did'st not, savage, know the meaning of thine own words.*

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid[97] you
For learning me your language!
Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old[98] cramps,
Fill all thy bones with achès, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, pray thee.—
[*Aside.*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.
Pros. So, slave; hence!
[*Exit* CALIBAN.

Re-enter ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following.*

ARIEL'S SONG

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,[99]

97. *Rid* means *destroy.*

98. *Old* here, as often in the writings of Shakespeare's time, is used merely to make stronger the meaning of the word that follows it.

99. *Kiss'd the wild waves whist* means *soothed the wild waves into peace.*

Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Burden dispersedly.

Hark, hark! Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark: Bow-wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting
chanticleer. Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Ferd. Where should this music be? i' the air, or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the King my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion[100]
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change[101]
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burden. Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

100. Ferdinand was suffering, and Shakespeare used the word *passion* to express the idea as we use it in speaking of the Passion of Christ.

101. This line means *without suffering a change from the effects of the sea.*

Ferd. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.[102] I hear it now above me.
Pros. The fringèd curtains of thine eye advance,[103]
And say what thou see'st yond.
Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave[104] form. But 'tis a spirit.
Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou see'st
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker,[105] thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.[106]
Pros. [*Aside.*] It goes on,[107] I see,
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

102. *Owes* here means *possesses.*

103. Prospero speaking to Miranda says, "Lift up your eyelids and tell me what you see yonder."

104. In this connection *brave* means *fine* or *noble.*

105. *Canker* means *rust* or *tarnish.* Prospero says, "Except for the fact that he's somewhat stained with grief, which tarnishes beauty, you might call him a goodly person."

106. Miranda, it must be remembered, has never seen any other man than her father.

107. Prospero sees his plan going on well and gives Ariel credit for it. Just what the plan is will soon become apparent.

Ferd. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—
If you be maid or no?[108]

Mira. No wonder,[109] sir;
But certainly a maid.

Ferd. My language![110] Heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

Ferd. A single thing,[111] as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;[112]
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The King my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Ferd. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son[113] being twain.

---

108. Ferdinand speaks somewhat aside when he sees the beautiful Miranda, and then directly addresses her. He is embarrassed, calls her a goddess, asks her how he shall behave, calls her a wonder, but above all, wishes to know if she is mortal or not.

109. The word *Miranda* means *wonderful.*

110. "She speaks my language!"

111. *A single thing* means *a weak and companionless thing.*

112. *Myself am Naples* means *I am now the King of Naples.*

113. Notice that this is the only mention of a son to Antonio, the usurping Duke of Milan.

Pros. [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,[114]
If now t'were fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes.[115]—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear you've done yourself some wrong:[116] a word.
Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!
Ferd. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.
Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.—
[*Aside.*] They're both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.[117]—One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Ferd. No, as I'm a man.

114. *Control* means here *confute*, that is, *tell you differently.*

115. Prospero notices the interest the two young people have taken in each other, and as this furthers his plan he feels more grateful to Ariel.

116. What Prospero says is, "I fear that in claiming to be the King of Naples you have done some wrong to your character."

117. Prospero wishes to test the love he sees in Ferdinand, and make him earn his prize. So he charges the young man with deceit and threatens him.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such
a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
Pros. [*To* FERD.] Follow me.—
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and
husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: follow.
Ferd. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.[118]
Pros. What, I say,
My fool my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy
conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;[119]
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beseech you, father!—
Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!

118. *Fearful* here means *timid.*
119. *Ward* is his position of defense to ward off a blow.

"I'LL BE HIS SURETY."

An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!

To th' most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pros. [*To* FERD.] Come on; obey:
Thy nerves[120] are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Ferd. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats
To whom I am subdued, are light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the Earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pros. [*Aside.*] It works.—[*To* FERD.] Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[*To* ARIEL.] Hark, what thou else shalt do me.
Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Pros. [*To* ARIEL.] Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To th' syllable.
Pros. Come, follow.—Speak not for him.
[*Exeunt.*

120. *Nerves* is here used for *muscles* and *sinews.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and Others.*—GONZALO *speaks.*

BESEECH you, sir, be merry: you have cause—
So have we all—of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant,[1] and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle—
I mean our preservation—few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Sebas. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Anto. The visitor[2] will not give him o'er so.

Sebas. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by-and-by it will strike.

Gonza. Sir,—

Sebas. One:—tell.[3]

Gonza.—When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

1. This word means a ship—the *merchantman.*

2. A *visitor* in this sense is one who visits the sick to comfort them. Antonio and Sebastian are ridiculing Gonzalo for his efforts to cheer and console them.

3. *Tell* means *keep tally.* Sebastian means that the clock of Gonzalo's wit has struck one.

Sebas. A dollar.

Gonza. Dolour[4] comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Sebas. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gonza. Therefore, my lord,—

Anto. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare me.

Gonza. Well, I have done: but yet—

Sebas. He will be talking.

Anto. Which, of he or Adrian,[5] for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Sebas. The old cock.[6]

Anto. The cockerel.

Sebas. Done! The wager?

Anto. A laughter.

Sebas. A match![7]

Adri. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Sebas. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.[8]

Adri.—uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Sebas. Yet—

Adri.—yet—

Anto. He could not miss't.

Adri.—it must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.[9]

4. *Dolour* means *grief* or *sadness.*

5. Instead of *of he or Adrian,* we would say merely *he or Adrian.* Antonio offers to bet a good sum on which will speak first, Gonzalo or Adrian.

6. Gonzalo.

7 *A match* means *I take the bet.*

8. Sebastian has lost his bet, and he pays with a laugh.

9. Adrian means *temperature* when he says *temperance.*

Anto. Temperance was a delicate wench.[10]

Sebas. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adri. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Sebas. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Anto. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gonza. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Anto. True; save means to live.

Sebas. Of that there's none, or little.

Gonza. How lush[11] and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Anto. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Sebas. With an eye[12] of green in't.

Anto. He misses not much.

Sebas. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gonza. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Sebas. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gonza.—that our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Sebas. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adri. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to[13] their Queen.

10. People often named their girls *Temperance, Prudence, Faith, etc.* It is to this fact that Antonio jokingly alludes.

11. *Lush* means *juicy.*

12. *Eye* here means *tint* or *shade.*

13. We would now say *for* instead of *to.*

Gonza. Not since widow Dido's time.[14]

Anto. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Sebas. What if he had said widower Æneas too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adri. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gonza. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adri. Carthage!

Gonza. I assure you, Carthage.

Anto. His word is more than the miraculous harp.[15]

Sebas. He hath raised the wall and houses too.

Anto. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Sebas. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Anto. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Alon. Ah!

Anto. Why, in good time.

Gonza. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Anto. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Sebas. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Anto. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

14. Tunis is near the supposed site of Carthage. The story of Dido and Æneas is told in Virgil's *Æneid*.

15. One of the stories of the god Mercury is that he gave to Amphion, King of Thebes, a magic harp upon which the king played and so charmed the stones that they sprang into place to make the walls of his city.

Gonza. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it, at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense.[16] Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate,[17] she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore, that o'er his[18] wave-worn basis bow'd,
As[19] stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no; he's gone.

Sebas. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

16. The meaning of *stomach* in this line is *appetite* or *desire*. Alonso says they crowd their words into his ears when his feelings do not relish such nonsense.

17. *Rate* means *estimation*.

18. *His* is used for *its* and refers to *shore*.

19. For *as*, read *as if*.

But rather lose her to an African;
Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,
Who[20] hath cause to wet the grief on't.
Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Sebas. You were kneel'd to, and impòrtuned otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow.[21] We've lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.
Alon. So is the dear'st[22] o' the loss.
Gonza. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
Sebas. Very well.
Anto. And most chirurgeonly.[23]
Gonza. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.[24]
Sebas. Foul weather!

20. *Who* is used for *which*. This is but another illustration of the changes that have taken place in the use of words since Shakespeare's time.

21. Sebastian tells the King that he alone is responsible for the loss. Even his daughter weighed her wish to be obedient against her loathing of the match.

22. *Dearest* here means the same as *heaviest* or *worst*.

23. *Chirurgeon* is the old word for *surgeon*. Antonio says, "And in the most surgeon-like manner."

24. Gonzalo says, literally, "When you are sad, we all share your sorrow."

Anto. Very foul.

Gonza. Had I plantation[25] of this isle, my lord,—

Anto. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Sebas. Or docks, or mallows.

Gonza.—And were the King on't, what would I do?

Sebas. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gonza. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,[26]
Bourn,[27] bound of land, tilth,[28] vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all,
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty:—

Sebas. Yet he would be king on't.

Anto. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gonza.—All things in common Nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,[29]
Would I not have; but Nature should bring forth,

25. "Had I the colonizing" is what Gonzalo means. Antonio makes it appear that Gonzalo was speaking of *planting* the island.

26. *Succession* means *inheritance*, as a son *succeeds* to his father's property.

27. *Bourn* means *brook*, hence *boundary*, as of land.

28. *Tilth* means *tillage* or *cultivation*, as of land.

29. He probably means any *engine of war.*

Of its own kind, all foison,[30] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Sebas. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Anto. None, man; all idle.

Gonza. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T' excel the golden age.[31]

Sebas. God save his Majesty!

Anto. Long live Gonzalo!

Gonza. And—do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gonza. I do well believe your Highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible[32] and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Anto. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gonza. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you:[33] so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Anto. What a blow was there given!

Sebas. An it had not fallen flat-long.[34]

Gonza. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the Moon out of her sphere, if she would[35] continue in it five weeks without changing.

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30. *Foison* means *plenty* of grain or fruits.

31. The *Golden Age* is that period of the world's history when there was no sin, sorrow or suffering, and when all mankind was so good that there was no need of government of any sort. The Greeks, especially, but other peoples to some extent, have mythical tales of such a time.

32. *Sensible* is here used for *sensitive*.

33. Gonzalo admits that in witty talk he is nothing in comparison to Antonio and Sebastian.

34. A blow with the *flat* of a sword is harmless; so is Gonzalo's wit.

35. We would say *should* instead of *would* in this case.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing solemn music.*

Sebas. We would so, and then go a-bat-fowling.[36]

Anto. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gonza. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure[37] my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep? for I am very heavy.

Anto. Go sleep, and hear us not.

[*All sleep*[38] *but* ALON., SEBAS., *and* ANTO.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.

Sebas. Please you, sir,
Do not omit[39] the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Anto. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.[40]

36. When they used to hunt birds in the night, they called it *bat-fowling*. Sometimes at night they took a light into the woods, and while one of the hunters held a net in front of the light, the others would beat the bushes round about. Some of the frightened birds would fly directly at the light and become entangled in the net.

37. *Adventure* here means *put in peril*.

38. Ariel is at work again, and in carrying out the plans of Prospero, he causes some to fall asleep that the others may plot.

39. *Omit* here means *neglect*. Sebastian suggests that it will be better for Alonso to go to sleep while he can. He has reasons for wishing the King asleep.

40. Alonso grows more sleepy under Ariel's influence, and in these words alludes to what Sebastian has just said—"It is a wondrous heavy offer of sleep."

[ALONSO *sleeps.* *Exit* ARIEL.

Sebas. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Anto. It is the quality o' the climate.

Sebas. Why
Doth it not, then, our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Anto. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They[41] fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian, O, what might![42] No more:
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: th' occasion speaks thee;[43] and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Sebas. What, art thou waking?

Anto. Do you not hear me speak?

Sebas. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Anto. Noble Sebastian,
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep,—die rather; wink'st

41. *They* refers to the other men.

42. Probably we must understand Antonio to mean, "What might you be!" In this way Antonio begins to tempt Sebastian, whom he finds ready to listen.

43. *Speaks* means *proclaims.*

Whiles thou art waking.[44]
Sebas. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
Anto. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed[45] me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.[46]
Sebas. Well, I am standing water.[47]
Anto. I'll teach you how to flow.
Sebas. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Anto. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it![48] Ebbing men,[49] indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.
Sebas. Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter[50] from thee; and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.[51]
Anto. Thus, sir:

44. Antonio says in effect, "You close your eyes when you are awake. You are blind to your opportunity."

45. "If *you* heed me."

46. Antonio means, "Which if you do, you shall be three times as great as you are now."

47. By *I am standing water*, Sebastian means that he is like the ocean standing between tides, ready to ebb or flow. That is, he is ready to accept suggestions from Antonio.

48. Antonio says in effect, "The more you ridicule the purpose I suggest, the more you welcome it."

49. *Ebbing men*, that is, *men whose fortuues are at a low ebb.*

50. *Matter* means *something of great importance.*

51. "It is difficult or painful for you to say what you think." While both have about the same idea in their minds, neither is quite willing to speak of it openly. It is too cruel and murderous a thought.

Although this lord[52] of weak remembrance, this
Who shall be of as little memory[53]
When he is earth'd,[54] hath here almost persuaded—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade—the King his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.
Sebas. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Anto. O, out of that no hope
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink[55] beyond—
But doubt discovery there.[56] Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Sebas. He's gone.
Anto. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Sebas. Claribel.
Anto. She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life;[57] she that from Naples

52. Francisco.

53. That is, "this lord who remembers little of the favors done him, and will be remembered no better."

54. *Earth'd* means *buried.*

55. *A wink* here means *the least distance.*

56. It is difficult to say just what *But doubt discovery there* means. Antonio says, "But out of your certainty that Ferdinand is drowned, you have a great hope, a hope so high that ambition cannot see anything greater."

57. This means *ten leagues farther away than a man can travel in his life.*

Can have no note,[58] unless the Sun were post,—[59]
The Man-i'-the-moon's too slow,—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable. She 'twas for whom we
All were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;[60]
And, by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,[61]
In yours and my discharge.

Sebas. What stuff is this! How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Anto. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shalt thou, Claribel,*
Measure us back[62] *to Naples? Keep in Tunis,*
And let Sebastian wake! Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be[63] that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo: I myself could make
A chough[64] of as deep chat.[65] O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

58. *Can have no note* means *can receive no word.*
59. This clause means *unless the sun carried the mail.*
60. *Though some were cast up again.*
61. This sentence means, *you and I can manage what is to come.*
62. "*Measure us back, etc.,*" means the same as *Return to us.*
63. The word *others* may be understood after *there be.*
64. A *chough* is a bird of the jackdaw kind.
65. This clause means, *I myself could breed a bird to talk as sensibly.*

Sebas. Methinks I do.
Anto. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?[66]
Sebas. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Anto. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater[67] than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.
Sebas. But, for your conscience—
Anto. Ay, sir; and where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,[68]
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied[69] be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like; whom I,
With this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink[70] for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion[71] as a cat laps milk;

66. This is difficult to understand. Perhaps it means, "And how does your present contentment advance or care for your interest?"

67. *Feater* means *more fittingly* or *more becomingly.*

68. A *kibe* is a sore on the heel.

69. *Candied* means here the same as *crystallized.*

70. This means, *while you, doing the same thing, might put Gonzalo to continuous sleep forever.*

71. *Suggestion* here means *temptation.*

They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.[72]
Sebas. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the King shall love thee.
Anto. Draw together;[73]
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Sebas. O, but one word.
[*They converse apart.*

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art forsees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth—
For else his project dies—to keep thee living.
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*
While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!
Anto. Then let us both be sudden.
Gonza. [*Waking.*] Now, good angels
Preserve the King!—[*To* SEBAS. *and* ANTO.]
Why, how now!—[*To* ALON.] Ho, awake!—

72. *They'll tell the clock to any business,* etc., means *they will speak any words we tell them to.*

73. *Draw together* is *let us draw our swords together.*

"AWAKE! AWAKE!"

[*To* SEBAS. *and* ANTO.] Why are you drawn?[74] wherefore this ghastly looking?[75]

74. That is, *Why are your swords drawn?*
75. This means, *Why do you look so ghastly?*

Alon. [*Waking.*] What's the matter?
Sebas. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Anto. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gonza. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Gonza. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away.
[*Exit with the others.*
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:—
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*

CALIBAN

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood. A noise of Thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the Sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal[1] a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows,[2] pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand,[3] in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime[4] like apes, that mow[5] and chatter at me
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks[6] at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat:
Perchance he will not mind me.[7]

Enter TRINCULO.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off[8] any weather at all, and another storm brew-

1. *Inch-meal* means *piece-meal.*
2. *Urchin-shows* are *fairy-shows.*
3. *Fire-brand* refers to will o' the wisp, or dancing balls of light seen sometimes at night in swampy places. People used to think these lights were tended by naughty sprites who lured men into trouble.
4. We would now say *sometimes.*
5. *Mow* means *make mouths* or *grin.*
6. *Pricks,* here, means their *prickles* or *sharp quills.*
7. Caliban is a monster, part brute, part human, more fish-like than man-like, probably. He works only when Prospero drives him to it, and he hates his master bitterly in spite of all that the latter has done for him. Now Caliban is under punishment for his wickedness.
8. *To bear off* means *to keep off.*

ing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard[9] that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not-of-the-newest poor-john.[10] A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man:[11] when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;[12] there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

[*Creeps under* CALIBAN'S *garment.*

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Steph. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,*
Here shall I die ashore;—

9. A *bombard* is a black jar or jug to hold liquor.

10. *Poor-john* is an old name for dried and salted *hake*, a kind of fish.

11. Trinculo means that any strange beast could be exhibited and make a man's fortune.

12. A *gaberdine* was a coarse outer garment or frock.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

[Sings.] *The master, the swabber,*[13] *the boatswain, and I,*
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,[14]
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me:—O!

Steph. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Inde,[15] ha? I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at's nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me:—O!

Steph. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the Devil should he learn our language?

13. A *swabber* is a man who scrubs the decks of a ship.

14. *Tang* means *sharp taste;* here it means that Kate spoke sharply.

15. *Inde* may mean India as we understand it, or West India, that is, America. Stephano probably alludes to the sham wonders from America that were often exhibited by lying showmen.

I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.[16]

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee:
I'll bring my wood home faster.

Steph. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him;[17] he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt;
Thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling:
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Steph. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat:[18] open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: [*Gives him drink,*] you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chops again. [*Gives him more drink.*

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drown'd; and these are devils:—O, defend me!

Steph. Four legs, and two voices—a most delicate monster? His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help

16. *Neat's-leather* is *calfskin.*
17. Stephano means that he will take all he can get.
18. He alludes to an old saying, "Good liquor will make a cat talk."

his ague: [*Gives him drink.*]—Come,—Amen![19] I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Steph. Doth thy other mouth call me?—Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.[20]

Trin. Stephano!—If thou be'st Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Steph. If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. [*Pulls* TRINCULO *out.*] Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege[21] of this moon-calf?[22]

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drown'd?[23] Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Steph. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.[24]

---

19. This is probably the nearest to a prayer that Stephano can remember in his fright.

20. This alludes to an old proverb, "He that would eat with the devil must use a long spoon.

21. *Siege* here means *seat.*

22. A moon-calf was any shapeless monster; supposed to be made so through the influence of the moon.

23. The superstitious Trinculo is still a little afraid that Stephano may be a ghost.

24. *Constant* here means *settled,* from his recent experiences in the sea.

Cal. [*Aside.*] These be fine things, an if[25] they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Steph. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack,[26] which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Steph. Here; swear, man, how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Steph. Here, kiss the book. [*Gives him drink.*] Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Steph. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. — How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Steph. Out o' the Moon, I do assure thee: I was the Man-i'-the-moon when time was.

Cal. I've seen thee in her, and I do adore thee:

25. The word *an* may be omitted from before *if* without altering the meaning. Caliban fears the men may be evil spirits, but thinks Stephano must be a god.

26. *Sack* is an old-fashioned intoxicating drink. A *butt* is a big cask holding about two hogsheads.

My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and
thy bush.[27]

Steph. Come, swear to that; kiss the book:
I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.
[*Gives* CALIBAN *drink.*

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! — I afeard of him! — a very weak monster! — *The Man-i'-the-moon*! — a most poor credulous monster! — Well drawn,[28] monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the
island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy
subject.

Steph. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him, —

Steph. Come, kiss. [*Gives* CALIBAN *drink.*

Trin. — but that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll
pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

27. All these things the fanciful used to think they could see in the face of the moon.

28. This probably means that Caliban had taken a long hearty draught at the bottle.

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;[29]
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young staniels[30] from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Steph. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the King and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by-and-by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing at requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban
Has a new master; get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day, hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Steph. O brave monster! lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*

29. *Pig-nuts* were probably *ground-nuts*, the small bulbous growths on the roots of certain vines.

30. A *staniel* is a *kestril*, a beautiful hawk.

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Before* PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

THERE be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off:[1] some kinds of baseness[2]
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me as 'tis odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures:[3] O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour;
Most busy when I do it least.[4]

1. Ferdinand says, "Some sports are painful, and the delight we take in them offsets the labor."

2. *Baseness* here means *lowliness*, rather than anything base or evil.

3. Prospero has set Ferdinand to carrying logs, a hard task and a lowly one, to test his love for Miranda, to find out how manly he really is.

4. The meaning of this line probably is that when he works the least he is really most wearied because he does not have Miranda's sympathetic words to cheer him, or the sweet thought that he is working for her.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *behind.*

Mira. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you're enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.

Ferd. O most dear mistress,
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Ferd. No, precious creature;
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pros. [*Aside.*] Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Ferd. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda—O my father,
I've broke your hest to say so!

Ferd. Admired Miranda!

Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I've eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil:[5] but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I'm skilless of; but, by my modesty,—
The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Ferd. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king,—
I would, not so![6]—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer

5. *Put it to the foil,* means *put it on the defensive.* Foil was a general name for swords.

6. Ferdinand thinks his father has been drowned, but wishes it were not so, even though he is thereby made King.

The flesh-fly blow[7] my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
Mira. Do you love me?
Ferd. O Heaven, O Earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! if hollowly,[8] invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else[9] i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mira. I am a fool
To weep at what I'm glad of.
Pros. [*Aside.*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!
Ferd. Wherefore weep you?
Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want.[10] But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!

7. The flesh-fly is the blow-fly, which lays its eggs in meat and helps its decay.
8. *Hollowly* here means *falsely.*
9. We would now say, "*Whatsoever* else."
10. Instead of *to want,* we would say *from wanting.*

"I AM YOUR WIFE, IF YOU WILL MARRY ME."

I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow[11]
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant.

11. *Fellow* here means *equal.*

Whether you will or no.
Ferd. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.
Mira. My husband, then?
Ferd. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage[12] e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.
Ferd. A thousand thousand![13]
[*Exeunt* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA.
Pros. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who am surprised withal;[14] but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *with a bottle.*

Steph. Tell not me: when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.[1]—Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle:

12. *Bondman* may be read for *bondage*. He accepts her as willingly as a slave ever accepted freedom.

13. "A thousand thousand *farewells*."

14. Prospero desires Ferdinand to love and marry Miranda and has planned for it, but he is surprised at the suddenness and strength of their love.

1. As in a naval battle one ship runs alongside another, and the sailors leap aboard.

we are three of them; if th' other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

Steph. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set[2] in thy head.

[CALIBAN *drinks.*

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Steph. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.[3]

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.[4]

Steph. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Steph. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy Honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable.[5] Why, thou debosh'd[6] fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

2. *Set* means *fixed and staring.*

3. *Standard* may be read *standard-bearer.*

4. Trinculo means that Caliban is too drunk to stand.

5. Trinculo is always jesting, even at his own expense. He means he is so drunk he would pick a quarrel with a constable.

6. *Debosh'd* means *debauched.*

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. *Lord,* quoth he. That a monster should be such a natural![7]

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Steph. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree.[8] The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased
To hearken once again the suit I made thee?

Steph. Marry, will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.[9]

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

Steph. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Steph. Mum, then, and no more.—
[*To* CAL.] Proceed.

7. A *natural* is a fool or a simpleton.
8. Stephano means "You shall be hanged on the next tree."
9. As Ariel is invisible, each thinks another has spoken.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy Greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for, I know, thou darest,
But this thing[10] dare not,—

Steph. That's most certain.

Cal.—Thou shalt be lord of it, and I will serve thee.

Steph. How now shall this be compass'd?
Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's[11] this!—Thou scurvy patch![12]—
I do beseech thy Greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes[13] are.

Steph. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish[14] of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go further off.

---

10. "*This thing*" is Caliban himself.

11. The court fools or jesters of that day wore clothes of many colors—were *pied*, that is, *dappled*.

12. *Patch* is another word referring to the parti-colored clothing of the jester.

13. The *quick freshes* are the running springs of fresh water.

14. *Stock-fish* is a word used in the writings of that period to mean some kind of a fixture, which men struck with their fists or with cudgels in practicing boxing and fighting.

Steph. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Steph. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the Devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Steph. Now, forward with your tale.—Pr'ythee stand further off.[15]

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Steph. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: then thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weazand[16] with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot,[17] as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave[18] utensils,—for so he calls them,—

15. Stephano speaks first to Caliban, then to Trinculo.

16. The *weazand* is the windpipe or throat.

17. *Sot* in this place means *fool*, not *drunkard*. Caliban thinks Prospero's books are the source of his magic power over such spirits as Ariel and those he commands

18. *Brave* here means *beautiful* or *showy*.

Which, when he has a house, he'll deck't withal:
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

Steph. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord.

Steph. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our Graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Steph. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half-hour will he be asleep: Wilt thou destroy him then?

Steph. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.[19]

Cal. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch[20]
You taught me but while-ere?[21]

Steph. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,[22] any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

19. This speech of Ariel's is made aside, that is, out of hearing of the three conspirators.

20. *Troll the catch* means *sing the jolly song.*

21. *While-ere* means *awhile since.*

22. "I will do anything reasonable," says Stephano.

ARIEL PLAYS THE TUNE

Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Steph. What is this same?[23]

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of Nobody.[24]

Steph. If thou be'st a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou be'st a devil,—take't as thou list.[25]

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Steph. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Steph. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
Sometime[26] a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Steph. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

23. "What is this music I hear?"

24. A common sign in those times was called the picture of Nobody. It consisted of a head upon two legs, with arms.

25. Stephano probably means, "Take a blow from my fist," and speaks to the invisible spirit or devil that he now thinks to be near them, because of Ariel's curious interruptions.

26. *Sometime* is again used for *sometimes*.

Steph. That shall be by-and-by: I remember the story.

Cal. The sound is going away; let's follow it,
And after do our work.

Steph. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer! he lays it on.—Wilt come?

Trin. I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and Others.*

Gonza. By'r lakin,[1] I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights[2] and meanders![3] by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with[4] weariness,
To th' dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate[5] search on land. Well, let him go.

Anto. [*Aside to* SEBAS.] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolved t' effect.

1. *By our lady!* was a common exclamation. A diminutive form of this was *by our ladykin* which was contracted into *by our lakin.*
2. *Forth-rights* are straight lines.
3. *Meanders* are crooked lines.
4. *Attach'd with* means *seized by.*
5. *Frustrate* means *defeated* or *baffled.*

Sebas. [*Aside to* ANTO.] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.[6]

Anto. [*Aside to* SEBAS.] Let it be to-night.
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they're fresh.

Sebas. [*Aside to* ANTO.] I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music.

Alon. What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

Gonza. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter, below, several strange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the* KING, *&c., to eat, they depart.*

Alon. Give us kind keepers, Heavens!—
What were these?

Sebas. A living drollery.[7] Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne;[8] one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Anto. I'll believe both;

6. *Throughly* means the same as *through*. Sebastian means that the next time he will carry his purpose through.

7. A *drollery* was an amusing show of the *Punch and Judy* kind, where the characters were puppets. In a *living* drollery, the characters would be alive instead of puppets.

8. The *phœnix* was a fabled bird of antiquity which lived a hundred years and then died in flames, only to rise young and strong again from its ashes. There was but one such bird in the world, and somewhere in Arabia was a tree, different from any other in the world, in which the phœnix built its nest.

And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gonza. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders,—
For, certes,[9] these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pros. [*Aside.*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muse[10]
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pros. [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.[11]
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Sebas. No matter, since
They've left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gonza. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,

9. *Certes* means *for a certainty.*

10. *Muse* here means *wonder at.*

11. Probably Prospero alludes to an old saying which meant, "Do not praise your banquet too soon; wait till it is over."

Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts?[12] which now we find,
Each putter-out of one for five[13] will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, by a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny—
That hath to instrument[14] this lower world

12. Among the *strange shapes* that danced about the banquet were deformed men from whose throats the flesh hung down in huge pockets, like goitres, and others whose heads grew from their breasts without neck and shoulders.

13. Sometimes in Shakespeare's days they practiced a curious kind of insurance. If a man were going on a long journey, he *put out* in the hands of agents a sum of money, under the agreement that if he returned he was to have a certain number of times the money he put out. If the journey was perilous, the agreement might call for five times the sum; if a safer journey, perhaps twice the amount. If the traveler did not return, the agents kept the sum put out. Gonzalo uses the phrase "*Each putter-out of one for five*," to mean each man who goes on a perilous journey. He means that every traveler returning vouches for, or gives good warrant for, the wonders he has seen.

14. Instead of *That hath to instrument*, we might read *That has control of*. The whole sentence means: "You are three sinful men whom Destiny, that rules this lower world and what is in it, has caused the never-surfeited sea to throw on shore; yes, and on this island which man does not inhabit; you who are among men the most unfit to live."

And what is in't—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; yea, and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I've made you mad;
And even with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.
[*Seeing* ALON., SEBAS., *&c., draw their swords.*
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing[15] waters, as diminish
One dowle[16] that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
For that's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit[17] it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,

15. Water closes immediately over any cut made in it.

16. *Dowle* means *down*, and the comparison means, *as cut off a single thread of down from my plumes.*

17. *Requit* means here *revenged.*

Lingering perdition—worse than any death
Can be at once—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose[18] wraths to guard you from,—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing, but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mowes, and carry out the table.

Pros. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done.[19] My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—who they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and my loved darling. [*Exit from above.*

18. *Whose* refers to the word *powers* six lines before. The meaning of the remainder of Ariel's speech is as follows: "Nothing but repentance and a clear life hereafter can guard you from the wrath that otherwise will fall upon your heads in this desolate isle."

19. The meaning of the preceding clause is: "Thus with the skill of life and keen observance of the ways of men, my humbler servants have done their work, each according to his nature or kind."

Gonza. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?
Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;[20]
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.[21]
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded;[22] and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded.[23] [*Exit.*
Sebas. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
Anto I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt* SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.
Gonza. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a long time after,[24]
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy[25]
May now provoke them to.
Adri. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

20. *It* refers to his sin against Prospero.

21. That is: "It sang my misdeed in a terrible bass."

22. This clause means: "My son sleeps in the ooze on the bottom of the ocean."

23. *Mudded* means *buried in mud.* Alonso threatens to drown himself.

24. There are said to be poisons which will not work until a long time after a person takes them.

25. For *ecstasy,* read *fit of madness.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Before* PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA. PROSPERO *speaks.*

IF I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

Ferd. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter, thou.
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.—
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

"SHE WILL OUTSTRIP ALL PRAISE."

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must

Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity[1] of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.[2]

Ari. Before you can say *Come* and *Go*,
And breathe twice, and cry *So, so.*
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop[3] and mow.[4]
Do you love me, master?—no? [*Exit.*

Pros. Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,[5]
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly![6]
No tongue; all eyes; be silent.

[*Soft music.*

Enter IRIS.[7]

Iris. Ceres,[8] most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,[9] them to keep;

1. *Vanity* probably means *fine display.*
2. *With a twink* means *in the twinkling of an eye.*
3. *Mop* means *chattering.*
4. *Mow* means *making faces. Mop and mow* were words applied to such chattering and grinning as a monkey makes.
5. A *corollary* here means *more than enough.*
6. *Pertly* means *alertly.*
7. Iris was the fleet messenger of the Greek gods. She had beautiful golden wings, and as she flew across the heavens, she left the many-colored rainbow as her trail.
8. Ceres was the Greek goddess of the earth, who especially watched over the growth of grain and fruits. She it is who brings rich harvests, or when her attention is called away, permits drought to kill the vegetation.
9. *Stover* is fodder. A mead thatched with stover is a meadow covered with rich grass and hay.

"DO YOU LOVE ME, MASTER?"

Thy banks with peonéd[10] and twillèd[11] brims,

10. The common marsh-marigold was called *peony* in some localities.
11. Reeds were called *twills* in some localities.

Which spongy[12] April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns;[13] and thy
brown groves,
Whose shadow the dismissèd bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn;[14] thy pole-clipt vineyard;[15]
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the Queen o' the
Sky,[16]
Whose watery arch[17] and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign
Grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport. Her peacocks[18] fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-color'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;[19]
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky[20] acres and my unshrubb'd down,[21]

12. The frequent rains of April make the ground like a water-soaked sponge.

13. This passage means: "Thy banks with edges bordered with marsh-marigolds and reeds which rainy April trims to make cold crowns for chaste nymphs."

14. *Lass-lorn* means *forsaken by his lass.*

15. The poles in a vineyard are *clipt* or *embraced* by the vines.

16. Juno was Queen of the sky and Iris was her special messenger.

17. Rainbow.

18. Peacocks were sacred to Juno and are represented as accompanying her.

19. Jupiter was the chief god of the ancient Greeks, and Juno was his wife.

20. *Bosky* means *wooded.*

21. *Unshrubbed downs* are tracts of land on which no bushes grow.

Rich scarf to my proud Earth;—why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly Bow,
If Venus[22] or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the Queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis[23] my daughter got,[24]
Her and her blind boy's[25] scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos,[26] and her son
Dove-drawn with her.

Cer. Here, Queen of highest state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.[27]

Enter JUNO.[28]

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

22. Venus was the Greek goddess of love and beauty.

23. *Dis* is another name for Pluto, who according to the Greek mythology ruled in the dismal lower world.

24. By the aid of Venus, Pluto stole Proserpina, the daughter of Ceres and Jupiter, and carried her away to be his queen in Hades.

25. Her *blind boy* is Cupid, the mischievous little god of love.

26. Paphos was a city in Cyprus, where Venus loved to live.

27. Juno's walk was very stately and dignified.

28. Juno was a large, noble, motherly-looking woman, who is represented in art as attended by the nymphs and the hours, as well as by Iris. The goose and the cuckoo were as much Juno's birds as the pea-

SONG.

Juno. *Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,*
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. *Earth's increase, and foison plenty,*[29]
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest![30]
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Ferd. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?[31]

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Ferd. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd[32] father and a wife
Make this place Paradise. [JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!

---

cock. She was the protectress of young married people and infants, and so was worshiped especially by women.

29. *Foison* and *plenty* mean about the same thing. The phrase might be read, *overflowing plenty*, a great plenty.

30. This means, may a new spring come as soon as you have gathered the harvest of the old one. May there be no winter in your lives.

31. Ferdinand is still amazed, and inquires if they are really spirits that he sees.

32. *So rare a wonder'd father* means, *so rarely wonderful a father.*

Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,
With your sedge crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp[33] channels, and on this green land
Answer our summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.—

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, *properly habited: they join with the* Nymphs *in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof* PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pros. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot

33. *Crisp* means *curled*, alluding to the wavelets that the breezes make on the surface of the water.

34. The *sicklemen* are reapers called from the harvest fields to make merry.

Is almost come.—[*To the* Spirits.] Well done; avoid;[35] no more!

Ferd. This is most strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pros. You do, my son, look in a movèd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack[36] behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on,[37] and our little life
Is rounded[38] with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Ferd. }
Mira. } We wish you peace.

Pros. [*To* ARIEL.] Come with a thought!—

35. *Avoid* means *begone*.
36. The thin fleecy clouds, highest in the sky, were called *rack*.
37. *On* is here used for *of*.
38. We would say *rounded off* or *finished*.

I thank ye.[39] [*Exeunt* FERD. *and* MIRA.]—
Ariel, come!

Re-enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: what's thy pleasure?
Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with[40] Caliban.
Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought t' have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.
Pros. Well, say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?
Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing[41] in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd[42] colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced[43] their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,

39. *I thank ye* is spoken to Ferdinand and Miranda, and is Prospero's reply to their good wishes.

40. *Meet with* means *oppose* or *counteract.*

41. *For breathing* means *because it breathed.* In the next line, *for kissing* means *because it kissed.*

42. *Unback'd* means *unridden.*

43. *Advanced* means *raised.*

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled[44] pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that[45] the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale[46] to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pros. A devil, a born-devil,[47] on whose nature
Nurture can never stick;[48] on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all are lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.[49] I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.—

Re-enter ARIEL *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line.[50]

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

44. The pool was mantled, or covered over, with filth.

45. For *that* read *so that* or *insomuch that.*

46. *Stale* means *bait.* It was a term used by hunters for a bait that would lure birds.

47. Caliban.

48. *Nurture* can never stick on his *nature*: that is, he can never be improved by culture or education.

49. *Cankers* means *rusts*, or here, *eats into itself.*

50. It is not known whether *line* refers to a clothesline or to a line tree. Only Shakespeare himself could tell us to a certainty.

Steph. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.[51]

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-stale; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Steph. So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Nay, good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance:[52] therefore speak softly;
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Steph. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Steph. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet. See'st thou here?
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

---

51. *Play'd the Jack with us.* "Led us astray as a Jack-o'-lantern might."

52. *To hoodwink this mischance* means *to make it forgotten* or *overlooked.*

Steph. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer![53] O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.[54]—O King Stephano!

Steph. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy Grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool!—what do you mean,
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Steph. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:[55] now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

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53. In Hudson's Shakespeare this is explained as an allusion to the old ballad entitled "Take thy old Cloak about thee." The following stanza is quoted:

> "*King Stephen* was a worthy *peer*,
> His breeches cost him but a crown;
> He held them sixpence all too dear,
> Therefore he called the tailor lown."

54. A *frippery* was a shop where old clothes were sold. Trinculo has found the clothing Ariel hung upon the line.

55. *Under the line.* We can imagine that Stephano has pulled the leather jerkin or coat from the line. When he says *under the line*, he thinks of that as an expression sailors use when they are near the equinoctial line or equator, where the heat is intense, so strong as to take the hair or fur off the coat and make it a *bald jerkin.*

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level,[56] an't like your Grace.

Steph. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. *Steal by line and level* is an excellent pass of pate;[57] there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime[58] upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles,[59] or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Steph. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Steph. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits *in shape of hounds, and hunt them about;* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark!— [CAL., STEPH., *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*

56. *By line and level*, that is, as architects build, by plumb line and level. Trinculo picks up the word *line* and makes a new pun on it.

57. A *pass* is a *thrust; pate* is *head. Pass of pate* is a *thrust* or *sally of wit.*

58. *Lime* is a sticky substance used to catch birds.

59. *Barnacles* here means *barnacle-geese*, a kind of geese supposed by the superstitious to be produced when certain barnacles or shell-fish fell into the sea water.

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With agèd cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat-o'-mountain.[60]
Ari. Hark, they roar!
Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Before the Cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes, and* ARIEL.
PROSPERO *speaks:*

NOW does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and Time
Goes upright with his carriage.[1] How's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
Pros. I did say so,

60. *Pard* is a contraction for *leopard; cat-o'-mountain* may be another name for wild-cat, though wild-cats are not spotted. Probably the term is loosely used to mean any spotted animal of the cat tribes.

1. *Goes upright with his carriage* means, *goes erectly under his burden*, that is, there is time enough to accomplish what Prospero wishes to do.

When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the King and's followers?
Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them; all are prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;[2]
They cannot budge till your release.[3] The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
He that you term'd *The good old lord, Gonzalo:*
His tears run down his beard, like winter-drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they,[4] be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,

2. That is, "In the grove of line-trees which protects your cell from the weather."

3. *Till-your release* means *till you release them.*

4. In this place *all* has the sense of *quite; relish* means *feel; passion* has the sense of *suffering.* The meaning of the clause is, that feel suffering quite as sharply as they.

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune,[5] and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets[6] make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms;[7] that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew;[8] by whose aid—
Weak masters[9] though ye be—I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault
Set roaring war: to the dread-rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's[10] stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory

5. *Neptune*, the name of the god of the seas, is used for *sea* or *ocean*.

6. "Fairy rings" are green circles in the grass. They were supposed to be caused by fairies dancing in a circle, but are now known to be caused by mushrooms which grow in circles and which enrich the ground as they decay. Because it contained some peculiar quality which Shakespeare calls sourness, the sheep would not eat the grass of the rings.

7. Because mushrooms and toadstools spring up so quickly in the night, they were supposed to be the work of fairies.

8. The curfew rings at night, and the fairies rejoice to hear it, for it is the signal for them to begin their frolics.

9. The fairies are weak masters, that is, they can accomplish little if left to themselves, but under the direction of a human mind like Prospero's, they could work such wonders as he describes.

10. The oak was sacred to Jove (Jupiter), and lightning and thunderbolts were his chief weapons.

Have I made shake, and by the spurs[11] pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, as the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure the brains,
Now useless, boil'd[12] within the skull!—There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.—
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to[13] the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.[14]—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,

11. The *spurs* are the long *roots* of the pines and cedars.
12. *Boil'd* is used for *boiling* or *seething.*
13. *Sociable to* means *sympathizing with.*
14. *Fall fellowly drops* means *shed tears in sympathy.*

Melting the darkness, so their rising senses[15]
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle[16]
Their clearer reason.—O thou good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home[17] both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act:—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse[18] and nature;[19] who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,[20]
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:—
[*Exit* ARIEL.

15. *Rising senses* means *clearing mental faculties.*

16. *Ignorant fumes that mantle* alludes to the confusion that the charm has caused in their ideas. The whole passage means simply that they are recovering their senses.

17. This sentence means, *I will reward thee to the utmost.*

18. *Remorse* here means *pity.*

19. *Nature* here means *brotherly love.*

20. *The reasonable shore* means *the shore of reason.* As the tide rises to the shore of the sea, so their clearing thoughts fill their minds

I will discase me,[21] and myself present
As I was sometime Milan:[22]—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie,—
There I couch: when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly
After Summer, merrily.[23]
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so.
To the King's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awaked, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me,[24] and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.

Gonza. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement

21. *Discase me* means *remove my disguise.*

22. *As I was sometime Milan* means *as I was once, the Duke of Milan.*

23. The meaning of the three lines preceding has been much disputed. No one knows exactly what the poet meant. Perhaps Ariel sings with this meaning: "When the owls cry and foretell the approach of winter, I fly on the back of a bat in a merry search for summer."

24. Ariel uses this fanciful way of saying that he will go as fast as human thought.

"BEHOLD THE WRONGED DUKE OF MILAN."

Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pros. Behold, sir King,
The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero:

For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alon. Whêr[25] thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle[26] to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all[27]—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.[28] But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?
Pros. First, noble friend,[29]
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.
Gonza. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.
Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties[30] o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all:—
[*Aside to* SEBAS. *and* ANTO.] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,

25. *Whêr* is a contraction of *whether.*
26. *Trifle* here means *phantom* or *spirit.*
27. This clause means, *if this be at all true.*
28. *My wrongs* means *the wrongs I have done.*
29. He speaks to Gonzalo.
30. *Taste some subtilties* means *feel some deceptions.*

And justify you traitors:[31] at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Sebas. [*Aside to* ANTO.] The Devil speaks in him.

Pros. Now,
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I'm woe[32] for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss!

Pros. As great to me; as late;[33] and, portable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter!

31. *Justify you traitors* means *prove that you are traitors.*
32. *Woe* here means *sorry.*
33. *As late* means *as recent.*

O Heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The King and Queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,[34]
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, these words
Are natural breath:[35] but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet[36] of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,[37]
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my Court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

34. In this place *admire* means *wonder*.

35. *Are natural breath* means *are the breath of a human being*. The lords are still amazed; they cannot reason, they can scarcely believe their eyes or that the words they hear come from a living human being.

36. In this connection *yet* means *now*, or *for the present*.

37. That is, it is a story to be told day after day.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.[38]

Ferd. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,[39]
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.[40]

Sebas. A most high miracle!

Ferd. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful!
I've cursed them without cause. [*Kneels to* ALON.

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of the glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

Mira. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pros. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

38. Miranda playfully accuses Ferdinand of cheating in the game.

39. The exact meaning of *wrangle* has not been determined, and critics still disagree. However, what Miranda says is, "you might cheat me for a score of kingdoms and yet I would call it fair play."

40. Alonso means that if this sight of Ferdinand is one of the witcheries of the island, he will feel that he has lost his son a second time.

Ferd. Sir, she's mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.[41]
Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.
Gonza. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this.—Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessèd crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gonza. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become Kings of Naples! O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his dukedom,

41. And this lady by becoming my wife makes him a second father to me.

In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.[42]

Alon. [*To* FERD. *and* MIRA.] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gonza. Be't so! Amen!—

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.[43]—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?[44]
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our King and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [*Aside to* PROS.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [*Aside to* ARIEL.] My tricksy[45] spirit!

42. That is, "all of us have found our senses, when no man was in possession of his own."

43. See Act I—Scene I.

44. This sentence means, "Now you blasphemous man who swore so on board the ship that we could be saved, have you not an oath to swear on shore?"

45. *Tricksy* means *clever.*

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty:
When we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her:[46] on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping[47] hither.

Ari. [*Aside to* PROS.] Was't well done?

Pros. [*Aside to* ARI.] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than Nature
Was ever conduct of:[48] some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.[49]

Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on[50]

46. *Capering to eye her* means *dancing with joy at seeing her.*
47. *Moping* here means *bewildered.*
48. *Conduct of* is used for *conductor* or *leader of.*
49. That is, "some wise man must make it clear to us."
50. This sentence means "Do not trouble your mind by hammering away at the strangeness of these happenings."

The strangeness of this business; at pick'd
leisure,[51]
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve[52] you—
Which to you shall seem probable—of every
These happen'd accidents:[53] till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—[*Aside to* ARIEL.]
Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit* ARI.]—How fares my
gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Steph. Every man shift for all the rest,[54] and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio,[55] bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head,[56] here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Sebas. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my Lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

51. *At pick'd leisure* is *at a chosen time when we have the opportunity.*

52. *Single I'll resolve* means *I will explain singly.*

53. *Of every these happen'd accidents* means *how every one of these things happened.*

54. Stephano is still a little drunk and his tongue uncertain in its speech. He means, *Let every man shift for himself.*

55. *Coragio* is used for *courage!*

56. Trinculo means, "If my eyes do not deceive me."

Anto. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shaped knave,—
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the Moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without[57] her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—
For he's but half a one—had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
Sebas. He is drunk now: where had he wine?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded[58] 'em?—
How camest thou in this pickle?
Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last, that I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.[59]

57. *Without* here means *outside of* or *beyond.*

58. *Gilded* is a word that was commonly applied to a man who was drunk.

59. Meat that is infested with maggots which have hatched from eggs laid by flies is said to be fly-blown. These will not lay their eggs in pickled meat. Trinculo says he has been so pickled, that is drunk, that the flies will not blow him.

"WHAT THINGS ARE THESE?"

Sebas. Why, how now, Stephano!

Steph. O, touch me not! I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pros. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Steph. I should have been a sore[60] one, then.

Alon. [*Pointing to* CAL.] This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Sebas. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt* CAL., STEPH., *and* TRIN.

Pros. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away,—the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial

60. Stephano is sore from his torments, but as the word *sore* also means *harsh* and *severe*, he makes a good pun in his speech.

Of these our dear-belovèd solemnized;
And thence retire me[61] to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.[62]
Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pros. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—[*Aside to* ARI.] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE[63]

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,—[64]
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,[65]
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,

61. *Retire me* means *withdraw myself.*

62. Prospero has accomplished his purposes: he has recovered his dukedom, has found a suitable husband for his daughter, and now feels that life has little in store for him. So every third thought will be in preparation for his death.

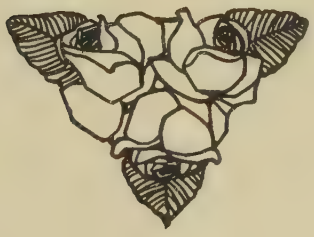
63. The Epilogue is a part spoken by one of the actors after the play is over, and is addressed to the audience. Here *Prospero* steps forward and speaks.

64. He has dismissed Ariel and laid aside all his magic arts.

65. The audience may hold him on the island or send him to Naples, for he is still under a spell.

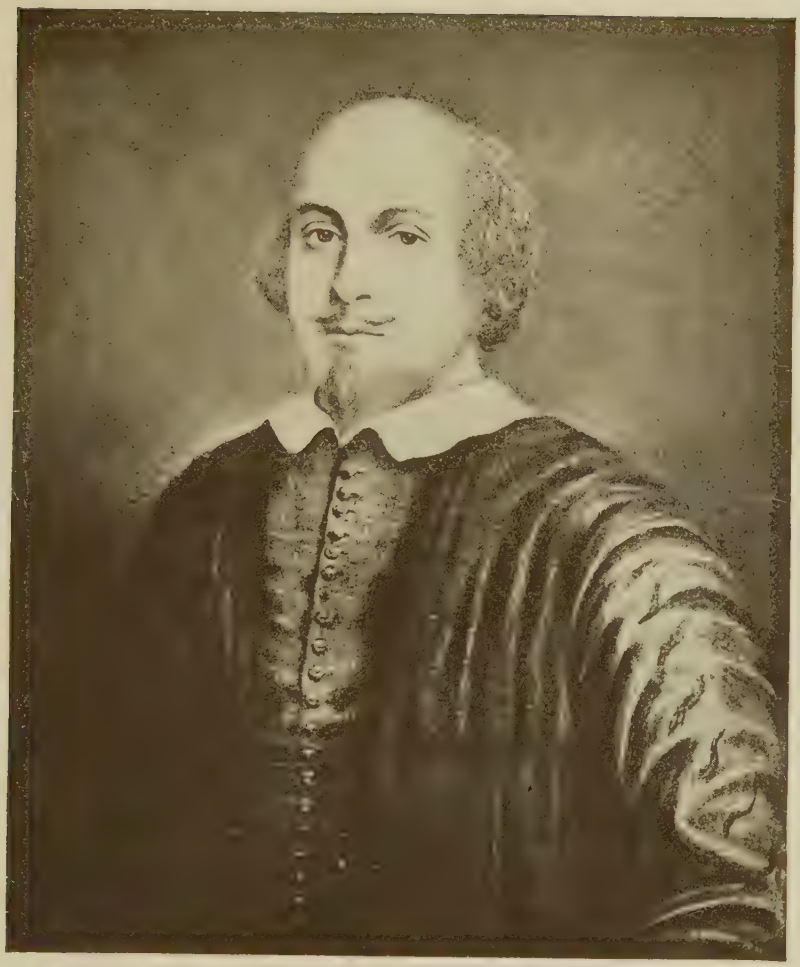
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.[66]
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

66. He asks the audience to applaud, to clap their hands, for noise always breaks charms, and will release him from the enchantment so that he may return to his dukedom.



STUDIES FOR *THE TEMPEST*

HE AUTHOR. Many times we have had occasion to say that an acquaintance with an author has much to do with our liking for his works, and as we read the great plays of our greatest poet, we wish we might know him more intimately. However, when we look for information concerning him, we quickly find that comparatively little is known of the man beyond what we can draw from his writings, and few authors have shown themselves less vividly. After doing our best, we can find only a great, shadowy Author who must have had a broad knowledge, a rare invention, a profound insight into human nature, a penetrating sympathy and a marvelous power of expression. As seen through his works, he appears more than human, but when we look into our histories, we wonder that so great a man could have lived and died, and left so light an impression on his times. In fact, some wise men have felt that the William Shakespeare we know could never have written the great plays that bear his name. That is a question, however, we need not discuss; it is better to leave the credit where it has rested for centuries, and believe that the plays are better evidence of Shakespeare's greatness than his own life is evidence of his ability to write them.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford-on-Avon, April 23, 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, was a respectable citizen, a wool-dealer and a glover, who at one time possessed considerable means, and was an alderman and a bailiff in the little town, but who later on lost most of his property and ceased to be prominent in the affairs of the village. William's mother was Mary Arden, a gentle, tender woman of Norman descent, who exerted a powerful influence over the lives of her children.

Until William was about fourteen years old he attended the free school in Stratford, and though there are many legends concerning his boyhood pranks and his gift for learning, we know practically nothing for a certainty. In one of the desks at the school, they still show the initials he is supposed to have cut during some idle moment. Of his youth we know still less, except that at about eighteen he married Ann Hathaway, a farmer's daughter who lived in the village of Shottery, a mile or two from Stratford. Ann was eight years older than William, but they seem to have lived happily and to have loved the children that were born to them.

The next thing we can be really certain of is, that about the time William was twenty-three he went to London and soon became connected with a company of actors. Here the genius of the poet began to make itself felt. He wrote some plays, he recast others, and by the time he had been five years in the city, he was prominent among the bright men of his time, and was

recognized as a rising man. Unlike most actors and writers of that period, Shakespeare was not a dissipated man, but attended carefully to his duties, saved his money, and ten years after he left Stratford was able to return to his native town and buy a fine estate, to which he added from time to time. His money had not all come from his writings and his acting, however, for he owned a large part of the stock in the two leading theaters in London.

About 1604 he ceased to be an actor, although he continued to write for the stage, and in fact produced his greatest plays after that date. Seven years later he returned finally to Stratford, and there lived a quiet and delightful home life until 1616, when on the anniversary of his birth he died suddenly of a fever. He was buried in the little parish church at Stratford, where his remains rest beside those of his wife. On the flat stone that covers his body is inscribed this epitaph:

"Good frend for Iesus sake forbeare,
To digg the dvst encloased heare:
Blesse be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And Cvrst be he yt moves my bones."

Such are the principal facts that we know concerning the great man, and a simple biography it certainly is. We must not, however, think that he was not popular among his fellows, or that he was merely a successful business man. He counted among his friends the wisest and best men of his time, and some of them have

written their impressions of him. Ben Jonson, a rough but sincere and honest man, says: "I loved the man, and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open, free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions and gentle expressions."

HE PLAY. *The Tempest* was one of the last of the poet's dramas, though not the last, as some writers have contended. It was not printed until 1623, after the poet's death, but it was written, according to Hudson, between 1603 and 1613, and probably between 1610 and 1613.

The story seems to have been original with Shakespeare; at least no satisfactory evidence has been given to show that he borrowed it. This is rather unusual, for Shakespeare showed a fine contempt for originality, and borrowed the plots of his plays from a great variety of sources. His own version of each story, however, was so masterly that no one regrets that he availed himself of all the assistance he could get.

The scene of the play is laid on an island; what island we do not know. Probably it is as mythical as the events that happened on it, and never had any existence outside the poet's mind.

The Tempest is one of Shakespeare's most perfect plays. In form it is perfect, and follows, more closely than was customary with him, the strict laws of the old Greek dramas, the laws

which critics still uphold as those governing the highest art. The three unities are here observed: The events all occur in a single day; they happen in a single place; from beginning to end there is one continuous line of thought. Only the last characteristic is still generally observed by dramatic writers.

Beside perfection in form, *The Tempest* shows the greatest nicety in the way the natural and supernatural move along together without a single interference. It is difficult to think of the magic art of Prospero as more marvelous than the coarse plotting of Sebastian, or to consider the delicate Ariel and the mis-shapen Caliban less human than the manly Ferdinand, or the honest old Gonzalo. Only a great writer could accomplish this, and none but a genius could make of his work a piece so fine that we delight in every line of it. It would be unfair too not to mention the beautiful expressions that abound in it, the high sentiments that prevail, and the great renunciation that Prospero makes when he has in his hands every means for swift and terrible revenge.

HARACTERS. In reading the drama we become acquainted with the characters, and begin to be indifferent toward some, to have admiration for others and contempt for others. In real life we must not be governed by our first impressions of people. We must study their appearance, their speech, their actions, and

make up our mind as to their characters before we decide to make them our friends. It is very unwise to trust every agreeable person we meet, and especially unwise to be suspicious of every person who at first impresses us unfavorably. The older we grow, the keener becomes our power to read character, and the less liable we are to be deceived if we try always to use our best judgment. One of the great benefits literature can offer us is the opportunity to study character, and Shakespeare had such a remarkable insight into human nature, and so great a power of drawing character that in his plays we can see before us almost every type of human being, and from a study of them we can gain a knowledge of humanity that will help us every day of our lives.

Accordingly, let us take up, one after another, the principal characters in *The Tempest* and study them in such a way that we shall be able to read other plays with greater ease and quickened intelligence.

1. *Prospero.* The hero of the drama is a man well advanced in years, grave, dignified and serene. As Duke of Milan he was a prince of power, "without a parallel in dignity and knowledge." He was popular with his subjects, for so dear was the love his people bore him, that the conspirators did not dare to destroy him. Yet he was not inclined to rule his dukedom, for he grew a stranger to his state, so transported and wrapt was he in secret studies. He confesses that his library was dukedom enough for

him, and that he had volumes that he prized above his dukedom. This was his weakness, and upon this his false brother preyed, until one night in the dead of darkness the Duke and the crying Miranda were set adrift in the rotten carcass of a boat, which the very rats instinctively had quit.

On the island, with the books Gonzalo had preserved for him, he continued his studies and played the schoolmaster to his gentle child until she was better educated and more highly cultured than other princesses that spend more time in vain enjoyments and have less careful tutors. Prospero's love for his daughter is the strong, central trait in his character. He has raised her judiciously, guarded her zealously, and now when he finds, brought to his very door, all the actors in the tragedy of his life, his one great care is to provide for Miranda's happiness. All his plans lead to that end, and when he has achieved it, the labors of his life are over.

The supernatural powers that Prospero has acquired seem natural to the studious, dignified old gentleman, and amazing as they are, we can discredit none of them. He tells us he caused the storm, and Miranda begs him to save the passengers on the doomed ship with perfect confidence in his ability to do it. He causes sleep to fall on Miranda, and he summons the gentle Ariel, who enters as naturally as a human being, and admits the marvelous acts that he has seen Prospero perform. Caliban testifies to the power of Prospero so convincingly that

we know the magician has control of the destinies of every human being on the island, and can wreak a terrible vengeance if he is determined to do it. When Ferdinand draws his sword, the magician by a word makes him powerless as he stands. We see the magic banquet appear and disappear, and Iris, Ceres, Juno, the nymphs and the reapers come and converse, as a proof positive of his more than mortal power. How has he used this power and how will he continue to use it? When first he came upon the island it was full of evil, and the powers of darkness ruled. He has imprisoned and punished the evil spirits; freed the gentle and the good, banished all discord, and filled the island "full of noises, sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not." That in the future he will use his vast power only for good, we feel assured. Only Caliban hates and abuses him, only Caliban attributes evil designs to him, but the testimony of that incarnation of wickedness rather proves the gentleness, wisdom and justice of the magician.

Prospero's passionate love for his daughter makes him cunning and wise. Before he will trust his daughter to Ferdinand, he tests both the character and the love of the latter most severely. He even feigns anger and appears to be cruel and unjust. That he is feigning, neither suspect, but Miranda says: "Never till this day saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd," and "My father's a better nature, sir, than he appears by speech." When he is

assured of Ferdinand's worthiness, of the sincerity of his love for Miranda and of her devotion to her young lover, he is delighted, and becomes so interested in the entertainment he is giving them, that he forgets the plot against his life, although the hour of his danger has arrived. It is true the father stoops to listening, but his purpose is so worthy, no one is inclined to cavil at his watchfulness, and, in any event, his exceeding care but justifies the feeling that his love for Miranda is the mainspring of his every act.

On this small island Prospero is little less than a god, and controls affairs with almost supernatural justice and wisdom. Caliban, the ungrateful, terribly wicked monster, who has offended all the laws of decency and right, is punished unsparingly but with justice, for in the end with repentence he is forgiven, and the tortures cease. Ariel and the other obedient spirits, though reproved at times, are rewarded by freedom and placed beyond the reach of the evil powers of earth and air.

The sufferings Prospero has endured, the intensity of his studies, and the fierceness of his struggles with the supernatural powers of evil, have given a tinge of sadness to his thought, and have led him to feel that the result of all his labors may amount to little. The world is to him but an insubstantial pageant that shall dissolve and fade, leaving not the trace of the thinnest cloud behind. And as for ourselves,

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Yet no sooner does he give way to this feeling than he sees how unkind it is to trouble the young with such musings, and says pathetically to Ferdinand,

"Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturbed with my infirmity."

It is, however, at the end of the play, when all his plans have been carried out successfully, and enemies and friends are alike at his mercy, that the character of Prospero shines out most gloriously. Rejoicing at the fruition of his hopes, he asks from his enemies only a sincere repentance, and then nobly resigning the great arts which have rendered the plotters powerless, he forgives them one and all: his brother Antonio; the scheming Sebastian; Caliban, the evil spirit; and the two weak but wicked ones, Stephano and Trinculo. Then with generosity unparalleled he restores Ferdinand to his father, the King, who has joined with Antonio, and promises to all "calm seas, auspicious gales and sail so expeditious that shall catch your royal fleet far off." Remembering to set Ariel free, he lays aside his magic gown, breaks his staff, buries it fathoms deep in the earth, and drowns his magic book deeper than did ever plummet sound. Thus he leaves us, only a man once

more, but a loving father, a wise and gentle ruler.

2. *Miranda.* We have seen that the master feeling in Prospero's soul is his love for his daughter. Is she worthy of so great an affection? Let us draw our answers from the drama.

(a) She is beautiful.

Ferdinand says:

"Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!"

And:

"O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?"

Caliban says:

"And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least."

Alonso says:

"Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?"

(b) She is educated, cultured and refined.

Prospero says:

"And here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

Than other princesses can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful."

(c) She is tender-hearted, sympathetic and compassionate.

She says:

"O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer!"

And:

"O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart!"

Prospero speaks of these traits:

"Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,——"

Speaking of the trials which Prospero puts upon Ferdinand, she says:

"Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not fearful."

When she learns of her helplessness at the time they were set adrift, she says:

"O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to."

When Miranda hears how her father was treated by her false uncle, she exclaims:

"Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried on't then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't."

(d) She is brave.
Prospero says of her childhood:

"O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infusèd with a fortitude from Heaven."

(e) She is innocent and unacquainted with mankind and hates the sight of evil.
When she first sees Ferdinand, she asks:

"What is't? A spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit."

Again:

"I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend."

And finally:

"How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't."

She says of Caliban:

"'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on."

(f) She is grateful.

When she is told of Gonzalo's services to her and her father, she exclaims:

"Would I might
But ever see that man!"

(g) She is a loving, faithful woman:

While Ferdinand is at work she pleads:

"Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard,————
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you."

Again:

"If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while."

Later Ferdinand asks, "Wherefore weep you?" Miranda answers:

"At mine unworthiness,————
————Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no."

(h) Lover and father both bestow unqualified praise upon her. Ferdinand says:

"Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world!————
————but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!"

Her father says:

"O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her."

3. *Ferdinand.* The quotations we have made from the text seem to have answered our question as to Miranda's worthiness. Upon what sort of a man has she set her affections? Will she find in her husband the man she thinks she is to marry? Answer these questions for yourselves by reading the text and setting down the proofs as we did while studying Miranda.

4. *Ariel.* Prospero's agent Ariel is an interesting study, for the poet has drawn him with lines so clear and exact that he seems a veritable person. Will you not seek to know him, and in doing so follow these suggestions?

(a) Ariel appears in the following scenes:

ACT I	SCENE II	(three times)
ACT II	SCENE I	(twice)
ACT III	SCENE II	(once)
	SCENE III	(once)
ACT IV	SCENE I	(three times)
ACT V	SCENE I	(five times)

How many scenes are there in the play? In how many does Ariel appear? In what scenes does he make no appearance? What characters appear more times? What characters appear more prominently in the play?

(b) Ariel does many different things. Make a list of the things Ariel does in this play, and a second list of the things that it appears Ariel has done elsewhere.

(c) Ariel appears in different forms. What are these forms? Is Ariel ever visible to any of the characters besides Prospero? Does Ariel ever appear visibly to Prospero? If the play were to be acted on the stage, would be it necessary at any time to have a person come upon the stage to represent him?

(d) Ariel has human characteristics. What acts like those of a human being does Ariel commit? What does Ariel say that shows him to have human traits?

(e) Ariel is a spirit. What supernatural things does Ariel do? What does Ariel say that makes him seem more than human?

(f) Ariel has a many-sided character. Find in the play where the following questions are answered: Is he faithful? Does he do his duties well? Does Ariel love music? Does he feel gratitude? Does he always favor the right? Is Ariel merry? Does he love fun? Does he play practical jokes? Does he love warmth and light, or cold and darkness? Is he sympathetic? Does he lessen the grief of any one? Does he lead any one to remorse for evil deeds? Does he

assist love in the hearts of Ferdinand and Miranda? Do you think Prospero always treats him fairly? Does he seem so light and inconstant that he needs some discipline? What will he do when he is released from Prospero's control? Finally, does Ariel seem lovable to you, would you like him as a friend and companion as well as a powerful servant?

5. *Caliban.* It is difficult to tell just what the slave of Prospero looked like, and it is not at all unlikely that the poet intended we should not see him very clearly. He is a hideous spectacle, scarcely human, yet resembling a man in some respects. He is called in various places villain, slave and tortoise; a moon-calf, that is, a shapeless lump; a fish, with legs like a man and fins like arms; a puppy-headed monster; a man monster; half a fish and half a monster; a plain fish; a mis-shaped knave; "as strange a thing as e'er I looked upon;" and it is said of him that his manners are as disproportioned as his shape.

Is the character of Caliban apparently in keeping with his appearance? What does Prospero say of him? Do you place confidence in the opinion of such a man as Prospero, and do you feel that he is not unnecessarily severe? Does Caliban do anything to justify the bad character Prospero gives him early in the play? Why do you suppose Shakespeare introduces into the play such a character? Does such a character heighten the effect of the others?

6. *Other Characters.* Classify the other characters as good or bad. Where did you place

Alonso? Is there any doubt at all as to where Gonzalo should be placed? Are there any redeeming traits in Stephano? Do you think Trinculo's jesting is really funny? Would you like the play better if Stephano and Trinculo were left out of it? What can you find in the boatswain's words to justify the opinion Gonzalo holds of him? Which is the greater scoundrel, Sebastian or Antonio?

HE STORY OR PLOT. A certain duke has been by treachery driven from his principality with his infant daughter, and has found refuge on an uninhabited island. After many years those who plotted against him are thrown into his power, he recovers his dukedom and marries his daughter to the son of his king. Such, in brief, is the plot of *The Tempest*, but how wonderfully it is expanded, and how many characters have been created, how many incidents created to give interest and truthfulness to the narrative. Let us follow the play through, and by studying the relation of the incidents, one to another, learn to appreciate more fully the art of the great magician who wrote the play.

ACT I—SCENE I. *Purpose:* To introduce the enemies of Prospero. Do we know at the time of such a person as Prospero? Do we know why the persons are on the ship, where they intended to go or where they are now? When do we find out these things? What idea do you get of Gonzalo in the first scene? Why is

his conversation with the boatswain put into the play?

ACT I—SCENE II. *Purpose:* To bring before us all the leading characters in the play, and to tell us enough about them to secure our interest; also to give us the history necessary to an understanding of the plot. When do we first learn that there are miracles and magic in the play? How do we learn what has happened to Prospero before the time of the storm? How do we learn Ariel's history? How are we made acquainted with Caliban? How do we learn that Prospero raised the storm? How were the mariners confused, and by whom were all saved? What did Prospero whisper in the ear of Ariel when the latter came in after Prospero has called Caliban? What incident followed as a result of this command? How did Ariel lead Ferdinand? Are there other places in the play where Ariel leads people in the same way? What do you call the three most important incidents in this scene? What incidents could be left out of this scene without interfering with the development of the plot?

ACT II—SCENE I. *Purpose:* To account for the presence of the plotters, and to show the character of the men. Is it necessary to the development of the main plot that Sebastian and Antonio should scheme to kill the king? Do any of the incidents of this scene have any direct bearing on the main plot? Could any of the incidents of this scene be omitted without injury to the play?

ACT II—SCENE II. *Purpose:* To create amusement, lighten the play and by contrast make the fine parts more beautiful. Is any character in the scene absolutely essential to the completion of the story? Would you understand the story as well if the entire scene were omitted?

ACT III—SCENE I. *Purpose:* To disclose Prospero's purpose more fully, and to secure our interest in Ferdinand and Miranda.

ACT III—SCENE II. What is the purpose of this scene? What bearing do the incidents of this scene have upon the main plot?

ACT III—SCENE III. What effect is the magic banquet to have on the persons who saw it? What was Prospero's purpose in showing it? Did it contribute in any way to the success of his general plan?

ACT IV—SCENE I. What incidents in this scene are necessary, and what are introduced to give light and beauty to the play? What is the effect of introducing Caliban and his companions right after Ariel and the spirits have been entertaining Ferdinand and Miranda? What are Mountain, Silver, Fury and Tyrant, mentioned in this scene?

ACT V—SCENE I. What is the purpose of this scene? Is the plot brought to a satisfactory conclusion? Are there any characters left unaccounted for? Does every character in the play appear in this scene? Are they all on the stage when the curtain falls?

Make a list of the incidents which to you seem unnecessary, which could be left out without

injury to the real story. Make another list of incidents that could not be omitted without spoiling the story. Find two little plots that make complete stories in themselves, but that help only in a moderate degree to make the main story clearer.

POETRY AND PROSE. Do any of the characters speak always in prose? Do any speak always in poetry? Do some speak partly in prose and partly in poetry? Can you see any connection between each character and his method of speech? How many songs are sung in the play? Who sings them? Do you like any of the songs? What effect do the songs have upon the play? Can you find rhyming lines anywhere excepting in the songs? Does any character speak in rhyme?

CONCLUSION. If we study a play too long or continue to read it after our interest ceases for a time, we are liable to be prejudiced against it, and to feel that it is not worth the labor we have put upon it. If, however, a person will stop studying when he begins to lose interest and work seems a drudgery, he will come back a little later with renewed interest. Again, when we study a play minutely as we have been doing, and view it from many sides, we may lose sight for a time of the unity and beauty of the whole composition. This is peculiarly unfortunate, for the poet

intends us to view his work as a whole, and to produce his effect with the whole. It is *The Tempest* that we will remember as a work of art, and, if our studies are fruitful, that will draw us back to it at intervals for many years to come. Before we leave it, we must take it and read it through in a leisurely manner, pausing merely to enjoy its beauty, to smile at its playfulness and to feel our hearts expand under the benign influence of the grand old man Prospero. Now Miranda, Ferdinand and Ariel have passed the line of mere acquaintances, and have become to us fast friends, who, though they may be forever silent, have yet given us a fragment of their lives to cheer us on our way.

THER PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE. Shakespeare wrote a great many plays, and all are not equally good; a few seem so inferior that many who study them think they were not written by the same hand that penned *The Tempest.* Some of the plays are more difficult than others, and some cannot be comprehended until the reader has had some experience in life. There are several, on the other hand, that may be read with great interest and profit by almost any one, while those who have read *The Tempest* as we have recommended, should find some measure of enjoyment in all. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a charming fairy story; *The Merchant of Venice* is a good story, contains fine characters and shows some of Shakespeare's most beautiful thoughts,

although some people are inclined to believe he has dealt too severely with the Jew. *Much Ado About Nothing* is a jolly comedy to match with *The Comedy of Errors*. *Julius Cæsar*, *Richard III* and *Coriolanus* are interesting historical plays, and *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and *Romeo and Juliet* are among the best of his tragedies. If a person would read just the plays mentioned in the thoughtful way we have indicated here, he would gain a benefit whose great value never can be estimated, and thereafter all reading would seem easier and more delightful.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

WARREN HASTINGS, the remarkable man whose trial is described in this selection, was born on the sixth of December, 1732. As he was in his childhood dependent on his grandfather, a poor man, his early advantages were no greater than those of the peasant children of the neighborhood. He had, however, from his earliest years, an indomitable will, and the determination, made when he was but seven years old, to regain possession of the estate of Daylesford, which had passed out of the hands of the family, he kept before him all his life.

1. Thomas Babington Macaulay, English statesman and author, was born in 1800. That he was a remarkably precocious child is shown by the fact that he read widely at the age of three, that he wrote a history of the world at seven, and that by the time he was ten, he had written poems, metrical romances and treatises on various subjects. Both at school and at college he showed that the precocity of his childhood was no false promise. He first attracted wide attention in 1825, when he published his famous *Essay on Milton*, and he immediately found himself popular in the social as well as the literary world. Shortly after he left college, the financial reverses of his father made it necessary that he should do something to earn his own living, and to help his family. From this time on he showed the most tireless energy, writing essays, poems and historical articles, which constantly increased his fame. In 1830 he entered Parliament and was a most active and influential member. At times his

At the age of ten he was sent by an uncle to Westminster School, where he received an excellent education, and at seventeen he was sent to India as a clerk in the service of the East India Company. In 1764 he returned to England, and five years later he went back to India as member of the Council at Madras. In 1774 he was made governor-general of India, and it was while in this position that he committed those acts for which he was impeached.

The chief of these were the rendering of military assistance to Sujah Dowlah, Nabob of Oude, in his successful attempt to subdue the province of Katahr, occupied by the Rohillas; his acquiescence in the condemnation and execution of Nuncomar, an intriguing Brahmin; the deposition of Cheyte Sing, Rajah of Benares, for alleged disloyalty, and the enrichment of Asaph-ul-Dowlah, son and successor of Sujah Dowlah, at the expense of the Begums, or Princesses, of Oude—the mother and the grandmother of Asaph-ul-Dowlah. It is but just to Hastings to state that these things were done not to enrich himself, but to satisfy the constant

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speeches were so powerful that they changed the vote of the House of Commons.

His greatest work was his *History of England from the Accession of James II.* The fascinating descriptions and exciting episodes made this work instantly popular on both sides of the Atlantic, despite the fact that its most ardent admirer could not claim for it the merit of impartiality.

Macaulay's life was too laborious; by 1852 his health broke down, and seven years later he died.

The essay on *Warren Hastings*, from which this selection is taken, is one of his historical essays, and shows very clearly many of the peculiar characteristics of his style.

demands of the East India Company for funds; and that when he left India in 1785, his great empire was in a prosperous and tranquil state. The selection from Macaulay begins with the arrival of Hastings in England.

HE voyage was, for those times, very speedy. Hastings was little more than four months on the sea. In June, 1785, he landed at Plymouth, posted to London, appeared at Court, paid his respects to Leadenhall Street, and then retired with his wife to Cheltenham.

Within a week after he landed at Plymouth, Burke gave notice in the House of Commons of a motion seriously affecting a gentleman lately returned from India.

Hastings, it is clear, was not sensible of the danger of his position. A man who, having left England when a boy, returns to it after thirty or forty years passed in India, will find, be his talents what they may, that he has much both to learn and to unlearn before he can take a place among English statesmen. This was strikingly the case with Hastings. In India he had a bad hand but he was master of the game, and he won every stake. In England he held excellent cards, if he had known how to play them; and it was chiefly by his own errors that he was brought to the verge of ruin. Of all his errors the most serious was perhaps the choice of his champion, Major Scott. In spite, how-

ever, of this unfortunate choice the general aspect of affairs was favorable to Hastings. The King was on his side; the Company and its servants were zealous in his cause; among public men he had many ardent friends. The ministers were generally believed to be favorable to him. Mr. Dundas was the only important member of the administration who was deeply committed to a different view of the subject.

The Opposition was loud and vehement against him. But the Opposition, though formidable from the wealth and influence of some of its members, and from the admirable talents and eloquence of others, was outnumbered in Parliament, and odious throughout the country. Nor, as far as we can judge, was the Opposition generally desirous to engage in so serious an undertaking as the impeachment of an Indian Governor. Such an impeachment must last for years. It must impose on the chiefs of the party an immense load of labor. Yet it could scarcely, in any manner, affect the event of the great political game. The followers of the coalition were therefore more inclined to revile Hastings than to prosecute him. But there were two men whose indignation was not to be so appeased, Philip Francis and Edmund Burke.

Francis had recently entered the House of Commons, and had already established a character there for industry and ability. He labored indeed under one most unfortunate defect, want of fluency. But he occasionally expressed himself with a dignity and energy worthy of the

greatest orators. Before he had been many days in Parliament, he incurred the bitter dislike of Pitt,[2] who constantly treated him with as much asperity as the laws of debate would allow. Neither lapse of years nor change of scene had mitigated the enmities which Francis had brought back from the East. After his usual fashion, he mistook his malevolence for virtue, nursed it, as preachers tell us that we ought to nurse our good dispositions, and paraded it, on all occasions, with Pharisaical ostentation.

The zeal of Burke was still fiercer, but it was far purer. Men unable to understand the elevation of his mind have tried to find out some discreditable motive for the vehemence and pertinacity which he showed on this occasion. But they have altogether failed. The idle story that he had some private slight to revenge has long been given up, even by the advocates of Hastings. The plain truth is that Hastings had committed some great crimes, and that the thought of those crimes made the blood of Burke boil in his veins. For Burke was a man in whom compassion for suffering, and hatred of injustice and tyranny, were as strong as in Las Casas[3] or

2. William Pitt (1759–1806), often called the younger Pitt, to distinguish him from his father, was at this time prime minister. He had been advanced to this high office when but twenty-four years of age, and he was, as one writer says, "the most powerful subject that England had had for generations." From this time until his death, the story of Pitt's life and the history of England were to a large extent identical, so did he sway England's policy.

3. Bartolomé de Las Casas (1474–1566), was a Spanish monk of the Dominican order, who spent much of his life in the attempt to better the conditions of slaves in the West Indies and in Spanish South America.

Clarkson.[4] And although in him, as in Las Casas and in Clarkson, these noble feelings were alloyed with the infirmity which belongs to human nature, he is, like them, entitled to this great praise, that he devoted years of intense labor to the service of a people with whom he had neither blood nor language, neither religion nor manners in common, and from whom no requital, no thanks, no applause could be expected.

His knowledge of India was such as few, even of those Europeans who have passed many years in that country, have attained, and such as certainly was never attained by any public man who had not quitted Europe. He had studied the history, the laws, and the usages of the East with an industry, such as is seldom found united to so much genius and so much sensibility. Others have perhaps been equally laborious, and have collected an equal mass of materials. But the manner in which Burke brought his higher powers of intellect to work on statements of facts, and on tables of figures, was peculiar to himself. In every part of those huge bales of Indian information which repelled almost all other readers, his mind, at once philosophical and poetical, found something to instruct or to delight. His reason analysed and digested those vast and shapeless masses; his imagination

4. Thomas Clarkson (1760–1846) early resolved to give up his life to a crusade against African slavery. He wrote books, made speeches, and in various ways labored constantly, and in conjunction with William Wilberforce he was instrumental in bringing about the abolition of slave trade in 1807. In 1833 also in part through his efforts, slavery was abolished in the West Indies.

animated and colored them. Out of darkness and dullness, and confusion, he formed a multitude of ingenious theories and vivid pictures. He had, in the highest degree, that noble faculty whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and in the unreal. India and its inhabitants were not to him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people. The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa tree, the ricefield, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul empire, under which the village crowds assemble, the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, the rich tracery of the mosque where the imaum prays with his face to Mecca,[5] the drums, and banners, and gaudy idols, the devotee swinging in the air, the graceful maiden with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river-side, the black faces, the long beards, the turbans and the flowing robes, the spears and the silver maces, the elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady, all these things were to him as the objects amidst which his own life had been passed, as the objects which lay on the road between Beaconsfield and St. James's Street. All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls where suitors laid gold and perfumes at the feet of sovereigns to the wild moor where the gypsy

5. The imaum or iman, is a Mohammedan priest, and according to the rules of his religion, must always pray with his face toward Mecca, the sacred city of the Mohammedans.

camp was pitched, from the bazaar, humming like a bee-hive with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas.

It may be doubted whether the personal antipathy of Francis, or the nobler indignation of Burke, would have led their party to adopt extreme measure against Hastings, if his own conduct had been judicious. He should have felt that, great as his public services had been, he was not faultless, and should have been content to make his escape, without aspiring to the honors of a triumph. He and his agent took a different view. They were impatient for the rewards which, as they conceived, were deferred only till Burke's attack should be over. They accordingly resolved to force on a decisive action with an enemy for whom, if they had been wise, they would have made a bridge of gold. On the first day of the session of 1786, Major Scott reminded Burke of the notice given in the preceding year, and asked whether it was seriously intended to bring any charge against the late Governor-General. This challenge left no course open to the Opposition, except to come forward as accusers, or to acknowledge themselves calumniators. The administration of Hastings had not been so blameless, nor was the great party of Fox[6] and North so feeble, that it could

6. Charles James Fox (1749–1806) entered Parliament in 1768, and a few years later was given his first position in the Cabinet. This he soon lost because of his opposition to the policy of George III and his

be prudent to venture on so bold a defiance. The leaders of the Opposition instantly returned the only answer which they could with honor return; and the whole party was irrevocably pledged to a prosecution. In April, the charges were laid on the table. They had been drawn by Burke with great ability, though in a form too much resembling that of a pamphlet. Hastings was furnished with a copy of the accusation; and it was intimated to him that he might, if he thought fit, be heard in his own defence at the bar of the Commons.

Here again Hastings was pursued by the same fatality which had attended him ever since the day when he set foot on English ground. It seemed to be decreed that this man, so politic and so successful in the East, should commit nothing but blunders in Europe. Any judicious adviser would have told him that the best thing which he could do would be to make an eloquent, forcible, and affecting oration at the bar of the House; but that, if he could not trust himself to speak, and found it necessary to read, he ought to be as concise as possible. Audiences accustomed to extemporaneous debating of the highest excellence are always impatient of long

prime minister, Lord North. For years the brilliant Fox contended with North, objecting particularly to his attitude toward the Revolutionary War, of which Fox was the most determined and able opponent. Later he formed a coalition with North, but this lasted only a short time. To the end of his life Fox was active on all subjects of public interest, particularly the abolition of slave trade and the removal of the political restrictions of the Catholics. He favored the French Revolution, and opposed the war with France, as, in fact, he opposed much of Pitt's policy.

written compositions. Hastings, however, sat down as he would have done at the Government-house in Bengal, and prepared a paper of immense length. That paper, if recorded on the consultations of an Indian administration, would have been justly praised as a very able minute. But it was now out of place. It fell flat, as the best written defence must have fallen flat, on an assembly accustomed to the animated and strenuous conflicts of Pitt and Fox. The members, as soon as their curiosity about the face and demeanor of so eminent a stranger was satisfied, walked away to dinner, and left Hastings to tell his story till midnight to the clerks and the Serjeant-at-arms.

All preliminary steps having been duly taken, Burke, in the beginning of June, brought forward the charge relating to the Rohilla War. Hastings was absolved by a hundred and nineteen votes against sixty-seven. Now was he confident of victory, and indeed, it seemed that he had reason to be so.

But in a very few days these fair prospects were overcast. On the thirteenth of June, Mr. Fox brought forward, with great ability and eloquence, the charge respecting the treatment of Cheyte Sing. Francis followed on the same side. The friends of Hastings were in high spirits when Pitt rose. With his usual abundance and felicity of language, the Minister gave his opinion on the case. The necessary inference from Pitt's arguments seemed to be that Hastings ought to be honorably acquitted; and both

the friends and the opponents of the Minister expected from him a declaration to that effect. To the astonishment of all parties, he concluded by saying that, though he thought it right in Hastings to fine Cheyte Sing for contumacy, yet the amount of the fine was too great for the occasion. On this ground, and on this ground alone, did Mr. Pitt, applauding every other part of the conduct of Hastings with regard to Benares, declare that he should vote in favor of Mr. Fox's motion.

The House was thunderstruck; and it well might be so. For the wrong done to Cheyte Sing, even had it been as flagitious as Fox and Francis contended, was a trifle when compared with the horrors which had been inflicted on Rohilcund. It was impossible even for the most powerful minister to carry all his followers with him in so strange a course. Several persons high in office divided against Mr. Pitt. But the devoted adherents who stood by the head of the government without asking questions were sufficiently numerous to turn the scale. A hundred and nineteen members voted for Mr. Fox's motion; seventy-nine against it.

The prorogation soon interrupted the discussions respecting Hastings. In the following year, these discussions were resumed. The charge touching the spoliation of the Begums was brought forward by Sheridan,[7] in a speech

7. Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751–1816), was famous both as a dramatist and as a statesman. *The Rivals* and the *School for Scandal* are certainly among the best comedies written since the time of Shake-

which was so imperfectly reported that it may be said to be wholly lost, but which was, without doubt, the most elaborately brilliant of all the productions of his ingenious mind. The impression which it produced was such as has never been equaled. He sat down, not merely amidst cheering, but amidst the loud clapping of hands, in which the Lords below the bar and the strangers in the gallery joined. The excitement of the House was such that no other speaker could obtain a hearing; and the debate was adjourned. The ferment spread fast through the town. Within four and twenty hours, Sheridan was offered a thousand pounds for the copyright of the speech, if he would himself correct it for the press. The impression made by this remarkable display of eloquence on severe and experienced critics, whose discernment may be supposed to have been quickened by emulation, was deep and permanent. Mr. Windham,[8] twenty years later, said that the speech deserved all its fame, and was, in spite of some faults of taste, such as were seldom wanting either in the literary or in the parliamentary performances of Sheridan, the finest that had been delivered within the memory of man. Mr. Fox, about the same time, being asked what was the best speech ever made in the

speare, and would have made him famous had he done naught else. Like Fox, he opposed the war with America, and one speech of his was so masterly that the Congress of the United States offered him as a reward about $100,000, which he declined.

8. William Windham (1750–1810) was an English statesman, who held various offices, first under Fox, then under Fox's opponent, Pitt, and then again under Fox. His chief work was a series of reforms in the army, to which he devoted himself, whatever party he was working with.

House of Commons, assigned the first place, without hesitation, to the great oration of Sheridan on the Oude charge.

When the debate was resumed, the tide ran so strongly against the accused that his friends were coughed and scraped down. Pitt declared himself for Sheridan's motion; and the question was carried by a hundred and seventy-five votes against sixty-eight.

At length the House, having agreed to twenty articles of charge, directed Burke to go before the Lords, and to impeach the late Governor-General of High Crimes and Misdemeanors.[9] Hastings was at the same time arrested by the Serjeant-at-arms and carried to the bar of the Peers.

The session was now within ten days of its close. It was, therefore, impossible that any progress could be made in the trial till the next year. Hastings was admitted to bail; and further proceedings were postponed till the Houses should re-assemble.

When Parliament met in the following winter, the Commons proceeded to elect a committee for managing the impeachment. Burke stood at the head; and with him were associated most of the leading members of the Opposition. But when the name of Francis was read a fierce contention arose. It was said that Francis and Hastings were notoriously on bad terms, that

9. In impeachment cases in England, the prosecutor is the House of Commons, while the court before which the case is tried is the House of Lords.

they had been at feud during many years, that on one occasion their mutual aversion had impelled them to seek each other's lives, and that it would be improper and indelicate to select a private enemy to be a public accuser. It was urged on the other side with great force, particularly by Mr. Windham, that impartiality, though the first duty of a judge, had never been reckoned among the qualities of an advocate; that in the ordinary administration of criminal justice among the English, the aggrieved party, the very last person who ought to be admitted into the jury-box, is the prosecutor; that what was wanted in a manager was, not that he should be free from bias, but that he should be able, well-informed, energetic, and active. The ability and information of Francis was admitted; and the very animosity with which he was reproached, whether a virtue or a vice, was at least a pledge for his energy and activity. It seems difficult to refute these arguments. But the inveterate hatred borne by Francis to Hastings had excited general disgust. The House decided that Francis should not be a manager. Pitt voted with the majority, Dundas with the minority.

The preparations for the trial proceeded rapidly; and on the thirteenth of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but,

perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets,[10] on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon[11] and the

10. The first of the royal house of the Plantagenets was Henry II, who came to the throne of England in 1154; the last was Richard II (1377–1399). Some of the ablest kings who have ever ruled England were of this house.

11. Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam (1561–1625), was a great English philosopher and statesman. He entered Parliament at thirty-four, held

just absolution of Somers,[12] the hall where the eloquence of Strafford[13] had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles[14] had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the

various offices, and in 1618 was made lord high chancellor. Accused of corruption as a judge, he pleaded guilty, was fined $200,000, and sentenced to imprisonment. Although the sentence was afterward practically remitted, he was disgraced for life. Bacon is known now chiefly through his *Essays*.

12. John Somers (1651–1716) was an English lawyer and statesman. He held offices of increasing importance, and in 1697 was raised to the peerage and made lord chancellor of England. Three years later he was removed from office, and impeachment proceedings were begun against him. They were, however, soon dropped.

13. Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford (1593–1641) was an English statesman, chief supporter of Charles I in his absolutist policy. Early in his career he sided with Parliament and attempted to check Charles, but feeling that Parliament was going too far, he joined Charles. In Ireland, as lord deputy, he made himself intensely unpopular, and after his return to England he drew upon himself, by his arbitrary character, the hatred of Parliament. At length a bill of attainder was passed against him, and was signed by Charles I, who had assured Strafford that no harm should ever come to him by reason of his allegiance to the king. In May, 1641, he was beheaded.

14. This was, of course, Charles I, who when condemned to death met his fate with such dignity and composure that many who had been in favor of his execution regarded him afterward as a martyr and a saint.

tribunal. The junior Baron present lead the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defense of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulations of an orator. They were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons,[15] in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres,[16]

15. Mrs. Sarah Siddons (1755-1831) was one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, of English tragic actresses.

16. Verres was a Roman Politician, governor of Sicily. Accused by the Sicilians of oppression and robbery, he was brought to trial, Cicero managing the prosecution. Cicero prepared six orations, but after the first, Verres, seeing that his guilt would be clearly established, fled from Italy.

and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.[17] There were seen side by side the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds[18] from that easel which preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr[19] to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith.[20] There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montagu.[21] And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone around Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

17. The "oppressor of Africa" was Marius Priscus, who was successfully prosecuted by Tacitus and his friend Pliny the Younger.

18. Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723–1792), the most famous English portrait painter.

19. Samuel Parr (1747–1825), a once noted English scholar.

20. This was Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, had secretly married in 1785. Later, wishing to obtain help from Parliament for the payment of his debts, he allowed the marriage to be denied in Parliament.

21. Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu (1720–1800) was an English society leader, who numbered among her regular visitors Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The Serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*;[22] such was the aspect with which the great Proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession. But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so

22. That is, *a mind calm in difficulties.*

regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides.[23] There was Burke, ignorant indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age

23. Hyperides was a celebrated Athenian orator, who lived in the fourth century B. C. He was, through part of his life, a friend and associate of Demosthenes, whom some critics considered that he surpassed in oratory.

when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey,[24] are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third

24. Charles, Earl Grey (1764–1845), had, as Macaulay here intimates, but just begun his political career. It was a long and brilliant one, and throughout it,he was concerned chiefly with the question of Parliamentary reform. Several times he presented petitions for such reform, but it was not until 1832, when he had been twenty-three years in the House of Lords, that he succeeded in putting through both houses of Parliament the bill which did away with many of the abuses in the elections to the House of Commons.

day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and mis-

demeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

When the deep murmur of various emotions had subsided, Mr. Fox rose to address the Lords respecting the course of proceeding to be followed. The wish of the accusers was that the Court would bring to a close the investigation of the first charge before the second was opened. The wish of Hastings and of his counsel was that the managers should open all the charges, and produce all the evidence for the prosecution, before the defence began. The Lords retired to their own House to consider the question. A majority of near three to one decided in favor of the course for which Hastings contended.

When the Court sat again, Mr. Fox, assisted by Mr. Grey, opened the charge respecting Cheyte Sing, and several days were spent in reading papers and hearing witnesses. The next article was that relating to the Princesses of Oude. The conduct of this part of the case was intrusted to Sheridan. The curiosity of the public to hear him was unbounded. His sparkling and highly finished declamation lasted two days; but the

Hall was crowded to suffocation during the whole time. It was said that fifty guineas had been paid for a single ticket. Sheridan, when he concluded, contrived, with a knowledge of stage effect which his father might have envied,[25] to sink back, as if exhausted, into the arms of Burke, who hugged him with the energy of generous admiration.

June was now far advanced. The session could not last much longer; and the progress which had been made in the impeachment was not very satisfactory. There were twenty charges. On two only of these had even the case for the prosecution been heard; and it was now a year since Hastings had been admitted to bail.

The interest taken by the public in the trial was great when the Court began to sit, and rose to the height when Sheridan spoke on the charge relating to the Begums. From that time the excitement went down fast. The spectacle had lost the attraction of novelty. The great displays of rhetoric were over. What was behind was not of a nature to entice men of letters from their books in the morning, or to tempt ladies who had left the masquerade at two to be out of bed before eight. There remained examinations and cross-examinations. There remained statements of accounts. There remained the reading of papers, filled with words unintelligible to English ears; there remained bickerings, not always carried on with the best taste or with the

25. Sheridan's father, Thomas Sheridan, was an actor.

best temper, between the managers of the impeachment and the counsel for the defence, particularly between Mr. Burke and Mr. Law. There remained the endless marches and counter-marches of the Peers between their House and the Hall, for as often as a point of law was to be discussed, their Lordships retired to discuss it apart; and the consequence was, as a Peer wittily said, that the judges walked and the trial stood still.

In the session of 1788, when the proceedings had the interest of novelty, and when the Peers had little other business before them, only thirty-five days were given to the impeachment. In 1789, only seventeen days were given to the case of Hastings. It was clear that the matter would be protracted to a length unprecedented in the annals of criminal law.

At length, in the spring of 1795, the decision was pronounced, near eight years after Hastings had been brought by the Serjeant-at-arms of the Commons to the bar of the Lords. On the last day of this great procedure the public curiosity, long suspended, seemed to be revived. Anxiety about the judgment there could be none; for it had been fully ascertained that there was a great majority for the defendant. Nevertheless many wished to see the pageant, and the Hall was as much crowded as on the first day. But those who, having been present on the first day, now bore a part in the proceedings of the last, were few; and most of those few were altered men.

As Hastings himself said, the arraignment had

taken place before one generation, and the judgment was pronounced by another. The spectator could not look at the woolsack, or at the red benches of the Peers, or at the green benches of the Commons, without seeing something that reminded him of the instability of all human things, of the instability of power and fame and life, of the more lamentable instability of friendship. The great seal was borne before Lord Loughborough, who, when the trial commenced, was a fierce opponent of Mr. Pitt's government, and who was now a member of that government, while Thurlow, who presided in the Court when it first sat, estranged from all his old allies, sat scowling among the junior barons. Of about a hundred and sixty nobles who walked in procession on the first day, sixty had been laid in their family vaults. Still more affecting must have been the sight of the managers' box. What had become of that fair fellowship, so closely bound together by public and private ties, so resplendent with every talent and accomplishment? It had been scattered by calamities more bitter than the bitterness of death. The great chiefs were still living, and still in the full vigor of their genius. But their friendship was at an end. It had been violently and publicly dissolved, with tears and stormy reproaches. If those men, once so dear to each other, were now compelled to meet for the purpose of managing the impeachment, they met as strangers whom public business had brought together, and behaved to each other with cold and distant civility. Burke had

in his vortex whirled away Windham. Fox had been followed by Sheridan and Grey.

Only twenty-nine Peers voted. Of these only six found Hastings guilty on the charges relating to Cheyte Sing and to the Begums. On the other charges, the majority in his favor was still greater. On some he was unanimously absolved. He was then called to the bar, was informed from the woolsack that the Lords had acquitted him, and was solemnly discharged. He bowed respectfully and retired.[26]

26. Hastings passed the remaining twenty-three years of his life at Daylesford, spending his time in reading and writing, and in the ordinary pursuits of a country gentleman. The East India Company, grateful for his services, granted him a large annuity, but owing to his extravagance he was often in difficulties, from which the Company always extricated him. He died on August 22, 1818.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

CHARLES LAMB

ANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me,[1] for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over

1. A friend who had traveled extensively in China and Thibet told Lamb this story of the origin of cooking. We do not know that the friend found the story current in China, but we are certain that it is found in very old writings. Of course the quaint, fanciful form of the story is Lamb's own.

every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, not less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest period that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage,—he had smelt that smell before,—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life

indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling*! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what; what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste; O Lord!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess and never left off until they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would

break out in broad day, others in the night time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The

insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later; I forget in whose dynasty. * * * * Thus do the most useful arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*,[2] I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.[3]

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*,[4] the hereditary

2. *Mundus edibilis* is a Latin expression meaning *edible world.*
3. *Princeps obsoniorum* means *chief of viands.*
4. This is a Latin phrase meaning *love of filth.*

failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *præludium*[5] of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled,—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called,—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance,—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it,—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food,—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna,—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is "doing"—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this

5. *Præludium* means *prelude.*

innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation,—from these sins he is happily snatched away,—

> Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
> Death came with timely care[6]—

his memory is odoriferous,—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon,—no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages,—he hath a fair sepulcher in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure,—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of sapors. Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning that really a tender conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The

6. From Coleridge's *Epitaph on an Infant.*

strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unraveled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbor's fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl,") capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightingly, (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what,) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate—it argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience of this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket,

had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum cake fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London bridge) a grayheaded old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake,—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her,—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present!—and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last,—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of almsgiving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of

sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides. "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*,[7]) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread-crumbs done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shallots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are,—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

7. *Per flagellationem extremam* means *by a terrible beating.*

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY SWEEPERS

CHARLES LAMB

LIKE to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper,—old chimney sweepers are by no means attractive,—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not yet effaced from the cheek,—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sunrise?

I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks — poor blots — innocent blacknesses —

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth[1] without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's self, enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces*

1. Distinctive dress of the clergy. The "sweeps" are boys who clean the chimneys.

Averni,[2] to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades! to shudder with the idea that "now, surely, he must be lost forever!"—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight—and then (O fulness of delight!) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle, certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in Macbeth, where the "Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises."

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him twopence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.[3]

There is a composition, the groundwork of which I have understood to be the sweet wood yclept sassafras. This wood, boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of

2. *Fauces Averni* means *throat of the lower world.* Avernus was a lake in Italy whose waters it was believed poisoned the birds that flew over them and through which Ulysses made his entry into the lower world.

3. A tester is about a sixpence—twelve cents.

milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury.[4] I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in London) for the vending of this "wholesome and pleasant beverage," on the south side of Fleet Street, as thou approachest Bridge Street—*the only Salopian*[5] *house*—I have never yet ventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients—a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegancies, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney sweeper,—whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive;—but so it is, that no possible taste or odor to the senses of a young chimney

4. The "China luxury" is tea.

5. Saloop was a drink prepared from sassafras bark and other ingredients.

sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals—cats—when they purr over a new-found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can inculcate.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house*; yet be it known to thee, reader,—if thou art one who keepeth what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the fact,—he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savory mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn when (as extremes meet) the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to resume the premature labors of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honors of the pavement. It is the time when, in summer, between the expired and the not yet relumined kitchen fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth the least satisfactory odors. The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'er-night vapors in more grateful coffee, curses the ungenial fume as he passeth; but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is *saloop*—the precocious herb-woman's darling,—the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of

day from Hammersmith to Covent Garden's famed piazzas,—the delight, and oh! I fear, too often the envy of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldst thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendent over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three half-pennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added half-penny)—so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'ercharged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin,—so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingredienced soups,—nor the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney*, invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the lowbred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularity of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough,—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particu-

lar, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth[6]——but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him!) in the March to Finchley, grinning at the pieman,—there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last forever,—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth,—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it,—that I could have been content, if the honor of the gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to "air" them as frugally as possible. The fine ladies, or fine gentlemen, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when—

> A sable cloud
> Turns forth her silvery lining on the night.

6. A celebrated painter (1697–1764), noted for the vividness of his satirical pictures.

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility,—and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticements of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts, (not otherwise to be accounted for), plainly hint at some forced adoptions; many noble Rachels, mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy-spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu be but a solitary instance of good fortune out of many irreparable and hopeless *defiliations*.

In one of the state beds at Arundel castle, a few years since—under a ducal canopy—(that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late duke was especially a connoisseur)—encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets inwoven—folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius—was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noonday, fast asleep, a lost chimney sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had

alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitement to repose, which he there saw exhibited; so creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle. But I can not help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions,—is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapped by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula*,[7] and resting place. By no other theory than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it), can I explain a deed so venturous, and indeed, upon any other

7. *Incunabula* means *cradle.*

system so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable, sleeper.

My pleasant friend Jem White was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of Saint Bartholomew.[8] Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney sweeper (all is not soot which looks so) was quoited out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlors three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as

8. A festival of the Roman church held in August.

substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savor. James White, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion Bigod, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table,—for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humors of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honor the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing "the gentleman," and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O it was a pleasure to see the sable younkers lick in the unctuous meat, with *his* more unctuous sayings,—how he would fit the titbits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors,—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it "must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating,"—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust,[9] to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their

9. The "kissing crust" is that portion of the upper crust of a loaf of bread that has touched another in baking.

teeth, which were their best patrimony,—how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts—"the King!"—"the Cloth"—which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering;—and for a crowning sentiment which never failed, "May the Brush supersede the Laurel!" All these and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a "Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so," which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savoriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

Golden lads and lassies must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.—

James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of Saint Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed forever.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

NOTE,—The pronunciation of difficult words is indicated by respelling them phonetically. *N* is used to indicate the French nasal sound; *K* sound of *ch* in German; *ü* the sound of the German *ü* and French *u*; *ö* the sound of *ö* in foreign languages.

ABOUKIR, *ah boo keer'*
ACHILLES, *a kil' leez*
ACIS, *ay' sis*
AJAX TELAMON, *ay' jacks tel' a mon*
ALAMO, *al' a mo*
ALAMEDA, *ah la may' da*
ALAVA, *ah' la va*
ALGIERS, *al jeerz'*
ALGONQUIN, *al gon' kwin*
ALLOUEZ, *a loo ay'*
ALONZO, *a lon' zo*
ALPUXARRAS, *ahl" poo hahr' ras*
APHRODITE, *af ro di' tee*
ARDENNES, *ahr den'*
ARGONAUTA, *ahr go naw' ta*
ARIEL, *ay' ry el*
ASAPH-UL-DOWLAH, *ah' saf ool dow' lah*
AYACANORA, *i a kahn o' ra*
BALAKLAVA, *bah lah klah' va*
BOABDIL, *bo ahb deel'*
BEGUMS, *bee' gumz*
CADIZ, *kay' diz*
CANOVA, *kah no' va*

CASABIANCA, *kas″ a bee an′ ka*
CHAMOUNI, *shah moo nee′*
CHARLEVOIX, *shahr″ lev wah′*
CHARYBDIS, *ka rib′ dis*
CICERO, *sis′ e ro*
COMMUNIPAW, *kom mun′ y paw*
CONFUCIUS, *kon fu′ she us*
CORIOLANUS, *kor y o lay′ nus*
COROMANTEES, *ko ro mahn′ teez*
CUNDINAMARCA, *koon″ dee nam ahr′ kah*
DAMFREVILLE, *dahN freh veel′*
DEMOSTHENES, *dee mos′ the neez*
DENT BLANC, *dahN bloN′*
DIOGENES, *di oj′ ee neez*
DISCOBOLUS, *dis kob′ o lus*
ELIA, *ee′ ly a*
EURYALUS, *u ri′ a lus*
FERROL, *fer role′*
FINISTERRE, *fin″ is tayr′*
FLIEDNER, *fleet′ ner*
FRONTENAC, *fron′ te nak*
GALATEA, *gal a tee′ a*
GONZALES, *gon zah′ leez*
GONZALO, *gon zah′ lo*
GRANADA, *gran ah′ da*
GRÈVE, *gray′ ve*
HERVÉ RIEL, *her vay″ ree el′*
HYPATIA, *hy pay′ she a*
HYPERIDES, *hy per′ y deez*
JARDIN, *zhar daN′*
JOLIET, *zho lee yay′*
JUNGFRAU, *yoong′ frow*
KORAN, *ko′ ran*, or *ko rahn′*

LA CHINE, *lah sheen'*
LAS CASAS, BARTOLOMÉ DE, *lahs kas' sas, bar tol' o may day*
LAUTERBRUNNEN, *low" ter broon' en*
LEIGH, AMYAS, *lee, a mi' as*
LETHE, *lee' thee*
LOCHIEL, *lo keel'*
LOUVRE, *loo' vr'*
MALOUINS, *mah loo aN'*
MERE DE GLACE, *mayr day glahs'*
MIAMIS, *mi ah' miz*
MICHILLIMACKINAC, *mee" shil y mack' in ak*
MILAN, *mil' an,* or *mil an'*
MONT BLANC, *moN bloN*
NOMBRE DE DIOS, *nom' bray day de os'*
NUNCOMAR, *noon' ko mar*
NYACK, *ni' ak*
OUDE, *owd*
PEDRILLO, *pay dreel' yo*
PERE MARQUETTE, *payr mar ket'*
PHOENICIANS, *fee nish' anz*
PICARDY, *pik' ar dy*
PIZARRO, *pee zahr' ro*
PLANTAGENETS, *plan taj' e netz*
PLUTARCH, *plu' tark*
PROSPERO, *pros' pe ro*
RAJAH OF BENARES, *rah' jah of ben ah' reez*
ROCHEFORT, *rosh for'*
SALOPIAN, *sal o' py an*
SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR, *day bay hahr'*
SAN JACINTO, *san ja sin' to*
SANTA FE, *san" ta fay'*
SAULT SAINTE MARIE, *soo saint may' ry*

Scutari, *sku tah′ ry*
Scylla, *sil′ la*
Seguin, *se geen′*
Stuyvesant, *sti′ ves ahnt*
Sujah Dowlah, *soo′ jah dow′ lah*
Temeraire, *tem e rayr′*
Teneriffe, *ten″ ur if′*
Thermopylæ, *thur mop′ y lee*
Tourville, *toor veel′*
Trafalgar, *traf al gahr′*, or *tra fal′ gar*
Tyrolese, *tir ol ees′*
Verres, *ver′ reez*
Vigo, *vee′ go*
Villeneuve, *veel neuv′*
Wilhelmus Kieft, *vil hel′ mus keeft′*
Xenil, *hay′ neel*

Journeys
Through
Bookland